

OCTOBER 5, 1964 35c

Newsweek

©

THE ASSASSINATION

THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT





Are you losing key men to your competitors?

Losing men with real potential hurts—especially when your competitors gain their skills. How can a company hold good men? One proven way is B.E.U.—Better Employee Understanding of group insurance and pension plans, exclusive with Connecticut General.

B.E.U. is helping many firms today to get full value for the dollars they spend . . . full power from their investment in group insurance and pension plans.

By communicating all the facts — forcefully and frequently — B.E.U. adds an important new dimension to your benefit program. The results? You get added value from the dollars you spend. A Connecticut General agent or broker will gladly give you more information. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

Group Insurance | Pension Plans | Health | Accident | Life

CONNECTICUT GENERAL



Automation creates jobs—better jobs

AUTOMATION is another name for making life more comfortable—and doesn't everyone want that? But not at the expense of jobs; so—look at the record.

1—If Detroit had not been automating since the 1920's, a modern car would cost \$65,000, a national authority believes. There would be precious few of them, and hundreds of thousands of jobs in automobile plants, tire factories, steel mills, gasoline refineries, road construction simply would not exist.

2—Washing machines, driers, ironers, dishwashers, and a dozen more have automated our kitchens. That turned the lady of the house from a drudge to a partner, and may have done away with the "servant class" but created a half million jobs in stores and automated appliance factories.

3—Low-priced Japanese transistor radios threatened to close American plants and throw thousands out of jobs. An American manufacturer automated his plant, and so improved his products' value and

salability that he employs a third *more* workers.

4—Once-great American manufacturers of typewriters were losing sales to foreign makers whose prices were based on low wages. But another American firm, not in the typewriter business, developed an entirely new electric typewriter, made it in a highly automated plant at competitive costs, recaptured much of the market and saved American jobs.

5—An American company developed the automatic pin setter for bowling alleys, encouraged the building of alleys in home neighborhoods, made bowling increasingly popular. Yes, the jobs of pin setters were gone, but the number of jobs in the industry was increased and the payroll in the industry increased 700%.

Automation is simply a means of doing things better, with less effort and at lower cost. And lower costs increase markets which means more workers are needed (at better wages) to fill the new and greater demand.



The Hopto® hydraulic backhoe digging a drainage trench for a southern construction company.

**WARNER
&
SWASEY**
Cleveland
PRECISION
MACHINERY
SINCE 1880



Brogues Gallery

Every breed of brogue worth knowing, Florsheim's showing! Row on row of rugged individualists—hale and hearty classics, styled to please the man who likes his leathers robust, his brogues authentic! Now, what's your pleasure plain toe or wing?

Most Florsheim styles \$1995 to \$2495

Illustrated: The Varsity in black or brown grain calf.



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

LETTERS

Political Pot

I am sure most businessmen and the general public who carefully read "How Many Businessmen For Whom?" (BUSINESS AND FINANCE, Sept. 14) will not be misled by your pro-Johnson propaganda. Of the eight pro-Johnson-Humphrey men to whom you give top billing, two are steelmen who pulled the rug out from under Roger Blough on what was considered a justifiable price increase, and made Kennedy look good. I doubt they will take many of their compatriots into the Johnson camp. Three are international bankers and one is more a banker than industrialist afflicted with mercuritis; another is president of a public utility which is always beholden to Federal regulatory bodies. Need we say more?

F. G. DEFREITAS

Evanston, Ill.

■ How many of the businessmen who are supporting Goldwater for the most difficult, the most sensitive, and the most responsible job in the world would appoint as submanager in Podunkville a man who had made as many off-the-cuff goofs and considered blunders as has Goldwater during the 1964 campaign?

JOHN J. ALEXANDER

Munster, Ind.

■ Your unnecessarily vitriolic criticism of the Republican Vice Presidential candidate shows a lack of "good taste" on behalf of your magazine rather than the candidate.

JUNE E. HUNTER

Washington, D.C.

■ Barry Goldwater contradicts himself oftener than any opponent should. But, since his nomination, he has done one thing that is irrevocable. He has chosen for his legal successor, possibly for four full years, a man who, in terms of Presidential timber, is a vitriolic little splinter that would be rejected by a toothpick manufacturer.

DONALD M. DOUGLASS

New York City

■ While President Johnson and Vice Presidential candidate Humphrey may be "high in the saddle" in Texas (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, Sept. 14), they are incredibly low in equestrian technique. Both horsemen are holding their reins incorrectly. Their horses' bridles are equipped with "curb bits" and single reins. Therefore, the reins should be held by gripping each leather with the thumb closest to the rider's body and the pinky finger closest to the horse's

NEWSWEEK, October 5, 1964, Volume LXIV, No. 11. NEWSWEEK is published weekly, \$8 a year, by NEWSWEEK, INC., 350 Dennison Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45401. Printed in U.S.A. Second Class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

The Associated Press is entitled to the use for republication of the local telegraphic, and cable news published herein, originated by NEWSWEEK or obtained from The Associated Press.

Copyright © 1964 by NEWSWEEK, INC. All rights reserved.

Registrado como artículo de segunda clase en la Administración Central de Correos de esta Capital, con fecha 17 de marzo de 1944, México, D.F.

POSTMASTERS: Send form 3579 to NEWSWEEK, 117 East Third Street, Dayton, Ohio 45402.

Was this Avis ad just another Madison Ave. gimmick?

**Avis is only No.2
in rent a cars.
So why go with us?**



We try harder.
(When you're not the biggest,
you have to.)

We just can't afford dirty ash-
trays. Or half-empty gas tanks. Or
worn wipers. Or unwashed cars.
Or low tires. Or anything less than

seat-adjusters that adjust. Heaters that heat. Defrost-
ers that defrost.

Obviously, the thing we try hardest for is just to be
nice. To start you out with a new car, like a lively,
super-torque Ford, and a pleasant smile. To know, say,
where you get a pastrami sandwich in Des Moines.

Why?

Because we can't afford to take you for granted.

Go with us next time.

The line at our counter is shorter.

Yes, it was.

And it worked.

**We hooked lots of people with
that first ad.**

**We said a company that was
only No.2 in rent a cars would try
harder for them.**

They bought every word.

**They came in expecting all of
the things we promised: clean
ashtrays, filled gas tanks, wipers
that wiped, smiles that weren't**

painted on and shiny new Fords.

**Most of them weren't disappointed. They've been coming
back. Often. With friends.**

You can't do that with a gimmick.

Unless it's the slickest gimmick of all.

The truth.



The Sales Vice President said his real competitors

The Vice President for Sales was really steamed up. "You gentlemen understand everything about raw materials, plant expansion, new equipment and all that—but not a darned thing about markets. Every time I ask for funds for a marketing campaign, I get sidetracked."

Securing favorable decisions from a Board is often a matter of giving them the right information. Usually an independent outside point of view helps, too.

Our people don't have to be members of your Board



were in his own company

to help. Business advice is a lifelong specialty of ours, backed by the ability to provide funds if warranted.

We at Continental are interested in your success, and are here to work for it.

We shall welcome your inquiry.

CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO
Subsidiaries: Continental Bank International, New York; Continental International Finance Corporation, Chicago; Branches: London—City, West End; Tokyo, Osaka;
Representative Offices: New York, Zurich.

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

© C. I. N. B. 1964

CONTINENTAL... more than you expect a bank to be

Here at Continental we serve many businesses, large and small, in almost every area of commerce. Helping chart a financial pattern for a company is one of our major services. Each company, of course, is different. We like to think of our service as Creative Banking, as you can see from the following example:

The president of a small natural gas company needed a sizable loan to build a network of pipelines to transport gas he had contracted to furnish. Actually, the loan he needed amounted to more than four times the net worth of his company. Because of this, he had been turned down by several other sources of financing before he came to Continental. We examined his contracts, analyzed his earnings projection, and concluded that this was a sound proposition for which we should provide funds. We would like to add that this gas company is ten times bigger now than it was when we first undertook the financing.

Yours may be an entirely different kind of problem, but it will be just as ingeniously handled when you bring it to Continental.

CONTINENTAL BANK

231 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60690

Battery-powered motor drive gives uninterrupted shooting. Battery condition indicator for power assurance. Lifetime all-metal construction.

Comfortable pistol grip with trigger release and remote control lock. Normal running speed, also single frame exposure for special effects.

Fully automatic exposure controlled by sensitive Cadmium Sulphide Cell for film speeds ASA 10 to 400. Manual exposure control and exposure range indicator. Type A filter for added color fidelity.

Bright, reflex through-the-lens viewing with focusing eyepiece lets you see exactly what you're shooting. "NO-GO" signal eliminates wasted film. Fast, full-focusing f:1.8 zoom lens with 1:3 ratio assures professional results.

(Actual Size)

***Hold It! Zoom It!
Count Its Features!
How Much? Under \$130!***

***NEW ANSCO TITAN® IV AUTOELECTRIC
8mm MOVIE CAMERA***

Think of it!! All the most wanted... most needed...features for professional type results, in an easy-to-use automatic camera for under \$130. A word of caution: once you pick up the new Titan IV and compare it with other cameras, you won't be able to resist taking it with you. And we have two other new models at even lower prices...the Ansco Titan II with zoom lens for under \$90, and the Ansco Titan with standard lens for less than \$70. Custom-fitted case under \$14. All waiting for your inspection at your dealers. P. S. For top results use Ansco Moviechrome • 8 film.



gaf

ANSCO

PHOTO PRODUCTS OF
GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION



WHY DOES THE HOST GET THE FIRST GLASS OF WINE?

NOW that is a very interesting question, especially when you consider how the practice probably got its start.

Some authorities believe it was originally *mandatory* that the host take the first sip; only then would the guests follow.*

Nowadays the reason the wine steward pours a little in the host's glass first—or, at home, the host pours it for himself—is just so he can see whether he likes it and whether it is good enough for his guests.

Actually, there are two steps before one gets around to either sniffing the bouquet or tasting the wine. First the waiter shows you the bottle before it is opened, and then he opens it and gives you the cork to examine.

These first two steps are important. Although not everyone has the palate of a wine expert, anyone can and should check the label and ask any questions

that may occur to him as he reads it. And he ought to check the cork to see that it is firm, and sniff it to see whether it smells nice (this is not only prudent, but looks impressive, too).

Speaking of cork, that is another reason for pouring the host first. If there are any little bits of cork floating on the top he gets them.

The only other thought we have on this comes *before* the first sip: that you order from a list of wines you have confidence in. May we recommend ours? Paul Masson has a large variety of reds, whites, and rosés. If you would like to know more about them please write us at the address below and we'll send you a kit containing descriptions of them and how they are made plus the labels from each so that you will recognize them at your wine dealer's or when the waiter brings one to your table.



**This was not politeness so much as curiosity: first they wanted to see whether he dropped dead. Another popular social form was also born in fear: handshaking started as a search for concealed rocks.*





Q. If you can rent a car, get a hotel or motel room, dine in style, hire a secretary and send a telegram with it, why do they call it the *Air Travel Card*?

A. It's also the only credit card honored by 125 of the world's airlines.

To obtain your Air Travel Card—the World's Most Honored Credit Card—contact the airline of your choice.

Advanced Thermal Equanimity

for hibernal or estival driving



Must you drive many miles before you obtain warmth within your car? Does the prime mover of your automotive conveyance evince a winter reluctance to become activated? Does it suffer from summer febrility? Then an advanced Robertshaw Winterstat® for its circulatory system is the indicated therapeutic measure. This engine thermostat embodies the Robertshaw Power-Pill® thermal unit of incomparable responsiveness and longevity. Its balanced sleeve valve is impervious to pressure, acting solely by temperature. The valve is self-depurating and cannot be occluded by scale in the coolant. Intransigent insistence upon a genuine Robertshaw Winterstat® is advocated. Before you buy this winter's Prestone® or Zerex® antifreeze, make sure your engine thermostat behaves correctly. Winterstats® are obtainable at most service stations, auto dealers and garages to fit contemporary domestic and foreign motor cars.

P.S. The last word in "automatic control" is still

Robertshaw

LETTERS



© The Houston Post

Hardly at home with the reins

head. Thank heavens these two gentlemen are competing in the national election instead of the National Horse Show.

(Mrs.) PATRICIA ANN HANSEN
Wayne, N.J.

■ Politicians? Maybe. Horsemen? Never. These guys wouldn't even qualify as apprentice mule skinnners.

JIM WARFIELD

Pray, Mont.

■ You mentioned mass defections of the normally Republican press (PRESS, Sept. 21). Syracuse has only two papers, both owned by Samuel Newhouse.

Now that both papers have come out for Democrat Johnson, we are saying that we no longer have a choice, just an echo of the Newhouse philosophy.

ARTHUR DRUMMOND JR.
Memphis, N.Y.

■ The survey which analyzed women's opinions on the two Presidential candidates (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, Sept. 21) only succeeded in confirming my judgment that women should never have been given the right to vote. They vote too emotionally. But then, men have been messing up the world with too much logic. If you take the vote away from them, too, things would be much easier for pollsters.

VIRGINIA SCHOTT

Westerville, Ohio

What the Cup Is

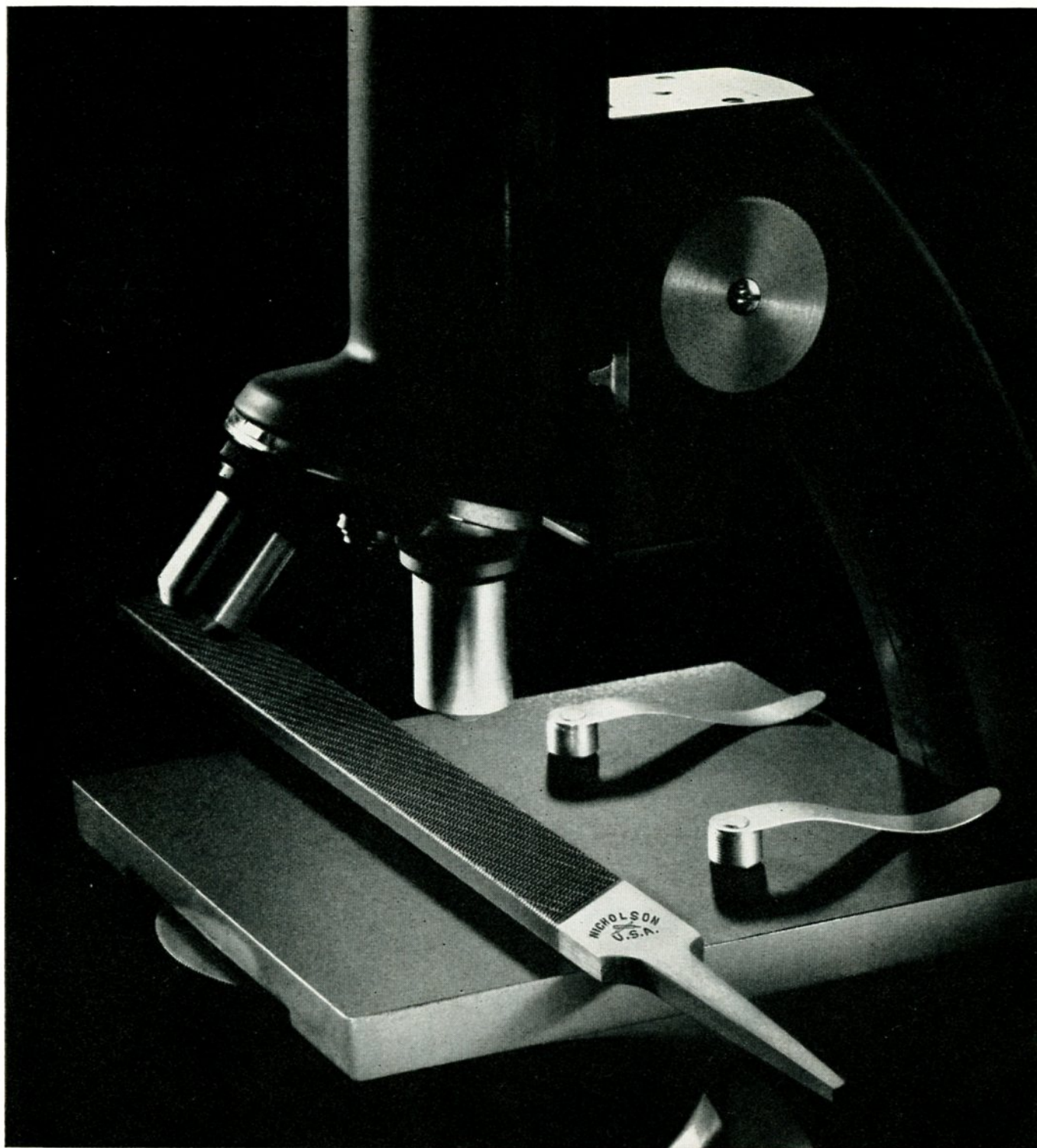
I would like to commend you on your cover story of the America's Cup (SPORTS, Sept. 14). After the recent flotsam of picture stories drowning the general public, someone has finally told them what the Cup is all about.

D. PATRICK HORNBERGER
The Skipper Magazine

Annapolis, Md.

Thorny Eire

In the article on Southern Rhodesia (INTERNATIONAL, Sept. 21) you state: "An act which would make Rhodesia the first colony to throw off British rule



Tool quality... Nicholson

One hundred years ago we started with a quality file. Today, the Nicholson product list has grown to include six different tool categories. And in every one of them, quality—plus the finest modern technology—makes Nicholson truly a blue-chip company.

You needn't peek through a microscope to gauge the quality of our files or our saw blades or any of our products. We do that. However, we've made identifying quality easy for you. We've stamped our trademark on all our products.

NICHOLSON®
U.S.A.

Nicholson File Co., Providence, R.I. • Sold in 120 countries throughout the world





Is your luggage
as impressive
as your title?
It should be!

The Silhouette Two-Suiter is designed for today's fast-moving executive. Smart. Slim. Spacious. Special hangers and fixtures pack suits and all accessories without a wrinkle. Light magnesium frame. Concealed locks. Scuff-resistant coverings. Tailored interiors. Forty-two fifty.

Samsonite Silhouette® Two-Suiter

The man's luggage that sets the pace in design...comes in Deep Olive, Tanbark, Oxford Grey.

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver. Makers of Samsonite Folding Furniture. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada thru Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ont. Prices slightly higher.

a few words to the man who thinks
the laundry is shrinking his shirts.

It has all the earmarks of a conspiracy.
They've added extra steps to your back porch.
Tacked a mile onto the golf course.
Got you huffing and puffing all day long.
Who's behind all this?
Maybe the same guy who's
adding an extra meal to your diet.
You.

Possibly, if you go lighter on the intake,
your world will come back into shape.
More important, so will you.

STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA

State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America, Worcester, Massachusetts.
Founded in 1844. Life-Health-Group.



New Chips From An Old Block

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
Senior Proprietor

**Old Fitzgerald
Distillery**

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



There's the story of the Kentucky stable boy who used to carve graceful little horses from a block of walnut wood.

Asked for the secret of his art, he replied, "It's easy, Boss. Ah jes' whittles off the chips that don't look like hoss!"

But there was more to his secret than that. A lifetime with a curry comb had taught him every twist and turn of "hoss".

Likewise, after more than 70 years among our mash tubs, I should know the cut of a genuine Kentucky distiller's jib.

And so, since some 27 years ago when my son first joined our family distillery, I've been whittling away the chips that didn't "look like hoss."

From still house to cooper's shop, from mash tub to yeasting room, he has faithfully followed under my direction every facet of the sour mash distiller's art. Shucking his coveralls, he has taken to the road to make our celebrated products available to customers in every nook and corner of the land.

Today I am ready to pop the bung from the barrel, and call him properly "aged in the wood and bottle-ripe"—ready to carry on the tradition and reputation of our 115-year-old family distillery.

In my view, as in the view of more than a few in our industry, he is more than a "chip off the old block." He is the block itself, shaped and schooled in all phases of our old-fashioned endeavor, and as dedicated as his forebears to maintaining the everlasting excellence of our famous sour mash bourbon.

My friends, in case you're interested, I refer to the new President of OLD FITZGERALD—my son, Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.

This pen with which I write, as well as the family firm which he heads, is now his to guide. How well he does the former, in future columns such as this, will be yours to judge.

*Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Bottled-in-Bond
at Mellow 100 Proof*

LETTERS

by force since the U.S. seized its independence in 1776." I imagine you rely on the word "colony" for the accuracy of this statement.

Certainly it is misleading for it implies that Rhodesia is the only possession to make the break by force of arms which, of course, ignores the conflict which resulted in freedom for Eire. Possibly Eire was not a colony, and certainly it was a very thorny possession and never quite possessed.

DAVID M. DALY

Convent Station, N.J.

The French Led the Way

For the record, your article on the Allied landing in southern France (INTERNATIONAL, Aug. 24) is at least as inaccurate as the program of the city of Toulon which you cite.

It was not a "combined U.S.-British paratroop unit which led the way," but indeed the French Commandos d'Afrique under Lt. Col. Georges-Regis Bouvet, who went ashore on Aug. 15, 1944 at 30 minutes past midnight. They were followed at 1:35 a.m. by the American-Canadian First Special Service Force under Col. Edwin A. Walker, who became known later for his unorthodox political views.

The first airborne unit, the 517th U.S. Parachute Regiment under Col. Rupert A. Graves, was dropped at 3:23 a.m.

BERNARD B. FALL

Washington, D.C.

Vatican II, Act III

Impervious to the lessons of history, and shaken by the immutable advance of scientific humanism, once more, as the second Vatican Council begins its third session (RELIGION, Sept. 21), the Vatican engages itself in anachronous debate; while in the shadows, the amorphous spirits of Lamennais and Chardin intone the former's century-old admonition: "Institutions incapable of moving with the times providentially sign their own death warrants."

EDWARD MADDEN

Detroit, Mich.

■ Reading your story on "Act Three" directly after attending the Mass in St. Peter's when Pope Paul presided at the historic concelebration was exciting.

But I must say that I was disappointed with the Pope's opening allocution at the third session of Vatican Council II. Compared with the address of Pope John and Pope Paul of last year (which I heard in each case as a guest of the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity), it was certainly nothing to get excited over.

Although warm greetings were extended to the observers, the Pope made it very plain that they were there to witness the Ecumenical movement not as it has been considered for half a century by Protestant and Orthodox churchmen, but as reunion with a strengthened and renewed Roman Catholic Church.

It is my prediction that on this basis

the Ecumenical movement is heading right into a period of dogmatic crisis.

Dr. STANLEY I. STUBER

New York City

Bring Back the Films

There seems to be no end in sight to the indignities to which the memory of Jean Harlow is to be subjected. First, a sensationally written and undocumented biography (BOOKS, June 22) and now three movies based on her life story (NEWSMAKERS, Sept. 14).

Jean Harlow managed by sheer ability to make her movies memorable. Her wry sense of humor and quick sense of pathos could overcome even the most trite script. The only real tribute to her memory would be to reissue her own



Culver Pictures

Jean Harlow: Memorable movies

films. They are better than any made today, anyway.

WILLIAM D. HOSKING

Detroit, Mich.

The Gilligan Story

The story of New York City Police Lt. Thomas R. Gilligan becomes all the more incredible in the aftermath (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, Sept. 14). It is understandable that an emotion-blinded mother would sue the city for her son's death. But it is incomprehensible that the NAACP, CORE, and the United Council of Harlem Organizations should be sucked into the defense of hoodlums. All this after the clearing of the lieutenant by a jury of his peers which included two of the victim's own race.

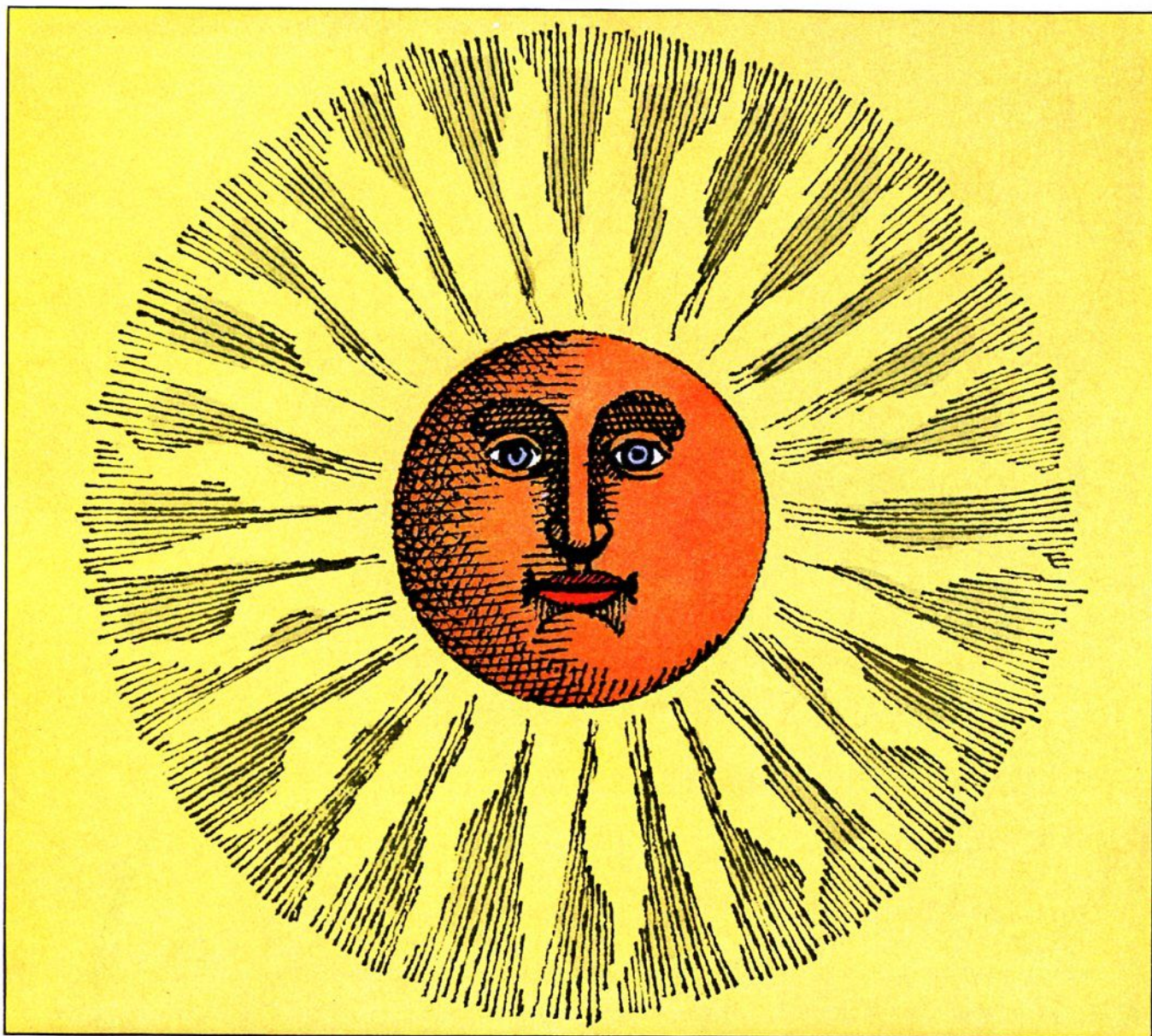
EDWARD A. GRUBI JR.

King City, Calif.

Deicide and Doctrine

You have implied in your article "Deicide and Doctrine" (RELIGION, Sept. 14) that the belief in Jewish responsibility

LIGHT



At GT&E, we're casting new light on light itself. With some illuminating results. Our Sylvania subsidiary has developed light panels that "write" electronically; a fluorescent light that stimulates the growth of plants; metallic vapor lamps that approach the naturalness of sun-

light; new phosphors that brighten color TV pictures. And from Research comes a liquid laser light that may one day provide more communications channels than man can ever hope to use. ■ More reason for the brilliant growth of GT&E.

Sharing greatly in America's growth

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS 

730 THIRD AVE., N.Y. 10017 • GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Cos. in 32 states • GT&E Laboratories • GT&E International • General Telephone Directory Co. • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric

Pictured hiding its price under all that luxury is a '65 Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan.



Beautiful Shape for '65—CHEVROLET Everything over, under and around you will be beautifully different

The roof, front, back, side, height, length, room, trim, windows, dash, upholstery, frame, suspension, color—everything's new, finer, more luxurious everywhere you look.

What this new Chevrolet amounts to is almost a new kind of land travel!

Chevrolet for '65 meets the road with Wide-Stance wheel design and silkier Jet-smooth ride. Carries you along on a new frame that's as silent as it is strong. Baffles bumps with an ease that must make other cars jealous.

Step into an Impala Sport Coupe or Sedan and find door-to-door carpeting, luxuriously upholstered seats designed to be lived in, an instrument panel that lives up to its

simulated wood-grain trim. With more shoulder room. More front leg and foot room with smaller floor tunnels. And the added luxury of curved glass side windows.

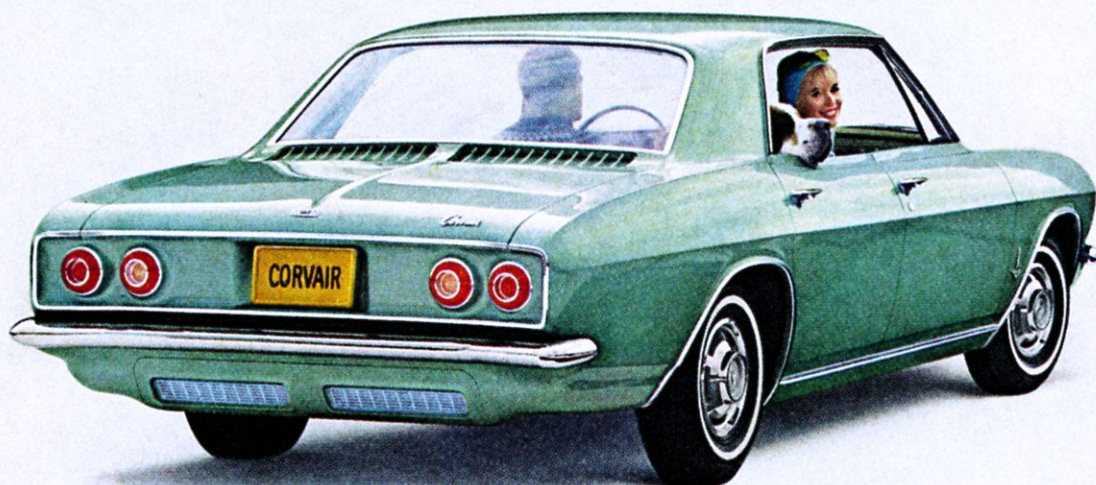
For '65, you set it all in motion with Sixes and V8's ranging from a 140-hp Turbo-Thrift Six to a 400-hp Turbo-Fire V8 available at your order.

Then link this action to your fingertips in one of these four ways — Powerglide, Overdrive or 4-speed Synchro-Mesh shift, if you request

it, or standard 3-speed Synchro-Mesh. We should also mention a best seller list of luxury and convenience equipment that's yours for the ordering.

All that's left is the looks. But why try telling you what you can see so clearly for yourself? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





Beautiful Shape for '65—CORVAIR

If this one doesn't knock you right off your chair,
we can't imagine what would

It took one of the most complete and dramatic changes ever made in any car to bring you this new beauty with the international look. Here, briefly, are some of the wonderful things we've done to this 1965 Corvair.

First, there's new hardtop styling on every Corvair Sport Coupe and Sport Sedan—even the lowest priced ones.

And all are longer and lower than Corvairs of old, yet with curved side windows to give you more shoulder room inside.

The steering is quicker. The ride is steadier with its new 4-wheel independent suspension. The wheels, both front and rear, are spread farther apart to keep them as cemented to the road as the pavement itself. The brakes are bigger.

There's an interior in Monza models that reminds you of those you've seen in some frighteningly expensive sports cars. Bucket seats, door-to-door deep-twist carpeting, businesslike control panel with all dials grouped into a cockpit-like cluster.

There's a whole brand-new series of Corvairs for '65 called *Corsa* with special trim, special instrumentation and very special performance. The standard rear engine is 140 hp or there's a new 180-hp Turbo-Charged

version that you can add instead.

We can't help but feel that the '65 Corvair is the new sporty American car Europeans will be clamoring to import. So hurry and see one now at your Chevrolet dealer's. Then try to give up the idea of buying one. Just try. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.



Please Turn the Page For More That's New

New Malibu Super Sport Coupe in Regal Red, one of 13 new Chevelle colors for '65.



Beautiful Shape for '65-CHEVELLE

New ride, new style and an engine that makes any driver feel young

On one hand, the '65 Chevelle makes you feel settled and wise and rich with its smooth new ride and plushness all about. But then on the other hand, there's a frisky power story!

There are enough changes in this '65 Chevelle to make it look and act like another whole new car from Chevrolet.

The front's been restyled. So has the back. The interiors are done up in some of the richest looking vinyls and fabrics around.

The ride is amazing. We've patterned Chevelle's Full Coil suspension after those in cars costing far more.

And if you'd like to hear how quietly it rides with its softer springs

and extra body insulation, just put your fingers in your ears and listen.

As for that frisky power, you get it in either of two V8's you can add, ranging all the way up to 300 horsepower.

That makes five engines for Chevelle now, including the standard 120-hp Hi-Thrift Six (which doesn't exactly poke along).

And the list of special options and accessories you can order goes on and on.

Four-speed manual shift. Auto-

matic Powerglide. A luxurious vinyl roof cover for the Sport Coupes. A new AM-FM Stereo radio that makes you think the musicians themselves came with the car.

Twelve Chevelle models in four series to choose from for '65 — and all available with big V8's! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





Beautiful Shape for '65—CHEVY II Look who just turned into the most powerful tightwad in town

Now you can even have a 300-hp V8 in your new 1965 Chevy II. There are new interiors and new styling, too. Chevy II never hid its economy and practicality so well!

Guess what? Quiet, practical little Chevy II just grew fangs.

For the first time ever, you can now ask to have a big 250-hp or 300-hp V8 engine put under the hood of your next Chevy II Sedan or Sport Coupe. You can also order a new 150-hp Six for all models.

The standard engines this year are the 195-hp V8 (hardly a slouch) or the 120-hp Six, depending upon the model you choose, along with your choice of a 4-cylinder gas-saver on the Chevy II 100 Sedans.

That's six Chevy II engines altogether and to put it mildly, the meek just inherited the road.

As for the rest of the car, well, it's new in front; new in back; and as you've probably noticed already, the sedans have a sleek new roof line on top.

Inside's new, too. Richer fabrics. Plusher vinyls. Dressed-up instrument panel. Scuffproof cowl side panels. Standard color-keyed seat belts. And you can surround all that with living-room-toned music by

adding an AM-FM Stereo radio.

And Stereo or not, five or six people never had it so comfortable. Chevy II is *not* tight with room.

This all of course leads us to Chevy II economy. No Chevy II story would be complete without a word on *that!* The word is miserly. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.



This is the
Open World
of L·O·F glass



Wide windows of L·O·F glass add an atmosphere of freedom and a world of daylight to Chichester High School, Boothwyn, Pennsylvania. Architect: Vincent G. Kling, Philadelphia.

To sharpen their insight, just broaden their outlook!

Almost everywhere you look in this charming school, you can see beyond the walls. And in an atmosphere that feels as big as all outdoors, young minds seem to find more room to grow. You'll discover "Open World" design everywhere today—in homes, offices, churches, motels as well as schools. Enjoy it. Glass makes it possible. L·O·F makes it practical. L·O·F glass distributors make it available everywhere.



Libbey·Owens·Ford TOLEDO, OHIO

LETTERS

for the death of Jesus lies at the root of much anti-Semitism today. As a Jew, I deplore anti-Semitism for whatever cause, but I do not consider the alleged execution of Christ by the Jews to be the genuine source of such baleful attitudes. Certainly it cannot be the motivation of current Moslem antagonism against Israel.

What we Jews should recognize is that most serious Christians have a probable right to a certain impatience with the Jewish religious attitude, not because of the supposed deicide—an act regarded necessary toward Jesus's resurrection—but rather toward the "hard-heartedness" of the Jews in not regarding the teachings of Jesus as the logical flowering of their own religion.

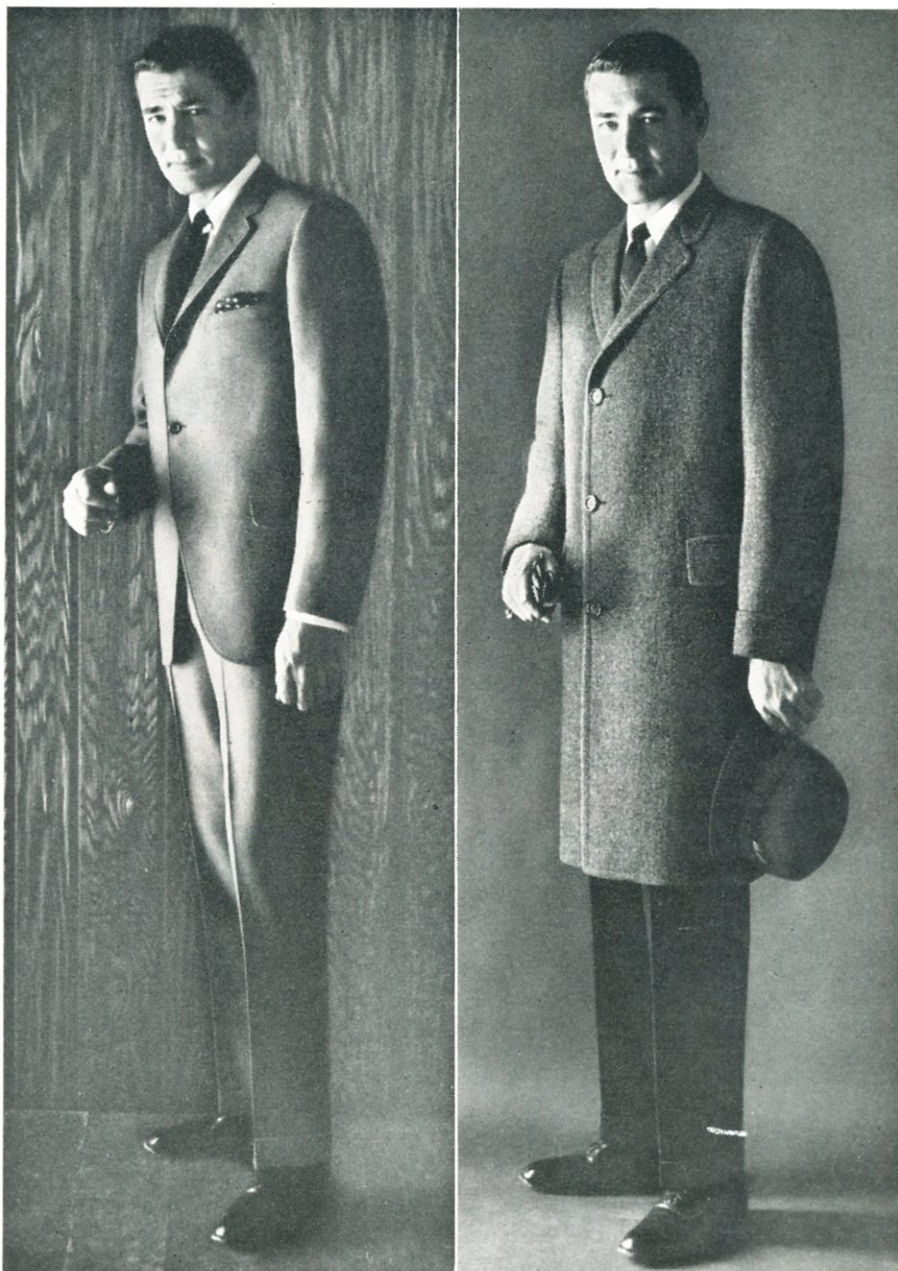
OWEN S. RACKLEFF

New York City

Thank You, Mr. Ambassador

These are not easy times. Trouble spots seem to be breaking out in a rash. I doubt many realize how great a burden our ambassadors in these areas carry. I know the concern I feel for just the eighteen persons we have at our university in Stanleyville. The concern an ambassador carries for implementing his government's policy and safeguarding the lives of his fellow citizens must be

Compatibility is a matter of taste...



in the Natural Gentleman Manner

If your taste is compatible with the soft-shouldered comfort of the Natural Gentleman Manner, here's good news. We design the 'Botany' 500 Compatible Outercoat to fit perfectly over your 'Botany' 500 suit. You get made-to-measure pleasure at values that please, too. Suits from \$75.00 to \$100.00, Outercoats from \$69.95 to \$129.50. (Prices slightly higher in the West.) Try your 'Botany' 500 dealer for many pleasant surprises: unusual fabrics, hand tailoring, professional personal service. We'll mail you his name and free booklet, "The Personal Touch". Just write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut St., Phila. 3, Pa. (A subsidiary of Botany Industries.) Sanitized* for Hygienic Freshness.

'BOTANY' 500 ® **TAILORED BY DAROFF**
with the Personal Touch to suit your Personal Taste.

SPECIAL GIFT RATES

ORDER NEWSWEEK

Christmas Gifts NOW!

1st subscription	each additional
\$8 ⁰⁰	\$5 ⁰⁰
(your own or a gift)	a 38% saving

(good in all 50 States and Canada through December)

Send 1 year of Newsweek as my gift

To _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP CODE _____

To _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP CODE _____

Enter my own 1-year subscription

☐ New ☐ Renewal ☐ Do Not

(Please be sure to fill in your own name and address for gift identification!)

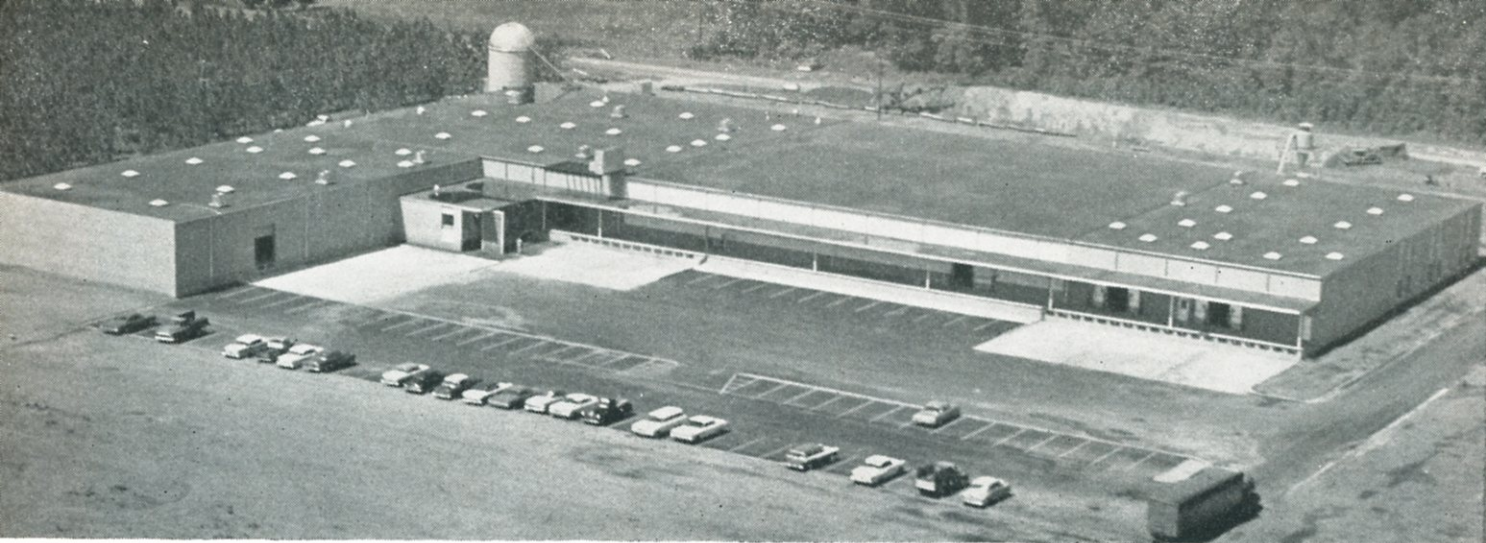
Your Name _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP CODE _____ K-1

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill Later

NEWSWEEK • 117 East Third Street
Dayton, Ohio 45402



Dylite refrigeration panels save 6 months construction time . . .

It would have taken twelve months to build this plant and refrigerated warehouse with conventional materials. But PET MILK COMPANY cut construction time to *six months*, by using DYLITE® Refrigeration Panels. The 19½-foot-long factory-finished panels were used for the walls and roof of the 150-foot by 160-foot cold storage section of the plant. These sandwich panels have a core of DYLITE foam plastic, one of the most effective insulators known, between exterior and interior facings. The load-bearing panels also eliminated the need for perimeter framing, decking, or masonry.

"Because this system of construction was so fast, we got six months' extra use out of this warehouse at no extra cost," said Arthur O. Sandison, general manager of the Funsten Division of PET MILK COMPANY, Albany, Georgia. The new warehouse is designed to store six to eight million pounds of shelled and unshelled pecans at an average temperature of 34°F, and relative humidity of 74%.

Koppers makes DYLITE Refrigeration Panels for any size refrigerated facility, from walk-in coolers to large warehouses. Check the coupon for more information.

New glassware package cuts packing costs as much as 95%

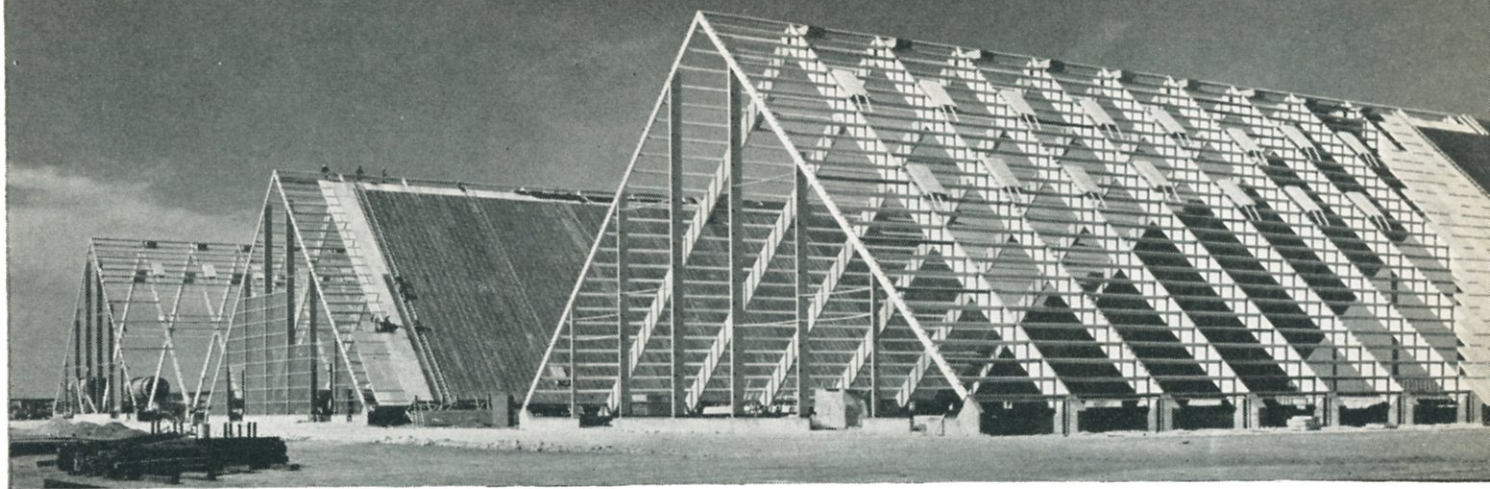
A new type of package has virtually eliminated glassware breakage in intra-store shipping and handling. The package, molded from DYLITE® foam plastic, has been tested by department stores and gift stores and rated as ideal for glass packaging. It was designed by the Louis P. Reizenstein Co., Pittsburgh. Glassware manufacturers say it cuts handling costs as much as 95% because it eliminates the need for padding and individual wrapping.

Each fragile item rests in its own compartment, and though it sits loose, jarring won't break it because of the high shock absorbency of this rigid foam plastic. The DYLITE package is a 12-compartment tray that can be nested in multiple units for handling between or within stores.

DYLITE can be molded in virtually any size or shape to fit any product and in addition to cutting packaging time, it usually costs less than the material it replaces. Check the coupon for more information about this remarkable Koppers plastic.

Safepak® trays molded by Tuscarora Plastics, New Brighton, Pa.





... laminated wood structures erected for \$2.48 per square foot

These three bulk storage warehouses, each 142 feet by 240 feet, demonstrate a remarkably easy way to keep the cost of materials down without sacrificing quality. HOLLY SUGAR CORPORATION did it at their Hereford, Texas, plant with simple "A" frame construction using laminated wood members made and erected by UNIT STRUCTURES, a department of Koppers. HOLLY, the country's second largest beet sugar company, is now completing this new processing and distribution center. Beet pulp is stored in the warehouses.

Each of the 70-ft.-high buildings used 106,000 board feet of laminated wood in the main structural members, and

40,000 board feet for the roof purlins. The frames were decked with plywood, then covered with galvanized steel sheets. Cost of all the wood, doors, ventilators, siding and interior wood paneling—for the three warehouses—came to only \$2.48 per square foot erected in place on the owner's foundation.

In addition to its economy, laminated wood construction was specified at HOLLY because of its inherent fire resistance, and because it doesn't corrode. For complete information about laminated wood beams and arches from UNIT STRUCTURES, check the coupon below.

Steel water pipe buried 39 years is still in "like new" condition

When engineers on Staten Island had to dig up a section of 39-year-old waterline to accommodate new road construction, they found the steel pipe in excellent condition. There was no damage from rust or corrosion. Before the pipe was laid in 1924 it was coated with BITUMASTIC® Enamel, a Koppers coal tar coating.

Service records of coal tar coatings have shown them to be the finest corrosion protective materials known to industry. Coal tar has a molecular structure that permanently resists oxidation and penetration of water. The coating forms a tough, permanent barrier to protect the steel from moisture.

Check the coupon for information about Koppers complete line of coal tar coatings for corrosion protection of steel and concrete in building construction, plant and transportation equipment, as well as pipelines.



KOPPERS

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15219

Divisions: Engineering & Construction
Forest Products • Metal Products • Plastics • Tar & Chemical • International



☐ DYLITE® Refrigeration Panels—factory-made, insulated walls.



☐ UNIT Laminated Arches and Beams — for low-cost construction.



☐ DYLITE® EX-PANDABLE POLYSTYRENE — lightweight, shock-resistant plastic.



☐ BITUMASTIC® COATINGS—coal tar coatings for corrosion protection of steel and concrete.

Fred C. Foy 1-0
Chairman of the Board
Koppers Company, Inc.
Room 1422A, Koppers Bldg.
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219

Please send me additional information about the Koppers products or services that I have checked.

Name _____

Company _____

Title _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Code _____

The others are not **J&B** rare scotch whisky

JUSTERINI
& BROOKS

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality



"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PADDINGTON CORP., N.Y. 20

Life Insurance—and the definition of disability

A number of years ago Mutual Benefit pioneered a unique disability policy by defining disability in terms of loss of "earned income" arising from sickness or accident. This definition avoids some uncertainties which might arise under the more common contract which defines disability as inability to pursue any gainful occupation.

Now in 1964, Mutual Benefit's coverage has been expanded in its new policies to include an additional definition applicable only to the few insureds who have little or no earned income at the time they become disabled.

Their disability is defined in terms of inability arising from sickness or accident to engage in a former occupation or in any other occupation for which they are suited by education, training or experience. This continuing improvement of our product reflects a philosophy of policyholder protection which has made Mutual Benefit one of the most highly regarded insurance companies in the world.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845

LETTERS

crushing. Permit me to address myself publicly to Ambassador G. McMurtrie Godley in the Congo and say for all of us here: thank you, Mr. Ambassador.

ROBERT J. DECKER, Rector
University of the Congo
Stanleyville, Congo

Providing the News

I shall not attempt to set down the various errors of interpretation which appeared in your report on the changes at The New York Times (PRESS, Sept. 14).

There is, however, one flat assertion to which I want to take particular exception. Your reporter says: "Markel has stubbornly adhered to his credo that a newspaper's job is solely to inform and interpret—not entertain."

This is, if I may use an extremist phrase, sheer nonsense.

This is my credo:

1. I believe that the prime function of a newspaper is to provide the news



Newsweek—Phil MacMullan

Markel: An editor's credo

and the background (or the interpretation, if you will) of the news.

2. I believe that this news and background shall be presented in a comprehensible and palatable form.

3. I believe that it is not the primary function of a newspaper to supply entertainment. Entertainment as such, I hold, is the main business of television and the magazines; newspapers that put entertainment above information are not entitled to be called newspapers.

4. I believe that a newspaper can and should be interesting—"interesting" is the real word, not "entertaining." It can provide the news of entertainment itself, it can present columns and other supplementary material based on the news, and, most importantly, it can be written in an agreeable and digestible form.

The Sunday Times has been made according to this concept. If the formula is as cockeyed as your reporter seems to suggest, then I am Horace Greeley and I ought surely to go West.

LESTER MARKEL
Associate Editor
The New York Times

New York City

□ Newsweek, October 5, 1964



Hearts are gay in **Mexi**co

■ Laughter ripples through the land. Smiles are shy yet warmly welcoming. Music is everywhere. The lift you get from your vacation in Mexico will buoy your spirits long after your sun-tan has faded or you've stopped bragging about the biggest marlin ever!

Mexico indeed has magic. It also has modern, even luxurious hotels and restaurants—all the basic comforts you

want plus some mighty spectacular charms all her own.

Where else can you combine sparkling blue seas with snow-capped volcanoes... modern architecture and the marvels left by Mayans and Toltecs a thousand years ago... swimming among gardenias and soaking away fatigue in any of a dozen famous spas... deep sea fishing and dancing under

a tropical moon to *mariachis*. Where else the winding cobblestoned towns, great museums, golf, jai alai, horse-racing and bullfights.

Mexico has all this and more, much more. So come to relax, have fun, join the frolic at a colorful village fiesta, skin dive in warm, clear waters or simply laze on a beach. Your travel agent will fill you in on marvelous Mexico.



MEXICAN NATIONAL TOURIST COUNCIL
Mexican Government Tourist Dept.
Dept. N-4 2 East 55th St., New York 22, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me illustrated literature on Mexico.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



Hotnew!

**Dodge at a
new lower price.
Coronet '65.
Bigger? Than the both
of them: Chevelle and
Fairlane. In wheelbase. In power.**

**Inside.
Buckets.
Bomb.
Bonus.**

**Check the price.
Surprise again. Right
down with the little ones.
It figures. It comes from
Dodge.
And Dodge comes on big
for 1965.**

'65 Dodge Coronet

DODGE COMES ON BIG FOR '65 • DART • CORONET • POLARA • CUSTOM 880 • MONACO

DODGE DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

Newsweek

Associated with
The Washington Post Company

Philip L. Graham, 1915-1963

Frederick S. Beebe, Chairman of the Board
Katharine Graham, President

Editor

Osborn Elliott

Executive Editors

Kermit Lansner

Gordon Manning

Senior Editors

Lester Bernstein, Benjamin Bradlee, William Brink,
James M. Cannon, Robert Christopher, Arnaud de
Borchgrave, Edwin Diamond, Jack Kroll, Clem
Morgello, Niles W. von Wettberg

Art Director: Alfred Lowry.

Contributing Editors

Raymond Moley, Kenneth Crawford, Henry Hazlitt,
Gen. Thomas D. White, U.S.A.F. Ret., Leon Volkov.

General Editors

Joel Blocker, John A. Conway, Mel Elfin, Dwight
Martin, Everett G. Martin, Lawrence S. Martz, John
T. McAllister, Jack O'Brien, Jonathan Rinehart, Ted
Robinson Jr., Walter Rundle, William Tuohy.

Business Trends Editor: Hobart Rowen.

Associate Editors: Americas: John Gerassi, Harry B.
Munkland, Lois Pearson; Books: Saul Maloff; Busi-
ness: Gerald J. Barry, Shepherd Campbell, Timothy
Hubbard, Peter Landau, Richard Thomas, Robert B.
Young; Copy: William Hoth, Albert W. McCollough,
Richard Pollak; International: John Barnes, Raymond
Carroll, Avrom Zaritsky; Life and Leisure: Harry
F. Waters; Medicine: Matt Clark; Movies: David
Slavitt; Music-Dance: Hubert Saal; National Affairs:
Peter Goldman, Edward Kosner, Jacquin Sanders,
Frank Trippett; News Desks: Fillmore Calhoun, Robert
Vermillion; Newsmakers: Bill Roeder; Periscope:
George King; Religion: Kenneth L. Woodward; Science
and Space: Henry W. Hubbard; Sports: John
Lake; Theater: Richard Gilman; TV-Radio: Peter
Benchley.

Department Heads: Olga Barbi, Donald O. Hotelling,
Ralph D. Paladino, Ruth Werthman, William J. Zimba,
Ralph D. Paladino, Ruth Werthman, William J. Zimba.

Assistant to the Editor: Rod Gander.
Assistant Editors: Lucille Beachy, August P. Giannini,
Karen Gundersen, Melvyn Gussow, John Lynch,
Nancy Mintz, August von Muggenthaler, Pat Reilly,
Kenneth Sarvis, Joan Wharton, Fay Willey, Marjorie
Wilson, Gerson Zelman, Paul D. Zimmerman.

Senior Editorial Assistants: Paula Cohen, John J.
Concannon, Ebbe Ebbesen, Nancy D. Frazier, Olga
Giddy, James McVea.

Editorial Assistants: Virginia B. Adams, John Ahern,
Irene P. Atney, George Barlow, Erika V. Bekey,
Judith Birnbaum, J. Calamari, Anne Carroll, Albert J.
Cass, Lillian Chiriaka, James Cianelli, Joseph A.
Cosenza, Edward R. Darlington, Carol Dimmitt,
Ainslie Dinwiddie, Orlando Dittingo, Mary K. Doris,
Marianne Doyle, Jerry Eitelberg, Richard Fithian,
Valerie Gervy, George Gorman, Mariana Gosnell,
Gerald Gray, L. Gutstein, Marjorie Hess, John
Hoffmeister, Marjorie Hood, Joseph Ingarr, Kusum
Lal, John Lynagh, Patricia Lynden, Stephanie
Mahler, Phyllis Malamud, Joan McHale, Ruth
McKown, Belden R. Merims, Joseph M. Moore,
Barbara H. Nicolosi, Elisabeth Norton, Anny Olbert,
Lena M. Parker, Eleanor Roeloffs, Ruth Ross,
Theresa M. Sain, Vidya Sanger, Lilli Seidman,
Dorothy Shedlock, Janet M. Smith, Ralph K. Smith,
Joseph P. Stiner, Raymonde Swaff, Joachim
Trenkner, Cornelis van den Heuvel, Roger Verhulst,
Frances W. Virgin, Stephen R. Weiss, Patricia J.
Wieland, Andrew Witwer, Diane Zimmerman.

Art and Picture Departments: Thomas Orr Jr., Russell
Countryman, Barbara A. Allen, Walter Bensl, James
J. Bresnan, Americo Calvo, Robert Cohen, Grace
Dostal, Joan Engels, Charles D. Feeney, George
Fitzgerald, Henry Genn, Bernard Gotfred, James J.
Kenney, Philip MacMullan, Robert R. McElroy, Paul
Melone, Patricia O'Reilly, Anthony Rollo, Frieda
Prisand, Donald Van Dyke, John Whelan.

Domestic Bureaus: **WASHINGTON:** Benjamin Bradlee,
Charles Roberts, Edward Weintal, Samuel Shaffer,
Guy Bocell, Philip D. Carter, William S. Gray, Shirley
Hoffman, John Jay Iselin, Charlotte Kennedy, John
J. Lindsay, Thelma McMahon, Norma Milligan, Lloyd
H. Norman, Hobart Rowen, Henry T. Simmons, Bruce
van Voorst, **ATLANTA:** Joseph E. Cumming Jr.,
William J. Cook, Gail Nicholson. **BOSTON:** Jayne
Brumley. **CHICAGO:** Hal Bruno, Kevin P. Buckley,
Don Holt, Joyce Johansen, Steve Saler. **DETROIT:**
James C. Jones, Hugh McCann, Tom Nicholson.
HOUSTON: Karl Fleming. **LOS ANGELES:** Richard
R. Mathison, James D. Bishop, John Burks, Aurelia
Krygier. **SAN FRANCISCO:** William Flynn, William
McPhillips, Joseph M. Russin. **UNITED NATIONS:**
Ellen Lukas.

Foreign Bureaus: **LONDON:** Sheward Hagerty, Irwin
Goodwin, Robert Francis, Ward Just, Frank Melville.
PARIS: Larry Collins, Whitman Bassow, F. Yorick
Blumenfeld, Angus Deming, Elizabeth Peer. **BONN-**
BERLIN: Robert E. Elegant, Kenneth Ames. **ROME:**
Curtis G. Pepper, Alfred Friendly Jr. **MOSCOW:**
Robert J. Korengold. **BEIRUT:** Joe Alex Morris Jr.
NAIROBI: John P. Nugent, Peter R. Webb. **TOKYO:**
James McC. Truitt, Bernard Krisher. **HONG KONG:**
Robert K. McCabe. **SAIGON:** Francois Sully. **RIO DE**
JANEIRO: Milan J. Kubic.

Editorial Controller: Joseph F. Marr.

Newsweek, Inc.

444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Frederick S. Beebe, Chairman of the Board

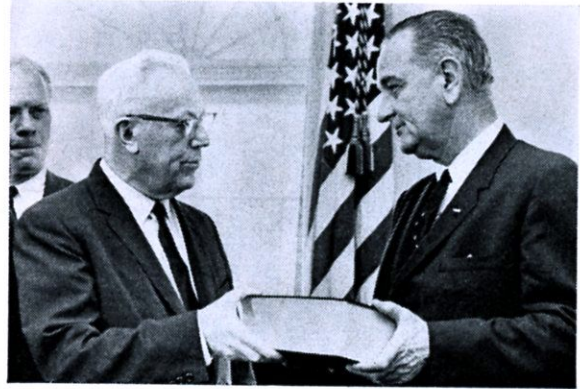
Gibson McCabe, President

Lew L. Callaway Jr., Publisher

Malcolm Muir, Honorary Chairman

Vice Presidents: F. E. Davis, General Manager;
B. D. Chapman, Production Director; Thomas O.
Darrigan, Treasurer; S. Arthur Dembner, Circulation
Director; Harry C. Thompson, Advertising Director;
John F. Whedon Jr., Assistant to the President;
William H. Scherman, Promotion Director.
Arthur Windett, Marketing Director

TOP OF THE WEEK



THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT

Did Lee Harvey Oswald act alone when he killed President John F. Kennedy?

Ever since the tragic November day in Dallas, that has been the central question in all the rumors and fantastic speculations which have swept around the world.

Finally, in calm, reasoned tones, the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy issues its long-awaited report. (Chief Justice Earl Warren, commission chairman, presents a first copy to President Johnson in photo.)

The conclusion of the exhaustive 888-page study: if there is any evidence of conspiracy "it has been beyond the reach of all the investigative agencies and resources of the United States." And that reach was amazingly broad: the FBI conducted 25,000 interviews, the Secret Service 1,550, the commission itself more than 500; the CIA established Oswald's movements in the Soviet Union.

In this 24-page cover story report, a team of nineteen NEWSWEEK editors, writers, and researchers tells how the report was put together, gives a chronology of the events leading up to and after the assassination, presents the evidence against Oswald, offers the commission's insights into the killer and his possible motives, reports the findings on the possibility of conspiracy, and cites the recommendations made by the commission in the hope that no such tragedy will befall the nation again. Pages 32 to 64.

(The bust of the late President on the cover is the work of sculptor Robert Berks and is from the Huntington Hartford Collection at the Gallery of Modern Art. It was photographed by Arnold Newman.)

THE INDEX

THE AMERICAS	76	MOVIES	112	THE PERISCOPE	27
ART	108	MUSIC	118	BUSINESS TRENDS	88
BOOKS	122	NATIONAL AFFAIRS	69	BUSINESS TIDES,	
BUSINESS AND		NEWSMAKERS	87	Henry Hazlitt	100
FINANCE	93	RELIGION	102	PERSPECTIVE,	
Spotlight	94	SCIENCE AND SPACE	108	Raymond Moley	128
EDUCATION	117	SPORTS	104	WASHINGTON,	
INTERNATIONAL	81	THEATER	106	Kenneth Crawford	74
LETTERS	2	TRANSITION	103		

EMMET JOHN HUGHES . . . Page 31



The greatest student of them all deserves Mass Mutual protection

His pursuit of knowledge may take a small detour now and then. But in no time at all, the road ahead reaches college. And by then, some say, the cost may be *almost* twice what it is today.

The high cost of learning need not jeopardize your son's education. *But it takes planning . . . now.* Let your Mass Mutual man show you how his company's educational insurance plan helps make *sure* the money will be there . . . even if something should happen to you.

Why the Mass Mutual man in particular?

As you know, insurance rates may vary only slightly from company to company. But the ability of agents *does* vary. So does the calibre of the companies they represent.

Mass Mutual men are recognized as the ablest of professionals. (Example: one Mass Mutual man in nine has qualified for the Million Dollar Round Table, one of the top insurance honors. The industry average is one in 75.)

Your Mass Mutual man is a *specialist* at helping assure all your family all the fu-

ture you want for them. And he's backed by a company with \$3 billion in assets. Yet his services cost you no more. In fact, he may actually save you money.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS • ORGANIZED 1851



THE PERISCOPE

CAMPAIGN '64

New York City

What are Barry Goldwater's private sentiments toward New York Sen. Kenneth Keating, who refuses to endorse the GOP candidate? The answer: no hard feelings. The Arizonan tells friends: "I want to help Keating but I don't know how to help him."

White House

No campaign-by-rail trips are on LBJ's current schedule, but he has one in mind. Early in October, he plans to join Lady Bird Johnson's train, probably in the Carolinas, and hitchhike for a while on his wife's whistle-stop railroad tour across the South.

Dallas

Barry Goldwater is busy beating off extremists trying to climb aboard his campaign bandwagon. In New Orleans, he refused to see racist Leander Perez when the powerful Louisiana political boss tried to visit him. And in Dallas, far-far-righter ex-Gen. Edwin Walker was snubbed twice. At the senator's American Legion appearance, guards kept Walker from joining Goldwater on the floor. Later at his hotel, Goldwater deftly avoided Walker when the latter tried to catch his eye in the lobby.

Capitol Hill

Campaign jokes are getting as rough as the speeches. The latest Democratic special: the text of Senator Goldwater's Inaugural Address—"10-9-8-7-6-..." And Republicans here have a new definition of an extremist: "a man who believes there should be two TV stations in Austin, Texas."

DIPLOMATIC POUCH

London

If he becomes Britain's Prime Minister after the October elections, Labor leader Harold Wilson wants to put Peking on his 1965 itinerary. Wilson hopes to beat France's Charles de Gaulle to Red China. By doing so, he would become the first Western leader to meet personally with Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai.

Along Embassy Row

Although France's Charles de Gaulle and West German Chancellor Erhard have been at loggerheads for months, the Germans are going all out to improve relations with the French. Bonn's Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder has sent

special orders to key diplomats, urging them "not to be upset by de Gaulle's outbursts." How bad are things between Bonn and Paris? "The situation could not be worse," Schroeder admits.

Amman, Jordan

The Kremlin will soon have another customer on its arms list. The 12,000-man "Palestine Liberation Army" set up at the recent meeting of Arab heads of state in Alexandria will have Russian equipment. A two-man Arab purchasing mission is set to leave for Moscow in two weeks.

Nairobi, Kenya

Peking's newest tactic for infiltrating East Africa is one of China's oldest creations—the Chinese restaurant. Well run by picked Red Chinese restaurateurs, three of them now are providing fine food and good meeting places for Chinese diplomats and their African friends in Nairobi, Dar es Salaam in Tanganyika, and Kampala, Uganda's capital.

Hong Kong

Another link has snapped between Moscow and Peking. Soviet airliners that used to make a twice-a-week scheduled run to Peking now end their flights at a Siberian airport near the Red Chinese border. Passengers cross on buses, re-embark on a Chinese plane to reach Peking.

CROSS-COUNTRY WIRE

Pentagon

Robert McNamara's cost-cutters are unhappy with his new inspector general, Assistant Defense Secretary Solis Horwitz. Reason: Horwitz insisted on installing a private bath next to his office, plus a complete refurbishing (he didn't like its brown décor). Cost: some \$20,000.

White House

The two Johnson daughters are making their own campaign plans—on their own. To avoid duplication of effort, for instance, they have divided up the states they will visit (Luci will go to ten, Lynda to eight others). Luci is also writing her own speeches—and has turned down her father's offers to lend his expertise.

Executive Wing

Plans are afoot for another meeting of LBJ and that blue-ribbon committee of big-businessmen-for-Johnson. If all goes according to plan, this one will be highlighted by an announcement that another 30 to 50 blue-chip business names have been added to the Johnson roster. The

THE PERISCOPE

goal is to get 100, then broadcast the list in nationwide advertising.

Dallas

Marina Oswald, widow of President Kennedy's accused assassin, is rebuilding her life along all-American lines. She now has acquired a charge account at Neiman-Marcus, a fondness for drive-in movies, and a new American escort, a local life-insurance salesman.

Senate Office Building

GOP senators will open the new Congress next January with a pitched battle within their own ranks. It will start when Democrat-turned-Republican Strom Thurmond of South Carolina

tries to retain the seniority he earned serving as a Democrat for the past ten years. GOP leader Everett Dirksen will support his claim; the assistant Republican leader, Thomas Kuchel of California, will oppose it.

Department of Agriculture

Sleuths at the General Accounting Office have spotted an apparently legal dodge used by some Western cotton growers to fatten their Federal price-support subsidies. Growers in the dry-weather areas ship surplus cotton to the high-humidity Southeastern states for storage. As the bales pick up moisture, they add poundage—and subsidy dollars. Agriculture now is studying GAO recommendations to correct things.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



Davidson, Boring



The Blair House battleground



Downs, Birdzell

Washington, D.C.

To four Americans, the Warren commission report on John F. Kennedy's death (page 32) echoes a split second in history fourteen years ago, when two Puerto Rican fanatics attempted to assassinate President Truman in Washington. The four are Secret Service agent **Floyd M. Boring**, and three now-retired White House policemen: **Joseph H. Downs**, **Donald T. Birdzell**, and **Joseph O. Davidson**. They shot it out with Oscar Collazo and Griselio Torresola at Blair House, the temporary Executive Mansion, killing Torresola and wounding Collazo (currently life prisoner No. 70495-L in Leavenworth).

On Nov. 1, 1950, Boring was standing near a guard booth outside Blair House when Collazo walked up to Birdzell, in front of the steps. "He put out his hand," Boring recalls, "I thought he was going to shake hands. Then I saw he had a pistol." As Boring went into action, Birdzell was going down, shot in both legs, and Davidson was firing from inside the guard booth. The third policeman, Downs, was off duty and going into a basement entry when the battle began.

He fell to the cement, wounded three times.

Today, Boring, 49, is the only one on White House duty. No. 2 on LBJ's security staff, he lives with his wife, Ruth, in Washington. Their older daughter, Judy, 22, works for the State Department; Kathryn, 15, is in high school.

Davidson, who retired in 1960, is 51 and also lives in Washington, with his wife, Madeline. He was "shocked" by JFK's death but says only: "You can never explain these things."

Birdzell retired in 1959 (as a lieutenant) and moved to Clearwater, Fla., with his wife, Helen. A trim 55, he spends some of his time fishing, most of it grooming his lawn. Memories? "Every time I see something about the White House," he says, "I get to thinking..."

Downs, 58, is also in Florida. He retired in 1956 to a U.S. Customs job in Miami, where he lives quietly with his wife, Mary. The Kennedy murder appalled Downs and the 1950 assassination attempt still haunts him. He has seen Blair House only once since retirement—from across the street. "I just glanced over," he says. "The memories never entirely leave you."

Martin's spent
8 years getting ready
for tonight.



Now...wasn't that
worth waiting for?





The best of both worlds.

Two worlds: big domestic cars, little imports. Now there's a third. The R-8 1100. It's the new economy car that behaves like the big ones...a family economy car that has bowled over the most critical automotive experts.

Here are just a few observations Car and Driver Magazine made after they tested the R-8:

"It has the ride and performance of a good American six cylinder compact."

"It overcomes nearly every traditional objection to economy cars we've ever heard. It is fast, well constructed, good handling, has the best brakes in its class."

"The comfort of the front seats is

better than those of most cars—at any price. Amazing ride and stability. It's a powerplant that fairly begs for abuse, and it has ample power in every speed range."

Renault spent over \$20,000,000 to engineer everything they learned competing in this market into the R-8—including optional pushbutton automatic and backed it with parts and service availability second to none.

This new R-8 1100 is a tough, rugged, elegant economy car. Compare it with any other family economy car. Test-drive the R-8 yourself at any of the 500 Renault dealers. But be careful. If you try it, you'll buy it.



For reprint of Car and Driver review or to arrange money-saving Overseas Delivery, see your local dealer or write Renault, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 10017.

EMMET JOHN HUGHES

ON

THE FRUITFUL CHOICE



At this midway point in a Presidential campaign, a slumping candidacy fights panic by shouting more and more absurd things, with a straight face and a righteous air, in quest of the solace defined by Homer three millennia ago as "the windy satisfaction of the tongue." So the GOP Presidential candidate ends months of derision of the Administration as too spineless to brandish nuclear weapons in Vietnam—to denounce it as too "reckless" in use of conventional weapons. So the GOP National Chairman blames the White House for rape and muggings on Washington streets—to be unhappily reminded that Phoenix, Ariz., endures a higher crime rate than Washington or New York. So the GOP Vice Presidential candidate pauses in his harangues on Presidential wealth—to cry "smear" when the public learns of his seventeen years as counsel to a New York corporation, paying some \$125,000 in retainers, while he beseeched Congress for tariffs to protect his client's output.

So shabby a scene poses one serious danger: a popular apathy, born of boredom or disgust. And there are other forces to feed such a mood. There are the opinion polls so sure of Democratic triumph that a little popular lethargy might appear harmless. There is the detached view of some in the Eastern intellectual community who find the accents of Texas and Arizona equally alien. And now there is voiced the sudden notion that apathy may be not only intellectually chic but also morally splendid: such is the impact of the recent sermon of Washington's Dean Francis B. Sayre Jr., the grandson of Woodrow Wilson, lamenting the "homeless" U.S. electorate facing "a sterile choice" between Lyndon Johnson and Barry Goldwater.

Is this the true political sum of 1964?

A Quixotic Pose. The fiery clerical judgment, finding one candidate without scruples and the other without wits, cannot be argued on the evidence, for the dean offered none. It can be argued, however, that such *ad hominem* condemnation, equal in disdain for both men, does little to assist democratic decision in a two-party system. It seems strange, too, that the dean suffers such distress at a time when so many other voices, usually silent, have broken precedent to be heard. For the first time in a quarter of a century, for example, such Protestant leaders as Reinhold Niebuhr and John C. Bennett, editing Christianity and Crisis, have broken a tradition of nonpartisanship to endorse President Johnson.

A neutralist pose in the 1964 election seems, in

truth, almost quixotic. It is possible to dislike both candidates. It is even possible to despise them. It is *not* possible, however, to pretend that they do not offer the nation a clear, profound, even historic choice. And in national elections, as in global conflicts, the gravest choices are rarely tidy. They are simply necessary. They are never indisputable. They are merely inescapable.

A Unique Distinction. The fashioning of this particular choice, of course, has largely been the work of Barry Goldwater. His rhetoric constantly confuses matters, but his record crudely clarifies them. Thus his campaign through the South could avoid all mention of Negroes and civil rights: his embrace of Sen. Strom Thurmond made his point with wordless eloquence. Over the last decade, there have been three memorable Senate votes to test the American temper: the McCarthy censure, the test-ban treaty, and the civil-rights bill. And the Arizonan boasts the distinction of being the only U.S. senator to vote in the minority against all three acts.

The striking truth is that there is almost no aspect of U.S. life that is *not* at issue in the campaign. Should the Chief Executive's power be proudly affirmed or drastically curtailed? Should the judiciary be remade in a far more conservative image? Should the pace of Negro emancipation on all fronts be aided or ignored by Federal authority? Is most Federal aid to education vital or pernicious? Is the fiber of American society toughened or weakened by national plans to combat poverty? Would the American political system be strengthened or tortured by making the GOP essentially a white man's party? Would the nation's economic stamina be assured or imperiled by a policy committing the government to fixed tax cuts for the next five years? Can the U.S. effectively influence United Nations opinion by repeated threats to leave the tribunal if the majority ignores American wishes? Does world disarmament mean a living hope or a deadly snare? Can U.S. negotiation with Moscow bring gradual and honorable accords, or is even U.S. recognition of the Soviet regime a 30-year-old blunder?

The ten simple questions suggest the size of the choice in 1964.

There has been none so sweeping, so explicit, and so grave before the nation in a generation.

THE ASSASSINATION



The Warren Commission Report

'These conclusions represent the reasoned judgment of all members of the Commission and are presented after an investigation . . . concerning the assassination of President Kennedy'

Ten months had passed since the outrage of John F. Kennedy's murder—ten months without an official public accounting of a crime that wrenched the hearts of men and the course of history. This week it finally came pouring out—a gush of some 300,000 words in a light-blue-covered, 888-page, 43-ounce volume, "Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy."*

The unanimous report held no major surprise. The assassin, it found, was a 24-year-old misfit named Lee Harvey Oswald, who acted alone—without any conspiracy, foreign or domestic—out of motives dimly seen in the murk of a twisted mind. He had a "deep-rooted resentment of all authority" and "a hostility toward every society in which he lived"; he was dogged by "isolation, frustration, and failure"; he imagined himself a future political leader, had a demonstrated capacity for violence and an "urge to try to find a place in history." He was a man, in the informal words of one member of the commission, "who did only one thing well in his entire life—assassinate the President."

The report was calm, measured, and

overwhelming—in the weight of its evidence against Oswald, in the glint of fresh and authentic detail, and the sheer scope, intensity, and thoroughness of the investigation reflected in its pages. Apart from a tightly woven web of physical evidence, the commission even turned up an eyewitness who saw Oswald shooting the President from the Texas School Book Depository, as well as two eyewitnesses who saw him kill Dallas patrolman J.D. Tippit 45 minutes later.

The Big Question: Reconstructing the events of Nov. 22 was a monumental job. It involved not only minute calculation of bullet trajectories from the Texas School Book Depository but exhaustive tests conducted with animal tissue in Arlington, Va., to demonstrate the difference between an entry and an exit bullet hole and to trace the course of a high-powered rifle bullet that strikes a human skull. Yet the toughest part of the investigation was not to prove what happened in Dallas that terrible day but to disprove what *might* have happened—to find out if there was any truth in a welter of rumor, gossip, and speculation pointing to a conspiracy.

By its very silence for so long, the commission headed by Chief Justice Earl Warren made its own task that

much harder. It gave a long head start to confusion and conjecture even among the best intentioned; and it nourished a whole mythology of assassination literature, ranging from outlandish theories to cunningly plausible doubts. And, indeed, there have been hypotheses resting on premises the commission itself felt deserved "critical examination."

The myths sprang in the first place from faulty information, the report shows. Dallas authorities themselves released some erroneous and misleading "facts." Some witnesses were unreliable, some reporters inaccurate. Yet every scrap—even typographical errors in press reports—was seized upon by the conspiracy-theorists. The theories flourished especially among Europeans, agape at the bizarre spectacle of Jack Ruby's murder of Oswald in police custody, live on TV—and accustomed, out of their own experience, to believe that things are never what they seem in politics. Such wild imaginings as "Who Killed Kennedy?" by an American ex-Communist named Thomas Buchanan have won respectable attention and high sales in book and magazine form. As recently as last week, a top French official who once served in Washington asked: "How is it possible that President Kennedy,

*U.S. Government Printing Office, \$2.50 in paper covers; \$3.25 clothbound.



UPI

guarded as he is night and day, can be murdered by one despicable little man, nothing but a clerk in a warehouse who planned the assassination all by himself? I cannot . . . believe that."

The longer the Warren commission investigated in silence, the more rumors and speculations sprang up—and the more time had to be spent checking them out. Every one of them was tracked down. They "reached into almost every part of the United States and to most of the other continents of the world." For example, investigators checked on "literally dozens" of allegations of conspiratorial contact between Oswald and agents of the Cuban Government.

CIA Check: In the process, interviews were obtained with "all known persons whom Oswald may have met while in Mexico, including passengers on the buses he rode, and the employees and guests of the hotel where he stayed." Both Cuba and the Soviet Union cooperated—but the information they furnished was independently checked on the spot by agents of the CIA.

Indeed, with a five-volume FBI report on the assassination serving merely as a springboard, the seven-man commission enlisted every U.S. investigative arm in its own independent investiga-

tion. General Counsel J. Lee Rankin's commission staff—fourteen assistant counsels and twelve other specialists—called on the FBI, the Secret Service, government cryptanalysts, military intelligence, even the Internal Revenue Service. (Three IRS investigators accounted laboriously for virtually every penny of Oswald's income and expenditures from the time he returned to the U.S. from Russia.) The FBI conducted 25,000 interviews and submitted 2,300 reports; the Secret Service held 1,550 interviews and turned in 800 reports. The commission and its staff heard 552 witnesses—and their testimony will fill a score of volumes to be published soon.

"Because of the difficulty of proving negatives to a certainty," said the report, "the possibility of others being involved with either Oswald or Ruby cannot be established categorically, but if there is any such evidence, it has been beyond the reach of all the investigative agencies and resources of the U.S."

Though it leaned on them in its own investigation, the commission criticized two of these agencies for shortcomings in measures that might have saved the President's life. The brunt of the criticism fell on the Secret Service, which, for example, checked no buildings along

the Presidential route in Dallas. The FBI was faulted for failing to share its intelligence with the Secret Service; it had a file on defector Oswald, but the Service never knew it. And there were recommendations for bolstering Presidential security.

Anticipation: The commission itself may expect some criticism. If it had issued the President's autopsy report promptly, for instance, it might have nipped much speculation in the bud. Perhaps anticipating, the report offered the commission's conclusion that "the premature publication by it of testimony regarding the assassination or the subsequent killing of Oswald might interfere with Ruby's rights to a fair and impartial trial . . ." Also, it added, some testimony out of context might be misleading or hurtful to innocent parties.

How far the voluminous report will go to quell the doubts and the suspicions remains to be seen. But in judging the commission's effort to "appraise this tragedy by the light of reason and the standard of fairness," most Americans, at least, will probably agree with Lyndon Johnson's words discharging the commission last week. He wrote: "You have earned the gratitude of your countrymen."



Assassination scene: Dealey Plaza in downtown Dallas and the route taken by the Presidential motorcade

'My God, They Are Going to Kill Us All'

Three shots in Dallas had already triggered billions of words. But this week the world had its first fully detailed, authentic record of just what happened on November 22, within the capacity of human beings to recall, sort, and assemble the fragments of a shattering experience. In putting together a mosaic of the assassination and its aftermath, the Warren commission reinforced human memory wherever possible with the mortar of scientific proof.

In the commission's narrative the President's silvery jet drops down on Dallas's Love Field amid clearing skies at 11:40 a.m. on Nov. 22, 1963. The awaiting Presidential limousine is open. Appointments Secretary Kenneth O'Donnell's orders, relayed through the Secret Service, have been explicit: "If the weather is clear and it is not raining, have that bubbletop off." (In any case, the bubbletop is neither bullet-proof nor bullet-resistant.) After ten minutes of greeting spectators along a chain-link fence, President and Mrs. Kennedy climb into the special 1961 Lincoln for the 45-minute motorcade that will wind through Dallas on the

way to the Trade Mart. Twice the President stops the limousine to shake hands with well-wishers before reaching the fatal point: Dealey Plaza.

To gain access to the Stemmons Freeway for the last lap to the handsome new Trade Mart, the motorcade has to make a right turn as it nears Dealey Plaza, travel for a block along Houston Street directly toward the seven-story, orange brick Texas School Book Depository, then make a sharp turn to the left onto Elm Street. The report notes that there is no other safe way to exit from the tangle of converging streets at the far end of the open plaza and up onto the freeway. According to the commission's calculations, computed from motion pictures taken by amateur photographer Abraham Zapruder, the President's limousine is traveling at 11.2 miles per hour as it completes its left turn and starts down Elm Street.

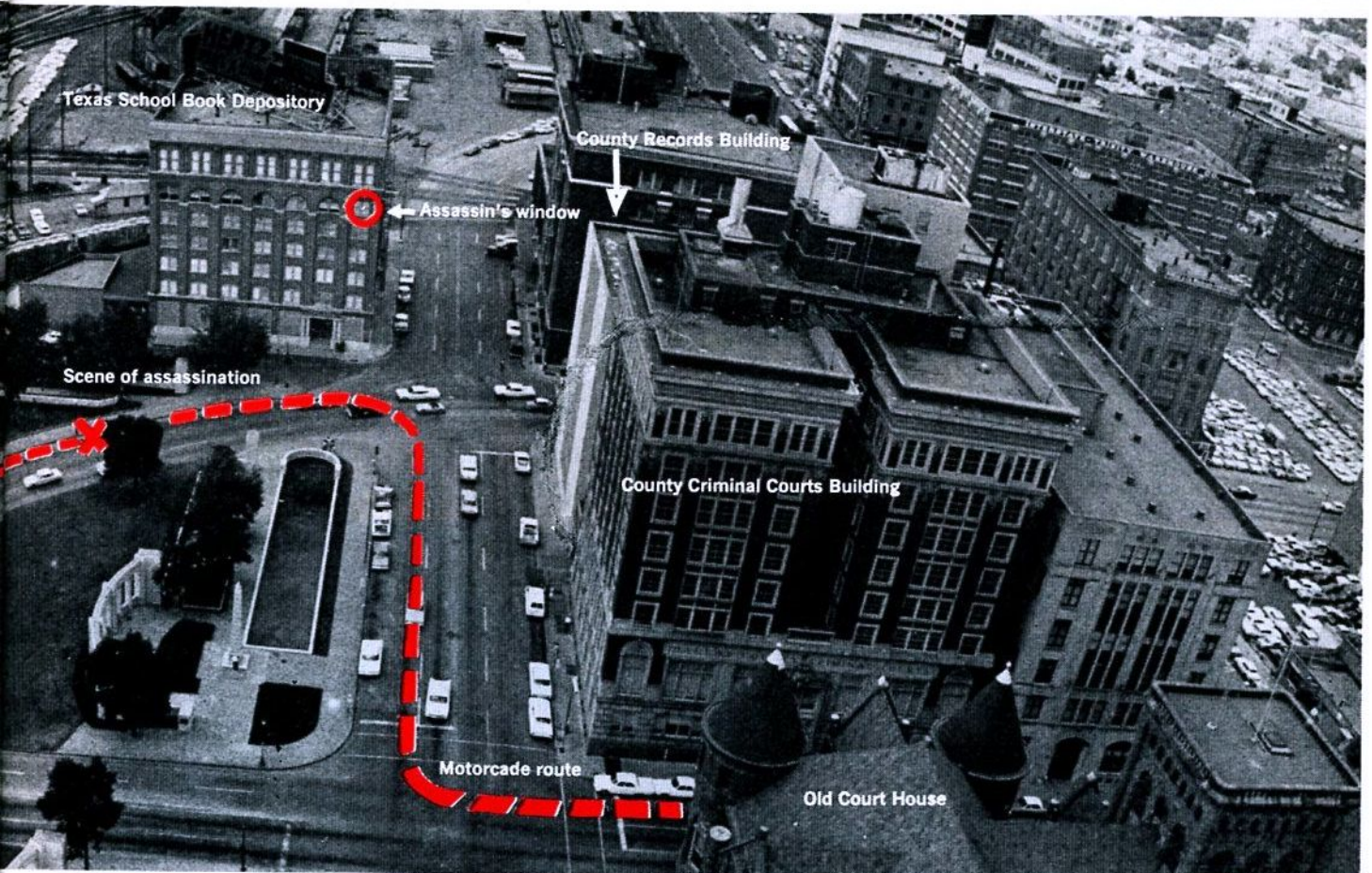
Shots Explode: Mrs. Kennedy rides to the left of the President in the back seat. Directly in front of him in the jump seat is Texas Gov. John Connally with Mrs. Connally in the left jumpseat. Two Secret Service agents, William R.

Greer, the driver, and Roy H. Kellerman, are in the front seat. As the limousine passes the School Book Depository, the President waves to the crowd.

Suddenly the shots explode. Based on the testimony of four witnesses, the commission sets the time at 12:30 p.m. CST. The report graphically recounts the moments of the assassination:

"Mrs. John F. Kennedy, on the left of the rear seat of the limousine, looked toward her left and waved to the crowds along the route. Soon after the motorcade turned onto Elm Street, she heard a sound similar to a motorcycle noise and a cry from Governor Connally, which caused her to look to her right. On turning she saw a quizzical look on her husband's face as he raised his left hand to his throat. Mrs. Kennedy then heard a second shot and saw the President's skull torn open under the impact of the bullet. As she cradled her mortally wounded husband, Mrs. Kennedy cried, 'Oh, my God, they have shot my husband. I love you, Jack.'

"Governor Connally testified that he recognized the first noise as a rifle shot and the thought immediately crossed his mind that it was an assassination attempt. From his position in the right jump seat immediately in front of the President, he instinctively turned to his



Arthur Schatz

past the orange brick Texas School Book Depository building on the way to the Stemmons Freeway

right because the shot appeared to come from over his right shoulder. Unable to see the President as he turned to the right, the governor started to look back over his left shoulder, but he never completed the turn because he felt something strike him in the back. In his testimony before the commission, Governor Connally was certain that he was hit by the second shot, which he stated he did not hear.

"Mrs. Connally, too, heard a frightening noise from her right. Looking over her right shoulder, she saw that the President had both hands at his neck but she observed no blood and heard nothing. She watched as he slumped down with an empty expression on his face. Roy Kellerman, in the right front seat of the limousine, heard a report like a firecracker pop. Turning to his right in the direction of the noise, Kellerman heard the President say, 'My God, I am hit,' and saw both of the President's hands move up toward his neck. As he told the driver, 'Let's get out of here; we are hit,' Kellerman grabbed his microphone and radioed ahead to the lead car, 'We are hit. Get us to the hospital immediately.'

"The driver, William Greer, heard a noise which he took to be the backfire from one of the motorcycles flanking the

Presidential car. When he heard the same noise again, Greer glanced over his shoulder and saw Governor Connally fall. At the sound of the second shot, he realized that something was wrong, and he pressed down on the accelerator as Kellerman said, 'Get out of here fast.' As he issued his instructions to Greer and to the lead car, Kellerman heard a 'flurry of shots' within five seconds of the first noise. According to Kellerman, Mrs. Kennedy then cried out: 'What are they doing to you?' Looking back from the front seat, Kellerman saw Governor Connally in his wife's lap and Special Agent Clinton J. Hill lying across the trunk...

"Mrs. Connally heard a second shot fired and pulled her husband down into her lap. Observing his blood-covered chest as he was pulled into his wife's lap, the governor believed himself mortally wounded. He cried out, 'Oh, no, no, no. My God, they are going to kill us all.' At first Mrs. Connally thought that her husband had been killed, but then she noticed an almost imperceptible movement and knew that he was still alive. She said, 'It's all right. Be still.' The governor was lying with his head on his wife's lap when he heard a shot hit the President. At that point, both Governor and Mrs. Connally ob-

served brain tissue splattered over the interior of the car. According to Governor and Mrs. Connally, it was after this shot that Kellerman issued his emergency instructions to accelerate.

"From the left front running board of the President's follow-up car, Special Agent Hill was scanning the few people standing on the south side of Elm Street after the motorcade had turned off Houston Street. He estimated that the motorcade had slowed down to approximately 9 or 10 miles per hour on the turn at the intersection of Houston and Elm Streets and then proceeded at the rate of 12 to 15 miles per hour with the follow-up car trailing the President's automobile by approximately 5 feet. Hill heard a noise, which seemed to be a firecracker, coming from his right rear. He immediately looked to his right, 'and, in so doing, my eyes had to cross the Presidential limousine and I saw President Kennedy grab at himself and lurch forward and to the left.' Hill jumped from the follow-up car and ran to the President's automobile. At about the time he reached the President's automobile, Hill heard a second shot, approximately 5 seconds after the first, which removed a portion of the President's head.

"At the instant that Hill stepped onto

THE WARREN REPORT

the left rear step of the President's automobile and grasped the handhold, the car lurched forward, causing him to lose his footing. He ran three or four steps, regained his position and mounted the car. Between the time he originally seized the handhold and the time he mounted the car, Hill recalled that—

"Mrs. Kennedy had jumped from the seat and was, it appeared to me, reaching for something coming off the right rear bumper of the car, the right rear tail, when she noticed that I was trying to climb on the car. She turned toward me and I grabbed her and put her back in the back seat, crawled up on top of the back seat and lay there."

"David Powers, who witnessed the scene from the President's follow-up car, stated that Mrs. Kennedy would probably have fallen off the rear end of the car and been killed if Hill had not pushed her back into the Presidential automobile. Mrs. Kennedy has no recollection of climbing onto the back of the car . . . Special Agent George W. Hickey Jr. in the rear seat of the Presidential follow-up, picked up and cocked an automatic rifle as he heard the last shot. At this point the cars were speeding through the underpass and had left the scene of the shooting, but Hickey kept the automatic weapon ready as the car raced to the hospital. Most of the other Secret Service agents in the motorcade had drawn their sidearms."

In an instant, the President had been shot down. The commission spent months analyzing the moment of the shooting, to determine "the source, effect, number, and timing of the shots . . ."

The passengers "had the impression that the shots came from the rear and from the right, the general direction of the Texas School Book Depository Building, although none of the passengers saw anyone fire the shots." The commission located spectators, however, who "did see a rifle fired in the direction of the President's car from the easternmost window of the sixth floor on the south side of the building."

One key witness was Howard L. Brennan, a 45-year-old steam fitter, who watched the motorcade from a concrete retaining wall directly across the street from the depository building. His presence was corroborated by Zapruder's movie, which shows him "wearing gray khaki work clothes and gray work helmet, seated on the retaining wall." While waiting for the motorcade to arrive, Brennan testified, "he had noticed a man in the southeast corner window of the sixth floor, and observed him leave the window 'a couple of times.'" Just after the President's limousine passed, Brennan "heard an explosion like the backfire of a motorcycle." He recalled:

"Well, then something, just right after this explosion, made me think that

it was a firecracker being thrown from the Texas Book Store. And I glanced up. And this man that I saw previously was aiming for his last shot . . . Well, as it appeared to me he was standing up and resting against the left window sill, with gun shouldered to his right shoulder, holding the gun with his left hand and taking positive aim and fired his last shot." (Largely on the basis of Brennan's account, police broadcast a description of the suspected assassin at 12:45 p.m.)

'This Pipe Thing': Another witness, 15-year-old Amos Lee Euins, also facing the depository, testified he looked up and "seen this pipe thing sticking out the window." After the shooting, Euins told a policeman that the shots came from the last window of the floor "under the ledge." Other witnesses, the com-

who heard or saw the shots fired from the depository, the report notes that "the Commission's investigation has disclosed no credible evidence that any shots were fired from anywhere else." In particular, the inquiry "yielded no evidence that shots were fired from the bridge over the Triple Underpass or from the railroad yards."

As further corroboration of the accounts of witnesses that the shots came from the direction of the School Book Depository, the commission cites the discovery of two bullet fragments in the front seat of the Presidential car after it was returned to Washington on Nov. 22, 1963, and of "a small residue of lead on the inside surface of the laminated windshield and a very small pattern of cracks on the outer layer of the



Warren Commission

Re-enactment: Investigator sights the camera-mounted murder weapon

mission reports, "saw a rifle in the window after the shots were fired." Among them were Robert H. Jackson, staff photographer of The Dallas Times-Herald, and Thomas Dillard, chief photographer of The Dallas Morning News. Dillard immediately photographed the southeast corner of the building.

Dillard's shots showed a partially opened window on the sixth floor and three Negro men in the windows of the fifth floor directly below. These three included Bonnie Ray Williams, who had completed his lunch and left the remains of chicken bones, an empty pop bottle, and a paper sack on the sixth floor just ten minutes before.

Cement Fell: Williams said he "really did not pay any attention" to the first shot but "the second shot, it sounded like it was right in the building, the second and third shot. And it sounded—it even shook the building, the side we were on. Cement fell on my head."

In contrast to the number of witnesses

windshield immediately behind the lead residue." The report flatly states that there was "no penetration." On this basis, it concluded it was "not possible to determine whether two or more of the fragments came from the same bullet," but "the physical characteristics of the windshield after the assassination demonstrate that the windshield was struck on the inside surface."

At approximately 1:12 p.m. on Nov. 22, "Deputy Sheriff Luke Mooney noticed a pile of cartons in front of the window in the southeast corner of the sixth floor." Searching the area, he found "three empty cartridge cases on the floor near the window." Shortly thereafter, "at 1:22 p.m. Deputy Sheriff Eugene Boone and Deputy Constable Seymour Weitzman found a bolt-action rifle with a telescopic sight between two rows of boxes in the northwest corner near the staircase on the sixth floor." It was subsequently identified by the FBI as an Italian-made 6.5 millimeter model

91/38 Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, serial number C2766. Attached to the weapon was an inexpensive four-power telescopic sight, stamped "Optics Ordnance Inc./Hollywood California" and "Made in Japan."

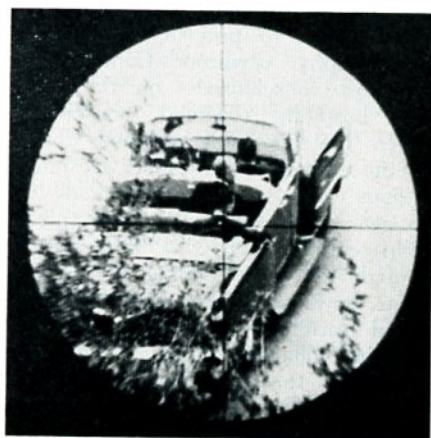
Ballistic Report: Besides the two bullet fragments (and "three small lead particles") discovered in the Presidential limousine, according to the report, "a nearly whole bullet was found on Governor Connally's stretcher at Parkland Hospital after the assassination." The commission heard testimony from two ballistics experts that "positively identified the nearly whole bullet from the stretcher and the two larger bullet fragments found in the Presidential limousine as having been fired in the C2766 Mannlicher-Carcano rifle found

Kennedy's neck slightly to the right of the spine as "... a wound of entrance." The examination further concluded that the bullet had passed entirely through the President's neck, ripping his windpipe as it exited without striking a bone. The commission notes that the Bethesda examiners "rejected a theory that the bullet lodged in the large muscles in the back of the neck and fell out through the point of entry when external heart massage was applied ..."

Independent pathologists testifying before the commission confirmed the autopsy report's conclusion on the basis of recognized wound characteristics. But because of the importance of the point in establishing the direction of the shots, the commission authorized a series of ballistics experiments simulating the ac-

structures with the assassination weapon at a distance of 210 feet. This series of experiments, the commission reports, "indicated that it was most probable that the same bullet passed through the President's neck and then proceeded to inflict all the wounds on the governor."

Movies: The commission still had to initiate its most engrossing bit of scientific detective work. With the cumulative evidence of experts and witnesses all indicating that the shots were fired from above and behind the motorcade, the inquiry sought to "insure that all data were consistent with the shots having been fired from the sixth-floor window." Using motion pictures taken by three spectators to guide the positioning of the automobile, the FBI and the Secret Service on May 24, 1964 "con-



Warren Commission

The assassin's close-up view of the President 176.9 feet away as he squeezed the rifle's trigger for the first shot



Associated Press

Probable conclusion: The same bullet passed through both men

in the depository to the exclusion of all other weapons." But it could go no further. Expert testimony proved unable to determine whether the two fragments were from the same bullet or from two different bullets.

Having traced the source of the shots to the southeast corner window "under the ledge" and conclusively matched the fragments with the Italian-made rifle found on the sixth floor, the commission exhaustively explored the anatomy of the wounds in an attempt to establish the points of entry and exit.

Autopsy: It began with the detailed autopsy report prepared by three pathologists at Bethesda Naval Hospital on the night of November 22. The autopsy concluded that "the smaller hole in the rear of the President's skull was a point of entry and the larger opening on the right side of his head was the wound of exit." Similarly, the autopsy characterized the clean-edged bullet hole at the base of the back of President

tual wounds at the Army's Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland. The Edgewood scientists reconstructed "inert skulls filled with a 20 per cent gelatin substance" then covered with an additional gelatin and draped with simulated hair. And they constructed three simulated necks, one from a 20 per cent gelatin composition and two from animal meats and covered them in clipped animal skin.

Firing at the simulated skulls from a distance of 90 yards with the C2766 Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, the ballistics experts at Edgewood "blew out the right side of the reconstructed skull in a manner very similar to the head wound of the President." Similarly, the scientists pumped a series of shots into the simulated necks at a range of 180 feet to determine the entry and exit hole characteristics and the velocity of an exiting bullet.

In additional tests, to simulate Governor Connally's wounds, the Edgewood experts shot at animal and various bone

ducts a series of tests to determine as precisely as possible what happened on Nov. 22, 1963."

Two stand-ins, one for the President and another for Governor Connally, were placed in the Secret Service follow-up car (since the Presidential limousine was being remodeled) and the C2766 Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, mounted with a camera, was repositioned in the sixth-floor depository window. The controlling evidence in the re-enactment was the movie taken by Abraham Zapruder. The FBI calculated that his camera took 18.3 frames each second. Each of the frames was numbered, and the tragic drama replayed slide by slide as an agent photographed it through the telescopic lenses on the murder weapon. After the car turned the corner, beginning at frame 166 of the Zapruder film, "the President passed beneath the foliage of a large oak tree and the point of impact on the President's back" was obscured. He emerged

THE WARREN REPORT

to full view at frame 210. After studying the replay, the commission concluded "the evidence indicated that the President was not hit until at least by frame 210 and that he was probably hit by frame 225," when the Zapruder film shows his hands moving to his throat.

The investigators had managed to pinpoint the moment of impact to within less than a second. It was further concluded on the basis of testimony and study that "the relative positions of President Kennedy and Governor Connally at the time when the President was struck in the neck confirm that the same bullet probably passed through both men." The three films clearly show the moment of impact of the subsequent shattering shot to the back of the President's head. It is frame 313 on the Zapruder film, indicating that Kennedy was 265.3 feet from the assassin's rifle.

Third Shot? But scientific ingenuity has its limits. Having concluded that three shots were fired and that one shot "passed through the President's neck and then most probably passed through the governor's body," the commission frankly concedes it was unable to determine which shot missed—or whatever happened to the third shot. There is

some evidence that "the third shot may have entirely missed and hit the turf or street by the Triple Underpass." One witness, James T. Tague, standing near the underpass, was "hit on the cheek by an object during the shooting," indicating a possible ricochet off the concrete. But the report is unable to resolve the point.

From the accumulated mass of evidence, the commission draws a spare but overwhelmingly convincing conclusion about the nature of the shooting. The report simply notes: "... the commission has concluded that the shots which killed President Kennedy and wounded Governor Connally were fired from the sixth-floor window at the southeast corner of the Texas School Book Depository building. Two bullets probably caused all the wounds suffered by President Kennedy and Governor Connally. Since the preponderance of the evidence indicated that three shots were fired, the commission concluded that one shot probably missed the Presidential limousine and its occupants." Experts calculated the three shots were fired in a time span ranging from approximately 4.8 seconds to 7.9 seconds.

By the Warren commission's calcu-

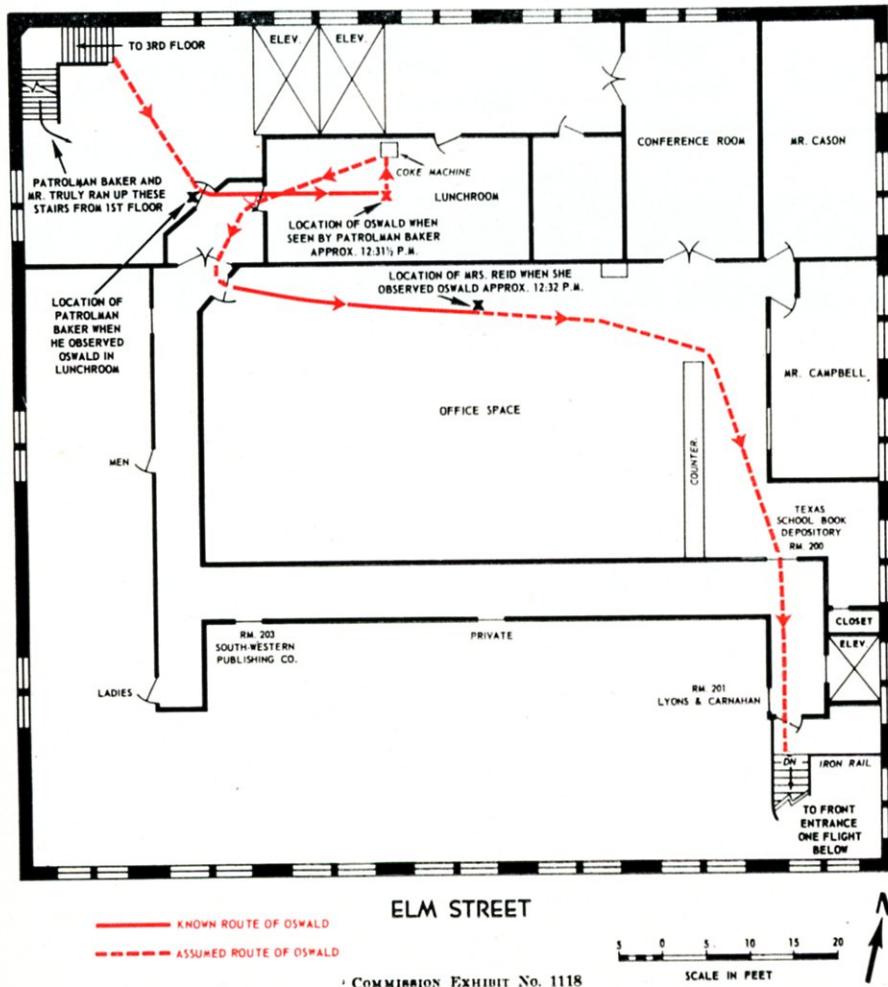
lation, the actual time between the first shot through the President's neck and the fatal, shattering blow to the head was 5.6 seconds at most. Within seconds of the shooting, Roy Kellerman, riding in the front of the Presidential limousine, looked at his watch and said "12:30" to the driver, Special Agent Greer. At the same moment, Dallas Chief of Police Jesse Curry at the head of the motorcade radioed his first orders, "Go to the hospital—Parkland Hospital. Have them stand by." The base station replied, "They have been notified." Traveling at speeds up to 70 to 80 miles per hour down Stemmons Freeway and Harry Hines Boulevard, the Presidential limousine arrived at the emergency entrance of Parkland Hospital at about 12:35 p.m.

The commission reconstructs the moment of arrival at the hospital: "Special Agent Hill removed his suit jacket and covered the President's head and upper chest to prevent the taking of photographs. Governor Connally, who had lost consciousness on the ride to the hospital, regained consciousness when the limousine stopped abruptly at the emergency entrance. Despite his serious wounds, Governor Connally tried to get out of the way so that medical help could reach the President. Although he was reclining in his wife's arms, he lurched forward in an effort to stand upright and get out of the car, but he collapsed again. Then he experienced the first sensation of pain, which became excruciating.

Trauma Room 1: The governor was lifted onto a stretcher and carried into trauma room 2. For a moment, Mrs. Kennedy refused to release the President, whom she held in her lap, but then Kellerman, Greer, and Lawson lifted the President onto a stretcher and pushed it into trauma room 1."

The first physician to see the President was Dr. Charles J. Carrico, a resident in general surgery. The stricken President was on his back being wheeled into the emergency area. According to the report, Carrico "noted that the President was blue-white or ashen in color; had slow, spasmodic, agonal respiration without any coordination; made no voluntary movements; had his eyes open with the pupils dilated without any reaction to light; evidenced no palpable pulse; and had a few chest sounds that were thought to be heart beats ... Dr. Carrico concluded that President Kennedy was still alive." Carrico noted two wounds: "a small bullet wound in the front lower neck, and an extensive wound in the President's head where a sizable portion of skull was missing. He observed shredded brain tissue and 'considerable slow oozing' from the latter wound ..."

As Carrico was beginning to direct his



Texas School Book Depository: Oswald's route on second floor

attention to the matter of first concern—improving the President's breathing—Dr. Malcolm O. Perry arrived to direct the treatment in a vain attempt at resuscitation. Perry performed the tracheotomy, requiring three to five minutes, at the point of the neck wound, while "Dr. Carrico and Ronald Jones made cut-downs on the President's right leg and left arm, respectively, to infuse blood and fluids into the circulatory system." The desperate efforts were unavailing.

Death Pronouncement: "In the absence of any neurological, muscular, or heart response," the commission reports, "the doctors concluded that the efforts to revive the President were hopeless . . . At approximately 1 p.m., after last rites were administered to the President by Father Oscar L. Huber, Dr. [William K.] Clark pronounced the President dead. He made the official determination because the ultimate cause of death, the severe head injury, was within his sphere of specialization. The time was fixed at 1 p.m., as an approximation, since it was impossible to determine the precise moment when life left the President. President Kennedy could have survived the neck injury, but the head wound was fatal."

Throughout the efforts to control the massive bleeding and reconstruct an airway to the lungs, the stricken President remained on his back. The commission closely questioned Dr. Carrico about the failure to turn the President over:

"Q. Was any effort made to inspect [his] . . . back after he had expired?"

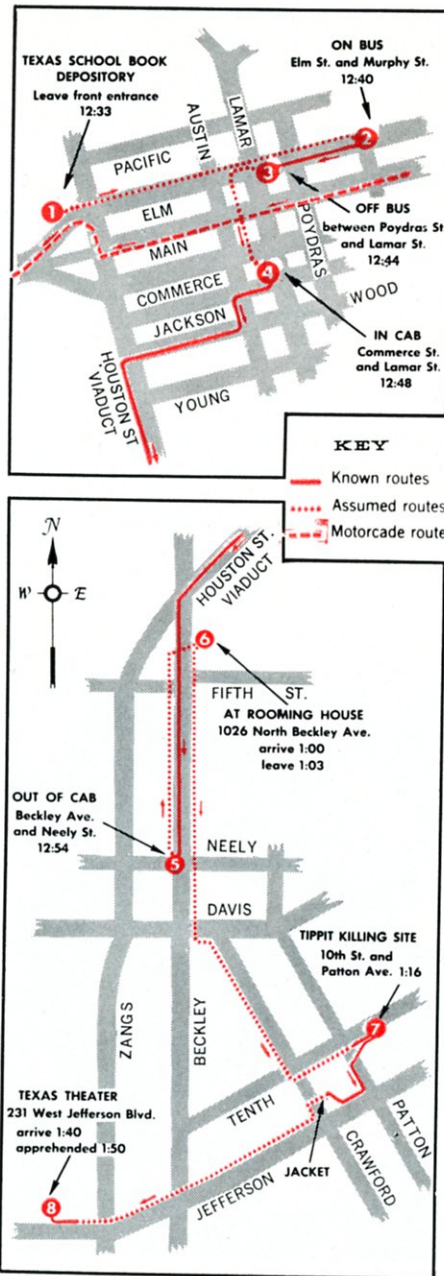
"A. No, sir."

"Q. And why was no effort made at that time to inspect his back?"

"A. I suppose nobody really had the heart to do it."

After President Kennedy was pronounced dead, O'Donnell tried to persuade Mrs. Kennedy to leave the area. She refused. As the President's body was being prepared for removal, the report notes, "two Dallas officials informed members of the President's staff that the body could not be removed from the city until an autopsy was performed." Over their protests, the casket was wheeled out of the hospital at shortly after 2 p.m. At 5:58 p.m. EST Air Force One, bearing a new President of the United States and the dead President's body, landed at Andrews Air Force Base, where John F. Kennedy had begun his trip just 31 hours before.

Because her husband had served in the Navy, Mrs. Kennedy chose the Bethesda Naval Medical Center over the Army's Walter Reed Hospital for the autopsy. The hospital received the body for autopsy at about 7:35 p.m. Mrs. Kennedy waited on the seventeenth floor, together with the Attorney General and members of her family.



Oswald's route in Dallas after JFK's assassination

During the autopsy, "Federal agents brought the surgeons three pieces of bone recovered from Elm Street and the Presidential automobile. When put together, these fragments accounted for approximately three-quarters of the missing portion of the skull." (The exit wound measured approximately 5 inches in its greatest diameter.) The autopsy, which the commission report includes as an appendix, concludes that "the deceased died as a result of two perforating gunshot wounds inflicted by high-velocity projectiles fired by a person or persons unknown. The projectiles were fired from a point behind and somewhat above the level of the deceased." The autopsy was concluded at approximately 11 p.m. and the body of

the 35th President of the United States was prepared for burial.

Pigeons Scattering: The medical examiners a thousand miles away at Bethesda had no way of knowing that the net had already closed on the likely assassin. "When the shots were fired," the commission's narrative recounts, "a Dallas motorcycle patrolman, Marrión L. Baker, was riding in the motorcade at a point several cars behind the President. He had turned right from Main Street onto Houston Street and was about 200 feet south of Elm Street when he heard a shot. Baker, having recently returned from a week of deer hunting, was certain the shot came from a high-powered rifle. He looked up and saw pigeons scattering in the air from their perches on the Texas School Book Depository Building. He raced his motorcycle to the building, dismounted, scanned the area to the west, and pushed his way through the spectators toward the entrance. There he encountered Roy Truly, the building superintendent, who offered Baker his help. They entered the building, and ran toward the two elevators in the rear. Finding that both elevators were on an upper floor, they dashed up the stairs. Not more than two minutes had elapsed since the shooting.

"When they reached the second-floor landing on their way up to the top of the building, patrolman Baker thought he caught a glimpse of someone through the small glass window in the door separating the hall area near the stairs from the small vestibule leading into the lunchroom. Gun in hand, he rushed to the door and saw a man about 20 feet away walking toward the other end of the lunchroom. The man was empty-handed. At Baker's command, the man turned and approached him. Truly, who had started up the stairs to the third floor ahead of Baker, returned to see what had delayed the patrolman. Baker asked Truly whether he knew the man in the lunchroom. Truly replied that the man worked in the building, whereupon Baker turned from the man and proceeded, with Truly, up the stairs. The man they encountered had started working in the Texas School Book Depository Building on Oct. 16, 1963. His fellow workers described him as very quiet—a 'loner.' His name was Lee Harvey Oswald."

From that moment, the commission scrupulously reconstructed Oswald's every movement—always checking against a stopwatch.

Within a minute after the two men left the lunchroom, Mrs. R.A. Reid, the clerical supervisor of the School Book Depository, testified that she saw Oswald walk toward the door leading to the front stairway with a full Coca-Cola bottle in his hand. By the commission's calculation, Mrs. Reid met Oswald at

about 12:32 p.m. It concludes that he "could have gone down the stairs and out the front door by 12:33 p.m.—three minutes after the shooting." At that time, "the building had not yet been sealed off by the police."

The commission minutely retraces the alleged assassin's path to his rooming house. It establishes that he probably first walked east for about seven blocks on Elm Street, then caught a bus heading back toward the School Book Depository. By its re-creation, the commission estimates that he boarded the bus at about 12:40, left it at 12:44 p.m.

'Like a Maniac': Aboard the bus, he was recognized by Mary Bledsoe, an elderly lady who had briefly rented Oswald a room. She told the inquiry: "Oswald got on. He looks like a maniac. His sleeve was out here . . . His shirt was undone." She recollected she had seen a hole in the right elbow of his shirt.

piled massive eyewitness evidence to this second shooting. According to the report, "Tippit stopped the man and called him to his car. He approached the car and apparently exchanged words with Tippit through the right front or vent window. Tippit got out and started to walk around the front of the car. As Tippit reached the left front wheel the man pulled out a revolver and fired several shots. Four bullets hit Tippit and killed him instantly."

As Oswald started on his last dash, for the Texas Theater, ejecting empty cartridges from his pistol as he dog-trotted through some bushes, one eyewitness heard him mutter either "poor damn cop" or "poor dumb cop." Half an hour later, Oswald was flushed out in the back of the main floor of the theater. As patrolman M.N. McDonald started to search him, Oswald said, "Well, it's all over now." He struck the

intermittently questioned for a total of about twelve hours. The commission's report notes that "throughout his interrogation he denied he had anything to do with either the assassination of President Kennedy or the murder of patrolman Tippit." He was formally arraigned for murdering Tippit at 7:10 p.m. on Nov. 22. He was formally charged with the assassination of the President at about 1:30 a.m. on Saturday, Nov. 23.

Against All Principles: Interrogation sessions took place in Captain Fritz's small office, often with as many as seven or eight additional people crowded in. Fritz testified that he was constantly being interrupted. He had no tape recorder or stenographer to make a transcript. The commission soberly comments: "The number of people in the interrogation room and the tumultuous atmosphere throughout the third floor made it difficult for the interrogators to gain Oswald's confidence and to encourage him to be truthful. As Chief Curry recognized in his testimony, 'We were violating every principle of interrogation . . . it was just against all principles of good interrogation practice'."

Transfer: On Sunday morning, Oswald was to be transferred to the County Jail about a mile away. The commission reconstructs the sequence of events that led to the final abortion of justice, the shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald at 11:20 a.m. in the basement of the Dallas city jail by Jack Ruby. It reviews the rather thorough arrangements of Captain C.E. Talbert to make the basement area secure. At the moment he was fatally shot, Oswald was literally in the midst of more than 70 policemen.

Tracing Ruby's presence in the Western Union office just minutes before the climactic murder, the commission finds it "certain" that he entered the basement "no more than two to three minutes before the shooting." It speculates that he probably entered the "down" ramp from Main Street at the moment a patrol car emerged to the street. "After considering all the evidence," the report states, "the commission has concluded that Ruby entered the basement unaided, probably via the Main Street ramp, and no more than three minutes before the shooting of Oswald." In its final considered judgment, "there was no evidence that implicated the police or newsmen in Ruby's actions . . ."

At 1:07 p.m. at Parkland Hospital, Lee Harvey Oswald, the alleged assassin, was pronounced dead—the improbable denouement to the implausible assassination of the 46-year-old President of the United States in a Dallas motorcade. Within the competence of man, the commission has painstakingly clarified a chronology otherwise permanently clouded by the bullet from Jack Ruby's Colt .38 revolver.



© 1963 Robert Jackson from Dallas Times courtesy Saturday Evening Post

The Murderer murdered: Jack Ruby guns down Lee Harvey Oswald

When Oswald was arrested in the Texas Theater, his brown sport shirt had a hole in the right sleeve at the elbow. Thereafter, the commission systematically reconstructs Oswald's route by foot and by cab and to his rooming house at 1026 North Beckley, where he lived under the alias of O.H. Lee. The commission places his time of arrival at approximately 1 p.m.

According to the testimony of Earlene Roberts, the housekeeper, he hurried to his room and stayed no longer than three or four minutes before rushing out, zipping up his jacket as he left. He was next seen nine-tenths of a mile away at 10th Street and Patton Avenue.

Tippit Dies: There he shot and killed patrolman J.D. Tippit, described by Chief Curry as being "a very fine, dedicated officer." The commission com-

policeman between the eyes with his left fist. With his right hand, he drew a gun from his waist. McDonald grabbed the gun and subdued him.

At 1:51 p.m., Police Car 2 radioed it was on its way to headquarters with the suspect. At 2:15 p.m., Capt. Will Fritz returned from the Texas School Book Depository. The homicide chief immediately ordered a detective, Sgt. Gerald L. Hill, who had helped bring Oswald in from the theater, to get a search warrant and pick up a man named Lee Oswald. When Hill asked the reason, Fritz replied, "Well, he was employed down at the Book Depository and he had not been present for a roll call of the employees." Hill promptly responded, "Captain, we will save you a trip . . . there he sits."

While he was in custody, Oswald was

It began as a gift to a King



In 1939, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth complimented Canada with a personal visit. As is the custom, such an occasion calls for a very special gift. Seagram's Crown Royal was created as that gift. It was very rare, very exceptional. That was a quarter-century ago.

Since then, we have managed to accumulate a bit more. Now Canada sends the identical whisky to you.

SEAGRAM'S CROWN ROYAL

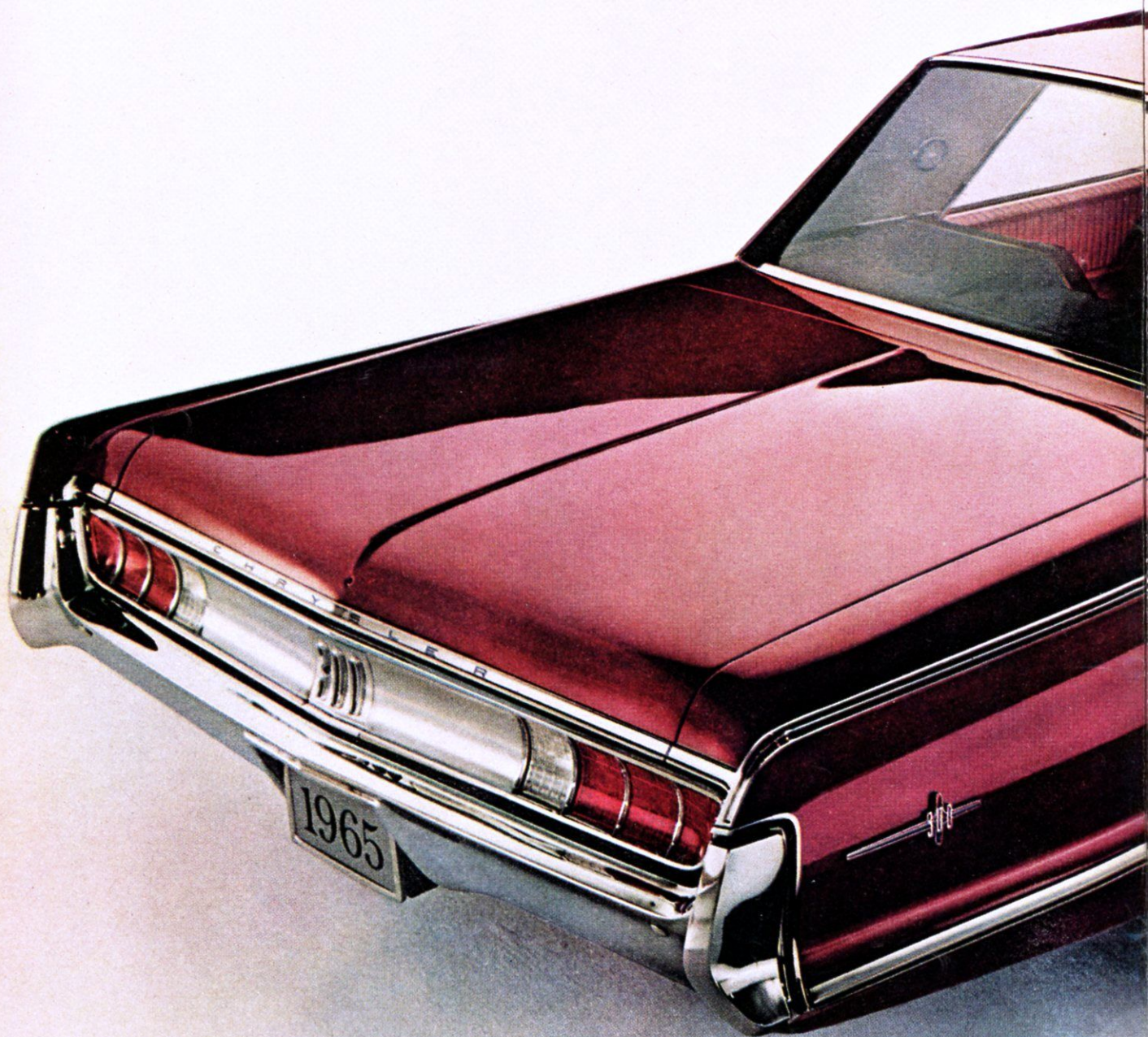
The legendary whisky born to the purple.
About nine dollars the fifth.



This is the 1965 Chrysler. The big one that delivers. Luxury that reflects your good taste, for one thing. A fast answer to your demands, for another.

Look at it. Clean-lined. Big. Beautiful. Eighteen feet of comfort, two tons of security. Easier to get into and out of. Roomy all around.

Get in and drive it. The first thing you'll notice is best described as "scorch." The new Chrysler is a mover. A very, very quick automobile. And there's an improvement in ride you can really feel.



Announcing the most beautiful Chrysler

The interior is striking. The dashboard even has a built-in tissue dispenser, and a coin-sorter for keeping toll money handy.

One more point. A Chrysler isn't all that expensive. Seven models are priced a few dollars a month more than some of the popular smaller cars.

See them all now at your dealers': economical Newport; sports-bred 300 (illus.); and luxurious New Yorker.

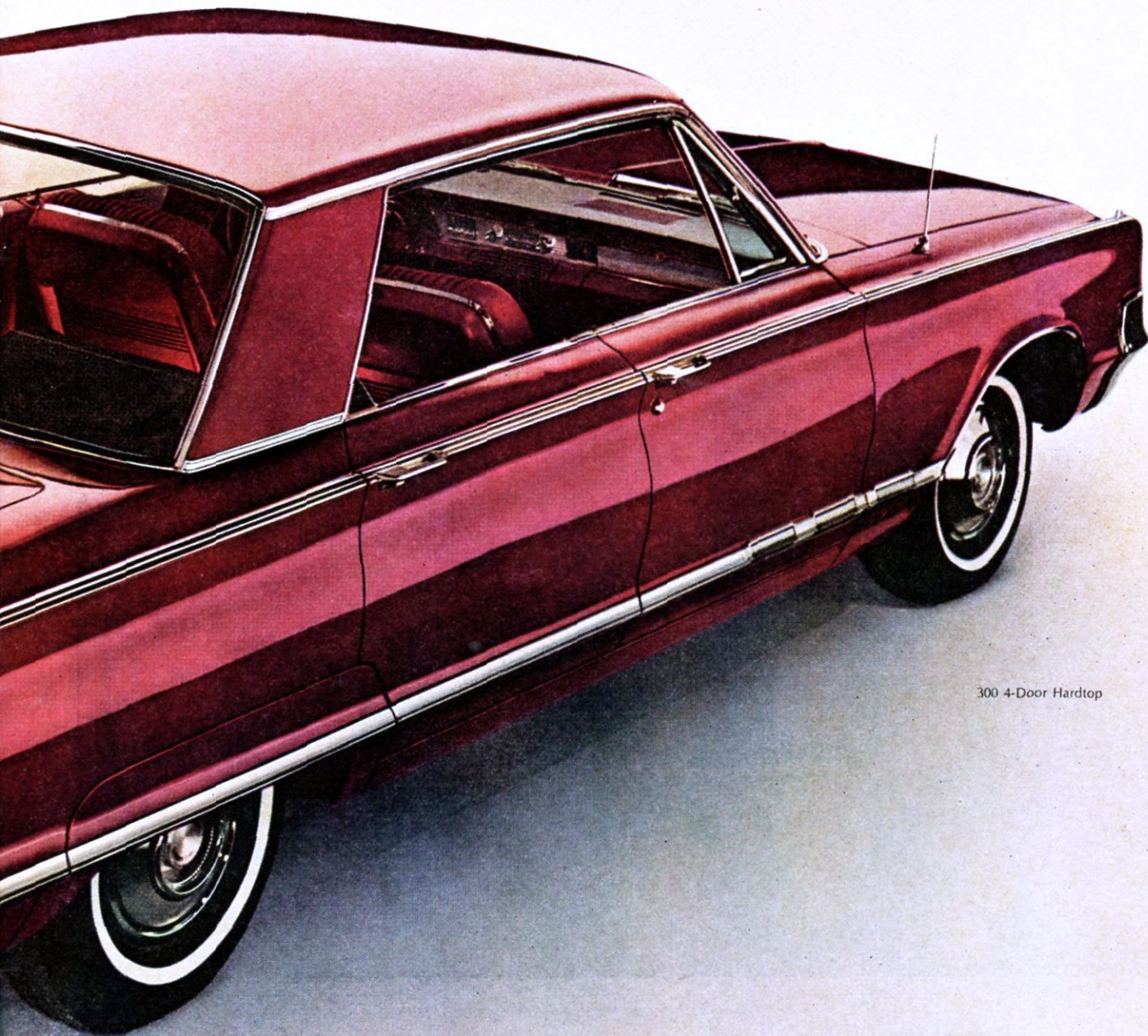
Move up to Chrysler. Model 1965.

CHRYSLER DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theater, NBC-TV, Fridays,
and NCAA Football, NBC-TV, Saturday afternoons.



300 4-Door Hardtop

ever built.

Model 1965

Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter for the taste that's right!



Viceroy is scientifically made
to taste the way you'd like a
filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong... not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands
and you'll agree: some taste
too strong... while others
taste too light. But Viceroy—
with the Deep-Weave Filter—
tastes the way you'd like a filter
cigarette to taste. That's right!

'Lee Harvey Oswald Was the Assassin'

The case against Lee Harvey Oswald? There was eyewitness testimony—including the best-kept secret of the investigation—but the brunt of the case finally rested upon a carefully meshed miscellany of private and public documents, fascinating by their very obscurity, and upon the esoteric expertise of those modern technicians—handwriting and fingerprint and ballistics men—who extract truth from the wispiest traces of human activity.

The task of making the case against Oswald—if one could be made—was classically simple in concept: place the murder weapon in his possession and put him at the scene of the crime at the right time. But in execution, the job was laborious, minutely detailed.

Ballistics tests established the Italian carbine found on the sixth floor of the warehouse as the weapon that killed the President. The trail of evidence that

pon that had been clipped out of the February 1963 issue of American Rifleman magazine.

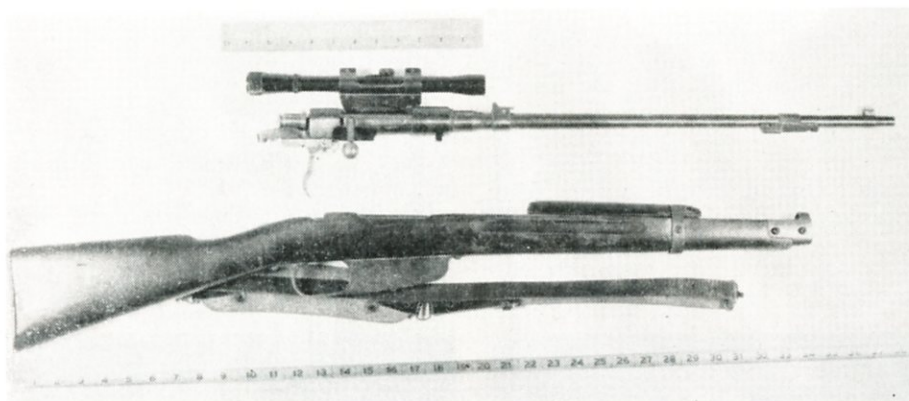
Oswald had a penchant for the alias Hidell. In his wallet he carried a Selective Service card forged in the name of Alek J. Hidell but bearing his own photograph. He chose the name, his widow thought, because it rhymed with Fidel. "Hidell" became the head of the "New Orleans Chapter of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee"—"a fictitious president of an organization of which Oswald was the only member," the commission found. The post-office box to which the rifle went was rented in Oswald's own name.

In the fall of 1963 Mrs. Marina Oswald, while looking for parts to a baby crib, stumbled upon the rifle wrapped in a green and brown blanket, stored with other possessions in the garage of the home where the Oswalds lived—the

Wesley Frazier to give him a lift to Irving on Thursday, Nov. 21. "Frazier, surprised, asked him why he was going to Irving on Thursday night rather than Friday," the report says. "Oswald replied, 'I'm going home to get some curtain rods . . . [to] put in an apartment.'" Other evidence proved the explanation phony—fabricated, the commission says, as "an excuse for the carrying of a bulky package the following morning."

Drive to Dallas: Mrs. Linnie Mae Randle, sister of the man with whom Oswald drove to work, looked out of her breakfast-room window the morning of Nov. 22 and saw Oswald carrying just such a package. And before they began the drive back to Dallas that morning, Buell Wesley Frazier noticed that his passenger had placed a brown paper package on the back seat. "What's the package, Lee?" Frazier asked. "Curtain rods," Oswald replied.

The brown paper bag found alongside the sixth-floor window in the School Book Depository after the assassination was 38 inches long—"the appropriate



Warren Commission



Warren Commission

Both the rifle that killed the President and the revolver that killed Tippit were bought by 'A. Hidell'

fixed its ownership led back to March 12, 1963, and the purchase of U.S. postal money order No. 2,202,130,462. The purchaser signed the money order as "A. Hidell, P.O. Box 2915 Dallas, Texas." It was made out to "Kleins Sporting Goods," a Chicago firm, for \$21.45—covering \$19.95 for a rifle with telescopic sight and \$1.50 for postage and handling.

Mr. Hidell: "According to Klein's shipping order form," says the report, "one Italian carbine 6.5 X-4x scope, control number VC836, serial number C2766, was shipped parcel post to 'A. Hidell, P.O. Box 2915, Dallas, Texas,' on March 20, 1963. Information received from the Italian Armed Forces Intelligence Service has established that this particular rifle was the only rifle of its type bearing serial number C2766."

A. Hidell was Lee Harvey Oswald. Experts established that it was Oswald's handwriting on money order No. 2,202,130,462, and upon the order cou-

home of Ruth and Michael Paine in Irving, 15 miles from Dallas. Other evidence established that Oswald handled the rifle. There was the single palmprint that Dallas police Lt. J.C. Day lifted from "near the firing end of the barrel," and there was expert testimony that this proved "that he handled the rifle when it was disassembled." In addition, a tuft of dark blue, gray-black, and orange-yellow fibers was found on the weapon. They "most probably" came from the shirt Oswald wore Nov. 22.

But when did Oswald lift the weapon from the brown and green blanket in the Paines' garage in Irving? And how did he get it unnoticed into the School Book Depository Building in Dallas? The answers were summarized in the report in two sections bearing cryptic headings—"The Curtain Rod Story" and "The Long and Bulky Package."

They tell how Oswald—who roomed in Dallas and ordinarily went to Irving only on Fridays—got co-worker Buell

size" the commission says, "to contain in disassembled form, Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano rifle . . . which was also found on the sixth floor." The bag, constructed from paper and tape like that used in the Depository, bore Oswald's fingerprint and palmprint. Inside were fibers that matched fibers from the brown and green blanket that had been left rolled up in the Paines' garage.

New Witness: Such was the underpinning for a circumstantial case against Oswald. And there were further persuasive indications that he had been in the sixth-floor room from which the shots came—a palmprint and a fingerprint on one of the cartons that had been drawn up to the window, a clipboard that Oswald had been seen carrying a short time earlier. But the commission also had the testimony of a witness never publicly heard from before—an eyewitness to the shooting itself.

He is steam fitter Howard L. Brennan, a slight, gray-haired man of 45,

whose testimony the commission says was "probative in reaching the conclusion that the shots came from the sixth floor, southeast corner window of the depository building." The report continues: "Brennan also testified that Lee Harvey Oswald, whom he viewed in a police line-up on the night of the assassination, was the man he saw fire the shots . . . When the shots were fired, Brennan was in an excellent position to observe anyone in the window. He was sitting on a concrete wall on the southwest corner of Elm and Houston streets, looking north at the depository building which was directly in front of him . . ."

At the Window: From his vantage point, about 120 feet from the sixth-floor window, Brennan saw a man leave and return to the window repeatedly minutes before the motorcade arrived. Then, after hearing the first shot, he looked up. "This man I saw previously was aiming for his last shot," he testified.

Brennan's story might have closed the lid on the case against Oswald except for one thing. The night of Nov. 22 at a police line-up Brennan—while identifying Oswald as the man who looked most like the man in the window—declined to make a positive identification. Why? As Brennan explained it to the commission, he felt the assassination was "a Communist activity, and I felt like . . . if it got to be a known fact that I was an eyewitness, my family or I, either one, might not be safe." Now, Brennan says he is positive it was Oswald. But because he did not say so at the time, the

commission does not accept his identification as conclusive.

Still, it was shored up by the firsthand testimony of others who saw Oswald during the day—beginning with Frazier who had seen Oswald enter the building carrying his long bulky package. Roughly half an hour before the assassination a member of the floor-laying crew, Charles Givens, saw Oswald on the sixth floor, leaving the southeast corner with a clipboard in his hand. Within minutes after hearing the shots, motorcycle patrolman M.L. Baker rushed into the depository and, with building superintendent Roy S. Truly, confronted Oswald standing calmly in the second floor lunchroom. "He never did say a word or nothing," Baker testified. "He didn't seem to be excited or overly afraid or anything," Truly said.

Re-enact the Crime: Wouldn't Oswald have been out of breath, at least, if he had just come downstairs rapidly from the sixth floor? A Secret Service agent duplicated the trip in one minute fourteen seconds with no shortness of breath. With such carefully timed re-enactments the commission satisfied itself that "Oswald's known actions in the building immediately after the assassination are consistent with his having been at the southeast corner window of the sixth floor at 12:30 p.m." But wouldn't Oswald have been seen going downstairs by Bonnie Ray Williams and two co-workers who had been in a fifth-floor room—directly under the assassin's window? The report says Williams and

the others, on hearing the shots, rushed to other windows from which "their view of the stairwell was completely blocked by shelves and boxes."

Oswald could have left the depository at 12:33 p.m.—three minutes after the assassination.

Two Witnesses: The Warren commission encountered no difficulties in establishing Oswald's subsequent movements and actions—his trip by bus and cab to his rooming house, his encounter with patrolman J.D. Tippit. Mrs. Helen Markham, a waitress, was one of two witnesses positively identifying Oswald as the man who shot down Tippit, and the commission assembled records proving Oswald had bought the murder weapon, a .38-caliber revolver, using the alias of A.J. Hidell. Oswald had the gun in his belt when patrolman M.N. McDonald, with three other cops, subdued him in the Texas Theater about 34 minutes after Tippit was slain.

There was little else for the commission to determine. It ran thorough tests to prove the capabilities of the Italian carbine. And as to Oswald's capability, the commission found him able (as a Marine-trained marksman) to commit assassination—and willing. That was demonstrated by his earlier attempt to shoot retired Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker, an act Oswald's wife testified he admitted to her.

"On the basis of these findings," the report says, "the commission has concluded that Lee Harvey Oswald was the assassin of President Kennedy."



RUTH PAINE
The Oswalds lived with her



BUELL WESLEY FRAZIER
Drove Oswald to work Nov. 22



BONNIE RAY WILLIAMS
One floor below Oswald



HOWARD L. BRENNAN
Saw Oswald shoot Kennedy



M.L. BAKER
Met Oswald in the lunchroom



HELEN MARKHAM
Saw Tippit shot down

Photos courtesy CBS

'His Life: . . . Isolation, Frustration and Failure . . . Overriding Hostility'

Why did Lee Harvey Oswald do it? If there was a single motive in the mind of John F. Kennedy's assassin, the Warren commission's encyclopedic re-creation of his life was unable to pinpoint it. An infinitely complex man, bedeviled by his own insignificance, Oswald acted out of a whirlpool of impulses that began to take shape, in a very real sense, even before he was born. Indeed, if anything, Oswald's quicksilver life itself is the most persuasive explanation the commission could find for the single deed that gave him immortality.

"His life was characterized by isolation, frustration, and failure," observes the commission's report. "It is apparent . . . that Oswald was moved by an overriding hostility to his environment. He does not appear to have been able to establish meaningful relationships with other people. He was perpetually discontented with the world around him. Long before the assassination he expressed his hatred for American society and acted in protest against it. Oswald's search for what he conceived to be the perfect society was doomed from the start. He sought for himself a place in history—a role as the 'great man' who would be recognized as having been in advance of his times.

"His commitment to Marxism and Communism appears to have been another important factor in his motivation. He also had demonstrated a capacity to act decisively and without regard to the consequences when such action would further his aims of the moment. Out of these and the many other factors which may have molded the character of Lee Harvey Oswald there emerged a man capable of assassinating President Kennedy."

Echoes: Marina Oswald thought her husband would never be happy anywhere, "only on the moon, perhaps." Certainly, Oswald was rarely happy on earth. The discordant themes of his life were woven through his 24 years like an ominous fugue. The notes were struck time and again during his chaotic childhood in New Orleans, Texas, and New York, his Marine Corps hitch, his quixotic Russian adventure, and the last turbulent months back in America before he finally found his niche in a sniper's perch overlooking the Presidential motorcade in Dallas.

From the beginning, Oswald was—literally—a boy only his mother could love. His father, Robert, an insurance premium collector, died of a heart at-

tack before Lee was born—a loss, the report concludes, that left a significant stamp on the boy's personality in years to come. For Oswald, there was only his mother, Marguerite, already a divorcee and a widow at 32, a preoccupied woman prone to complain of life's harsh inequities. For his first few years, while his two older brothers lived in an orphan asylum, Lee had his mother to himself—if only because he was too young to qualify for the orphanage. It was probably his last taste of security.

Gun Play: From then on instability was the pattern. Before the boy was 3, Mrs. Oswald went to work, leaving Lee with an aunt who, with five children of her own, had little attention to spare for the newcomer. Another temporary guardian, a neighbor, found Lee "a bad, unmanageable child who threw his toy gun at her." Soon after his third birthday, Lee joined his brothers in the orphan's home. Thirteen months later, he was back with his mother—this time in Dallas, where she planned to marry an electrical engineer named Edwin A. Ekdahl. Oswald's brother, John, testified that Lee found in Ekdahl "the father he never had." But not for long. The marriage ended in recrimination and divorce within three years. By the time Lee left for New York with his mother just before his thirteenth birthday, he had lived in at least thirteen homes (besides the asylum) in four cities and had attended six schools. His emotional withdrawal had begun.

In New York, Oswald exploded in rebellion against his family and against authority nearly every place he encountered it. A short stay with brother John and his wife in the Bronx ended when Lee whipped out a knife during an argument with his sister-in-law; at least once he struck his mother. Enrolled in junior high school, he was teased by his schoolmates because of his "Western" clothes and Texas accent. He became a chronic truant, once cursed an attendance officer who caught him at the Bronx Zoo as a "damn Yankee," refused to salute the flag, and wound up at the Youth House for delinquents. Now, for the first time, he was examined by psychiatrists.

Signs: They found him anxiety-ridden and shy, says the report, and hobbled by "feelings of awkwardness and insecurity. He was reported to have said 'I don't want a friend and I don't like to talk to people' and 'I dislike everybody.' He was also described as having a 'vivid fantasy life, turning around the topics of omnipotence and power, through which he tries to compensate for his present shortcomings and frustrations' . . . He admitted to fantasies about being powerful and sometimes hurting and killing people . . ."

Chief Youth House psychiatrist Re-



Associated Press

Oswald: 'I dislike everybody'

natus Hartogs noted "schizoid" features in the boy's personality profile. But, the commission points out, "contrary to reports that appeared after the assassination, the psychiatric examination did not indicate that Lee was a potential assassin [or] potentially dangerous." Indeed, one of the three counselors Oswald saw during this period, probation officer John Carro, testified: "There was nothing that would lead me to believe when I saw him . . . that there would be seeds of destruction for somebody . . ." The third counselor concluded: "No one . . . ever met any of his needs for love . . . There are indications that he has suffered serious personality damage but if he can receive help quickly this might be repaired to some extent."

The Outsider: Instead, within a few months Oswald and his mother were back in New Orleans. Even in his birthplace, the youth was an outsider; now his new schoolmates teased him about the Northern accent he had acquired. Out of ignorance, he took a seat in the Negro section of a bus and was beaten up by a gang of white youths for his mistake. He confided in a schoolmate his plan to steal a pistol from a store on Rampart Street (though never did). His school attendance improved, but he spent most of his free time alone, walking, cycling, and, especially, reading.

The books were Communist literature from the public library, and they gave a new focus to his life. Why Marxism?

Perhaps, says the report, it was "another manifestation of Oswald's rejection of his environment." In any event, Oswald quickly became an advocate. He urged an acquaintance to join the Communist Party with him; when he proclaimed at a schoolmate's house that he was looking (fruitlessly) for a Communist cell to join, the boy's father threw him out. He told another that he would like to kill President Eisenhower because he was exploiting the working class.

Yet—again perhaps for the same escapist motives—Oswald also had his mind fixed on following his brother, Robert, into the Marines. Not yet 16, he forged a note from his mother and dropped out of school. But although he apparently induced Mrs. Oswald to make a false statement about his age, he was unable to sell himself to the Marines as a 17-year-old. Rejected, he spent a year working at odd jobs and boning up on Robert's Marine manual before finally being accepted.

'Ozzie Rabbit': The Marines, like everything else, turned into a sour disappointment. "All the Marine Corps did was teach you to kill," one recruit testified Oswald told him. He alienated other recruits (who took to calling him "Ozzie Rabbit") and baited his officers. He showed contempt for authority by sloppy dress. Once on duty in Japan, he flaunted his Communist sympathies. He studied Russian, read a Russian-language newspaper, blared Russian music from his barracks phonograph, sprinkled his conversation with "das" and "nyets," and even insisted on using the red pieces in chess. His new nickname was "comrade" or "Oswaldskovitch"—and he loved it. He got into trouble, too, once being haled before a court-martial for owning an unauthorized derringer .22-caliber pistol (he accidentally shot himself with it) and for a drunken bout with a sergeant. When he was honorably transferred to the reserves in September 1959, Oswald was happy to be done with the Marines and the corps with him.

Returning to the U.S., he left almost at once for the Soviet Union and attempted to renounce his American citizenship. "At the age of 19," notes the Warren report, "Oswald thus committed an act which was the most striking indication he had yet given of his willingness to act on his beliefs in quite extraordinary ways." Within a month, he was to do so again—when Soviet officials told him he could not stay. He cut his wrists in an attempt at suicide, "a striking indication of how willing . . . he was to act dramatically and decisively when he faced an emotional crisis with few readily available alternatives at hand."

The Russians let Oswald stay, shipping him off to Minsk as a metalworker in a radio-TV plant, where he caused



Mother: Prone to complain

a brief stir among fellow proletarians. The notoriety, the special subsidy the Russians gave him, and the river-view flat they assigned him prompted Oswald to record in his "Historical Diary": "I am living big and am very satisfied."

Love in Gloom: But his satisfaction with life in Russia proved to be as short-lived as his conjugal bliss with Marina, whom he met at a dance and married after another Russian girl rebuffed his marriage proposal. He became resentful when he learned that Marina's uncle, a colonel in the MVD, had a larger apartment than he did. "Reminiscent of his attitude toward his superiors in the Marine Corps, Oswald apparently resented the exercise of authority over him and the better treatment afforded to Communist Party officials," says the Warren report. "After he returned to the U.S. . . he is reported to have expressed the conclusion that they had 'fat stinking politicians over there just like we have over here.'"

Just eighteen months after his defection—and even before he met Marina—



Wife: Romance and ridicule

Oswald began negotiating to return home. On June 1, 1962, he, Marina, and their baby daughter, June Lee, began the long trip back to America.

Oswald's life after that was full of personal turmoil. He cut himself off from his mother and turned on his wife. "He apparently attempted to be 'the Commander' by dictating many of the details of their married life," says the report. "Oswald struck his wife on occasion, did not want her to drink, smoke, or wear cosmetics . . ." But Marina, too, contributed to the friction, the commission feels. According to the report, she once wrote an old boyfriend in Russia to say that she was sorry she hadn't married him—only to have the letter fall into her husband's hands. She ridiculed Oswald's sexual inadequacy before friends, and left him once at the urging of avuncular members of the small Russian-speaking community of Dallas who had befriended her and had little use for Oswald.

That was only part of Oswald's troubles. He lost his first job, as a photo technician, because he was inefficient, argued with his fellow workers, and brought a Russian-language newspaper to the shop. Just four days later, he took a pot shot at rightist ex-Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker after meticulously plotting the operation for at least a month.

The Reason? " . . . The Walker incident," says the commission, "indicates that in spite of the belief among those who knew him that he was apparently not dangerous, Oswald did not lack the determination and other traits required to carry out a carefully planned killing of another human being . . . if he thought there was sufficient reason to do so." Oswald's reason? "Marina Oswald indicated that her husband had compared General Walker to Adolf Hitler . . . 'He said if someone had killed Hitler in time it would have saved many lives.'"

Soon after the attack on Walker,* Oswald went to New Orleans to hunt work. He found it as a greaser in a coffee processing plant, but lost the job in two months for malingering in an adjoining garage, reading rifle and hunting magazines. But Oswald's real vocation in New Orleans was the phantom Fair Play for Cuba Committee chapter of which he was the sole member.

The report dwells at length on the Kennedy Administration's antagonism to Castro, especially as detailed in the Communist and leftist publications Oswald read regularly. But the report notes that Oswald praised the President on one score—civil rights—shortly before the assassination, and adds: "Although Oswald could possibly have been moti-

*At about this time, Marina Oswald testified, Oswald made an ambiguous threat to shoot Richard Nixon who, he said, was going to be in Dallas. Not Nixon, but his successor, Lyndon Johnson, made a publicized visit to town on April 23, 1963; in any event, Oswald never left the house that day.

vated in part by his sympathy for the Castro government, it should be remembered that his wife testified that he was disappointed with his failure to get to Cuba and had lost his desire to do so because of the bureaucracy and red tape which he had encountered."

Last Frontier: Cuba was Lee Harvey Oswald's last Land of Prester John—his final hope for paradise just across the horizon. In July 1963, he talked of hijacking a plane and flying to Havana. Late in September, he went to the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City in a vain quest for a visa to Cuba in transit to Russia. "In retrospect . . . [it] may well have been Oswald's last escape hatch," concludes the commission, "his last gambit to extricate himself from the mediocrity and defeat which plagued him through most of his life."

More defeats were awaiting Oswald back in Texas. Still out of a job, he could barely maintain a household, and Marina—about to give birth to their second child—didn't want to live with him. Instead, she boarded with a Russian-speaking American friend, Mrs. Ruth Paine, in Irving. In mid-October, with Mrs. Paine's help, Oswald got a \$1.25-an-hour job filling orders at Dallas's Texas School Book Depository. Four days later, Marina bore their second daughter Rachel. "He was very happy," she later wrote, "and even wept a little." But then the world started closing in again.

Twice during the first week of November, FBI agents visited the Paine home asking questions about Oswald. Two weeks later, he had a terrible row with Marina when she learned he had been living in Dallas under an alias—perhaps, the commission speculates, in reaction to the new FBI interest in him. "When will all your foolishness come to an end?" Marina stormed at her husband. "All of these comedies?" By now Dallas papers were full of news of the impending Presidential visit, including word that the motorcade would pass along Elm Street, beneath the windows of the depository. Four days later, on the eve of the assassination, Oswald appeared unexpectedly at the Paine house and implored Marina to live with him again in Dallas. Marina hedged her reply, and made no effort to talk when she joined him in bed that night.

The Day: "No one will ever know," the commission observes, "what passed through Oswald's mind during the week before Nov. 22, 1963." What is known is that Oswald awoke on the morning of the most important day of his life before the rest of the Paine household, placed his wedding band and a wallet containing \$170 on the dresser, snatched up the mail-order Italian rifle he had hidden in the Paine garage months before—and went to the depository to shoot the President of the United States.

'The Very Fact That He Defected . . .'

To kill a President can take only 4.8 seconds, but to kill all doubt about his death in the minds of uneasy men can take forever.

The Warren commission made an extraordinary start—one that reasonable men, at least, will be likely to accept as the last word. To track down every doubt, however farfetched, it stopped at nothing, however arduous or remote. The investigation entailed:

- The submission of every single word Lee Harvey Oswald ever wrote or ever received to the crack cryptographers of the National Security Agency to check for some complicated Soviet code. Their verdict: nothing.

- A search through Cuban airline files in Mexico City—presumably under CIA auspices—for evidence of any flight by Oswald to Castro's Cuba. The evidence: nonexistent.

- The relentless pursuit of even the most peripheral witnesses—the driver who picked up a sometime associate of Jack Ruby, hitchhiking mysteriously from Dallas to Michigan the day after the assassination. His contribution: nil.

The doubts had risen from John Kennedy's hospital deathbed, spawned in the carnival confusion that was Dallas immediately after the assassination, multiplied by the murderer's murder, and

magnified above all by the fact that Lee Harvey Oswald was a self-styled Marxist, a defector to Communist Russia and an agitator for Castro's Cuba.

Was Oswald acting as an agent of a Communist conspiracy when he killed President Kennedy?

To find out, the Warren commission started with Oswald's first known adult interest in Russia (when he started studying the language as a Marine private stationed in Japan), dogged his every step through his defection and his marriage in Russia, to his life in Minsk as a worker in the "Byelorussian Radio and Television Factory," and finally to his return as an outcast in a land that he didn't want and that didn't want him.

Hunting Club: Inside Russia, the Warren commission used every available weapon of espionage to check on Oswald's trail—even to exploring the circumstances surrounding his membership in a hunting club while he was living in Minsk.

"One Russian émigré testified that this was a suspicious circumstance," the report notes, "because no one in the Soviet Union is permitted to own a gun for pleasure. The commission's investigation, however, has established that this is not so. The Central Intelligence Agency has advised the commission that



Гостиница „МЕТРОПОЛЬ“

г. Москва

I Lee Harvey Oswald do hereby request that my present citizenship in the United States of America, be revoked.

I have entered the Soviet Union for the express purpose of applying for citizenship in the Soviet Union, through the means of naturalization.

I affirm that my allegiance is to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Lee Harvey Oswald

Warren Commission

Exhibit No. 913: Oswald's request that his U.S. citizenship be revoked

hunting societies such as the one to which Oswald belonged are very popular in the Soviet Union. They are frequently sponsored by factories for their employees, as was Oswald's. Moreover, Soviet citizens (or foreigners residing in the Soviet Union) are permitted to own shotguns, but not rifles, without joining a society; all that is necessary is that the gun be registered at the local militia office immediately after it has been purchased.

"Experts from the Central Intelligence Agency have examined Oswald's club membership certificate and gun permit and expressed the opinion that its terms and numbers are consistent with other information the CIA has about the Soviet Union . . . Moreover, the CIA has informed the commission that it is in possession of considerable information on the location of secret Soviet training institutions and that it knows of no such institution in or near Minsk during the time Oswald was there."

Was Oswald—or his wife—ever a Soviet agent?

"The very fact that he defected . . . is itself persuasive evidence that he was not recruited as an agent prior to his defection," the report concludes. "The fact that he had a Russian wife would be likely . . . to increase any surveillance under which he would be kept by American security agencies" and so seriously argues against his recruitment as an agent while he was in Russia. "Marina Oswald's lack of English training and her complete ignorance of the United States and its customs would scarcely recommend her to the Soviet authorities as one member of an 'agent team' to be sent to the United States on a difficult and dangerous foreign enterprise."

The Big Picture was scanned, too, and Secretary of State Dean Rusk testified: "I have seen no evidence that would indicate to me that the Soviet Union considered that it had an interest in the removal of President Kennedy or that it was in any way involved in the removal of President Kennedy."

But what about the possibility that Oswald was recruited as a Soviet agent after he returned to the U.S.?

Local Russians: To find out, the Warren commission started with a loosely-knit group of 30 Russian-born or Russian-speaking persons in the Dallas-Fort Worth area who befriended one or both of the Oswalds. Twenty-five of them actually testified before the commission or its staff, others "were interviewed on behalf of the commission." Most of them, like George Bouhe of Dallas, openly disliked Oswald and "attempted to dissuade Marina from returning to her husband in November 1962" when she had left him.

The commission's investigation found

nothing which suggested any member of the Russian-speaking community was involved in Lee Oswald's preparations to assassinate President Kennedy, though it did uncover some fascinating details. There was the story of George De Mohrenschildt, for instance, an "eccentric . . . individualistic" character, born in the Russian Ukraine, once a student at a Polish cavalry school with a doctor's degree in international commerce from the University of Liège and a master's in petroleum geology and engineering from the University of Texas.

Pot Shot: "The De Mohrenschildts came to Oswald's apartment on Neely Street [in Dallas] for the first time on the evening of April 13, 1963, apparently to bring an Easter gift for the Oswald child. Mrs. De Mohrenschildt testified that while Marina Oswald was showing her the apartment, she saw a rifle with a scope in a closet. Mrs. De Mohrenschildt then told her husband in the presence of the Oswalds, that there was

place for extremist or revolutionary organizations"), and even got an intelligence report on the reaction to the assassination of President Kennedy of the Cuban Embassy employee who handled Oswald's application for a visa to Cuba. An avowed Marxist, "she was 'genuinely upset.'" (Oswald never got the visa.)

One incident involving the investigation into Oswald's possible connections with Castro's Cuba dramatically illustrates the attention given by the commission to these possibilities of conspiracy. It sprang from the testimony of Mrs. Sylvia Odio, 27, a native of Havana, whose parents she alleged are political prisoners of the Castro regime. She testified that late in September three men came to her Dallas apartment, to ask her help soliciting funds for the Cuban Revolutionary Junta, an anti-Castro organization of which she is a member. She testified that two of the men used fictitious underground "war



Jack Ruby at Dallas Police headquarters the night of the assassination

a rifle in the closet. Mrs. De Mohrenschildt testified that 'George, of course, with his sense of humor—[ex-Maj. Gen. Edwin A.] Walker was shot a few days ago, within that time. He said, "Did you take a pot shot at Walker by any chance?"' At that point, Mr. De Mohrenschildt testified, Oswald 'sort of shriveled . . . made a peculiar face' . . . According to the De Mohrenschildts, Mr. De Mohrenschildt's remark was intended as a joke, and he had no knowledge of Oswald's involvement in the attack on Walker . . . The De Mohrenschildts left 'very soon afterwards.' They never saw either of the Oswalds again."

To explore every facet of Oswald's flirtation with Castro, the Warren commission retraced his bus trip to Mexico City from New Orleans on September 25, 1963, interviewed his fellow passengers, employees, and fellow guests at the Hotel del Comercio ("not especially popular among Cubans, and there is no indication that it is used as a meeting

names," that the third man was introduced to her as "Leon Oswald"—and that she was "certain" this man was Lee Harvey Oswald.

The commission asked the FBI for the impossible—to attempt to locate and identify the men that Mrs. Odio stated were in her apartment—and only two weeks ago the FBI did just that. "On September 16, 1964 the FBI located Loran Eugene Hall in Johnsondale, Calif. . . . He told the FBI that in September of 1963 he was in Dallas, soliciting aid in connection with anti-Castro activities. He said he had visited Mrs. Odio. He was accompanied by Lawrence Howard, a Mexican-American from East Los Angeles and one William Seymour from Arizona. He stated that Seymour is similar in appearance to Lee Harvey Oswald."

Radical Right: While probing unsuccessfully for any link between Oswald, the assassin, and a Communist conspiracy, the commission had to cope with

major domestic conspiracy charges. Was there any connection between Lee Harvey Oswald and the radical right? Was there a link between Oswald and Jack Ruby, who had been caught by TV cameras in the corridors of Dallas police headquarters from the very day of Oswald's arrest? What about the charge by the loudest (and most financially successful) of the doubters, New York attorney-politician Mark Lane, that Ruby and Officer Tippit had met in Ruby's strip joint with a known ultra-conservative eight days before the assassination?

As for the radical right, the commission came up with a few new nuggets, but nothing to tie in with Oswald or Ruby. Samples:

■ Officer Tippit worked "weekends in a Dallas restaurant owned by a member of the John Birch Society" (but no one ever heard them talk politics).

■ When he was arrested, Ruby had in his possession "two radio scripts of a right-wing program promoted by H.L. Hunt, whose political views are highly conservative."

■ Hunt's son, Nelson Bunker Hunt, helped finance the full-page, black-bordered anti-Kennedy ad ("Welcome, Mr. Kennedy") which greeted the President in the Dallas Morning News on the day of his death. The ad was placed by a 26-year-old rug salesman named Bernard Weissman, another extremist.

It was Weissman who, by Lane's account, had met with Tippit and "heart-broken" Jack Ruby, lover of dogs, reporters, gamblers, cops, and strippers, a health nut, a snappy dresser, a tax delinquent (he owes the U.S. "approximately \$44,000"), and the killer of Lee Harvey Oswald. Lane has repeatedly refused to tell the commission the name of his "informant," the report reveals with ill-concealed acerbity, because "he had promised the individual that his name would not be revealed without his permission." As of last week, Lane had still "failed to reveal the name of his informant and has offered no evidence to support his allegation."

Never Met: Neither could the commission find any credible evidence that Ruby had ever met Oswald. Every such allegation was investigated, and "in all but a few instances ... the person responsible for the report either denied making it or admitted he had no basis for the original allegations." One "witness" to a Ruby-Oswald meeting gave Oswald pockmarks on the chin that he never had. Another, William D. Crowe Jr., a nightclub performer with a memory act in his repertoire was asked by the commission how certain he was that the man he saw with Ruby was actually Oswald. "The face seemed familiar as some faces do, and I had associated him with a patron that I had seen in the club a week before. That was about it."

'Rumors and Speculations'

"Lacking the testimony of Lee Harvey Oswald," states the report, "it has been necessary to reconstruct painstakingly all of the facts that led the Commission to the conclusion that Oswald assassinated President Kennedy, acting alone and without advice or assistance . . . In addition the Commission has inquired into the various hypotheses, rumors, and speculations that have arisen from the tragic developments of November 22-24, 1963 . . . This appendix is intended to clarify the most widespread factual misunderstandings." Highlights from this section:

The Source of the Shots

There have been speculations that some or all of the shots aimed at President Kennedy and Governor Connally came from the railroad overpass as the Presidential automobile approached it, or from somewhere other than the Texas School Book Depository Building. Related speculations maintain that the shots came from both the railroad overpass and the Texas School Book Depository Building. These are supported by a number of assertions that have been carefully examined by the Commission in the course of its investigation and rejected as being without foundation.

SPECULATION: The shots that killed the President came from the railroad overpass above the triple underpass.

FINDING: The shots that entered the neck and head of the President and wounded Governor Connally came from behind and above. There is no evidence that any shots were fired at the President from anywhere other than the Texas School Book Depository Building.

SPECULATION: More than three shots, perhaps as many as five or six, were fired at the President and Governor Connally.

FINDING: The weight of the evidence indicates that three shots were fired, of which two struck President Kennedy. There is persuasive evidence from the experts that one of these two bullets also struck Governor Connally. Some witnesses claimed that they heard more than three shots but, as fully described in chapter III, the great majority heard only three shots.

SPECULATION: At least four or five bullets have been found.

FINDING: After the assassination, metal remains of bullets were recovered. These included an almost whole bullet of 158.6 grains, fragments weighing 44.6 grains and 21.0 grains, and other fragments too small to be identified. These metal remains indicate that at least two shots were fired. The Commission believes that three shots were fired.

SPECULATION: A bullet was found

on the stretcher used for President Kennedy at Parkland Hospital.

FINDING: No bullet was found on the stretcher used by President Kennedy. An almost whole bullet . . . rolled off the stretcher [of Gov.] Connally.

SPECULATION: The Presidential car stopped momentarily or almost came to a complete halt after the first shot. This is evidence that the driver had the impression that the first shot came from the front and therefore hesitated to drive closer to the overpass.

FINDING: The Presidential car did not stop or almost come to a complete halt after the firing of the first shot or any other shots. The driver . . . has testified that he accelerated the car after what was probably the second shot. Motion pictures of the scene show that the car slowed down momentarily after the shot that struck the President in the head and then speeded up rapidly.

SPECULATION: The Presidential car had a small round bullet hole in the front windshield. This is evidence that a shot or shots were fired at the President from the front of the car.

FINDING: The windshield was not penetrated by any bullet. A small residue of lead was found on the inside surface of the windshield; on the outside of the windshield was a very small pattern of cracks immediately in front of the lead residue on the inside. The bullet from which this lead residue came was probably one of those that struck the President and therefore came from overhead and to the rear . . .

SPECULATION: The throat wound sustained by the President was the result of a shot fired from the front according to doctors at Parkland Hospital.

FINDING: Doctors at Parkland Hospital originally believed that the throat wound could have been either an entry or exit wound, but they made no examination to determine entry and exit wounds. Subsequently, when the evidence of the autopsy became available, the doctors at Parkland agreed that it was an exit wound.

SPECULATION: It is inconceivable

that the doctors at Parkland Hospital did not turn the President over on his face and notice the bullet hole in the back of his neck.

FINDING: Doctors at Parkland Hospital have testified that the President remained on his back while he was at Parkland Hospital for treatment and that they did not turn him over at any time; they were busy trying to save his life. Consequently, they were never aware of the hole in the back of his neck until they were notified of it later.

The Assassin

Speculations tending to support the theory that Oswald could not have assassinated President Kennedy are based on a wide variety of assertions. Among these are statements that Oswald could not have been acquainted with the motorcade route before he came to work on November 22, that he may well have carried curtain rods rather than a rifle in a brown paper package he brought with him, that there may have been other people in the building who could have fired the rifle, that Oswald could not have fired the shots in the time available to him, that he was not a good enough marksman to have scored the hits with the rifle, that there were other people in the lunchroom of the Depository Building when he was confronted by Patrolman M.L. Baker, and that there are no eyewitnesses who could identify Oswald as having been in the window.

SPECULATION: Oswald could not have known the motorcade route before he arrived at work on November 22.

FINDING: The motorcade route was published in both Dallas papers on November 19 and was therefore available at least 72 hours before Oswald reported for work on November 22.

SPECULATION: Oswald may well have carried curtain rods to work on November 22 in the brown paper package he was observed to bring into the building because he lived in a room where he needed them.

FINDING: According to Oswald's landlady at 1026 North Beckley Avenue, Mrs. A.C. Johnson, the room had venetian blinds, curtain rods, and curtains while Oswald was living there. The curtain rods in the Paine garage that belonged to Mrs. Paine were still there after Oswald went to work on November 22. Mrs. Paine and Marina Oswald testified that Oswald had not spoken to them about curtain rods. After the assassination the empty package was found near the window from which the shots were fired, but no curtain rods were found.

SPECULATION: It is probable that

the chicken lunch, remains of which were found on the sixth floor, was eaten by an accomplice of Oswald who had hidden on the sixth floor overnight.

FINDING: The chicken lunch had been eaten shortly after noon on November 22 by Bonnie Ray Williams, an employee of the Texas School Book Depository, who after eating his lunch went to the fifth floor where he was when the shots were fired. Oswald did not eat the chicken lunch, nor did he drink from the soft drink bottle found near the chicken lunch.

SPECULATION: An amateur 8-millimeter photograph taken at 12:20 p.m., 10 minutes before the assassination of President Kennedy, showed two silhouettes at the sixth-floor window of the Depository.

FINDING: A film taken by an amateur photographer, Robert J.E. Hughes, just before the assassination, shows a shadow in the southeast corner window of the sixth floor. This has been determined after examination by the FBI and the U.S. Navy Photographic Interpretation Center to be the shadow from the cartons near the window.

SPECULATION: A picture published widely in newspapers and magazines after the assassination showed Lee Harvey Oswald standing on the front steps of the Texas School Book Depository Building shortly before the President's motorcade passed by.

FINDING: The man on the front steps of the building, thought or alleged by some to be Lee Harvey Oswald, is actually Billy Lovelady, an employee of the Texas School Book Depository, who somewhat resembles Oswald. Lovelady has identified himself in the picture, and other employees of the Depository standing with him, as shown in the picture, have verified that he was the man in the picture and that Oswald was not there.

SPECULATION: The President's car was going at a speed estimated at from 12 to 20 miles per hour, thus presenting a target comparable to the most difficult that a soldier would encounter under battlefield conditions.

FINDING: During the period between the time that the first and second shots struck the President, the Presidential car was traveling at an average speed of approximately 11.2 miles per hour. Expert witnesses testified that the target is regarded as a favorable one because the car was going away from the marksman in a straight line.

SPECULATION: Oswald could not have fired three shots from the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle in 5½ seconds.

FINDING: According to expert witnesses, exacting tests conducted for the Commission demonstrated that it was

possible to fire three shots from the rifle within 5½ seconds. It should be noted that the first loaded shell was already in the chamber ready for firing; Oswald had only to pull the trigger to fire the first shot and to work the bolt twice in order to fire the second and third shots. They testified that if the second shot missed, Oswald had between 4.8 and 5.6 seconds to fire the three shots. If either the first or third shot missed, Oswald had in excess of 7 seconds to fire the three shots.

SPECULATION: Oswald did not have the marksmanship ability demonstrated by the rifleman who fired the shots.

FINDING: Oswald qualified as a sharpshooter and a marksman with the M-1 rifle in the Marine Corps. Marina Oswald testified that in New Orleans her husband practiced operating the bolt of the rifle. Moreover, experts stated that the scope was a substantial aid for rapid, accurate firing. The Commission concluded that Oswald had the capability with a rifle to commit assassination.

SPECULATION: Ammunition for the rifle found on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository had not been manufactured since the end of World War II. The ammunition used by Oswald must, therefore, have been at least 20 years old, making it extremely unreliable.

FINDING: The ammunition used in the rifle was American ammunition recently made by the Western Cartridge Co., which manufactures such ammunition currently. In tests with the same kind of ammunition, experts fired Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano rifle more than 100 times without any misfires.

SPECULATION: The assertion that Oswald's palmprint appeared on the rifle is false. The FBI told newsmen in an off-the-record briefing session that there was no palmprint on the rifle.

FINDING: The FBI confirmed that the palmprint lifted by the Dallas police from the rifle found on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository Building was Oswald's palmprint. The FBI informed the Commission that no FBI agent made statements of any type to the press concerning the existence or nonexistence of this print.

SPECULATION: The picture of Oswald taken by his wife in March or April 1963 and showing him with a rifle and a pistol was "doctored" when it appeared in magazines and newspapers in February 1964. The rifle held by Oswald in these pictures is not the same rifle that was found on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository Building.

FINDING: Life magazine, News-



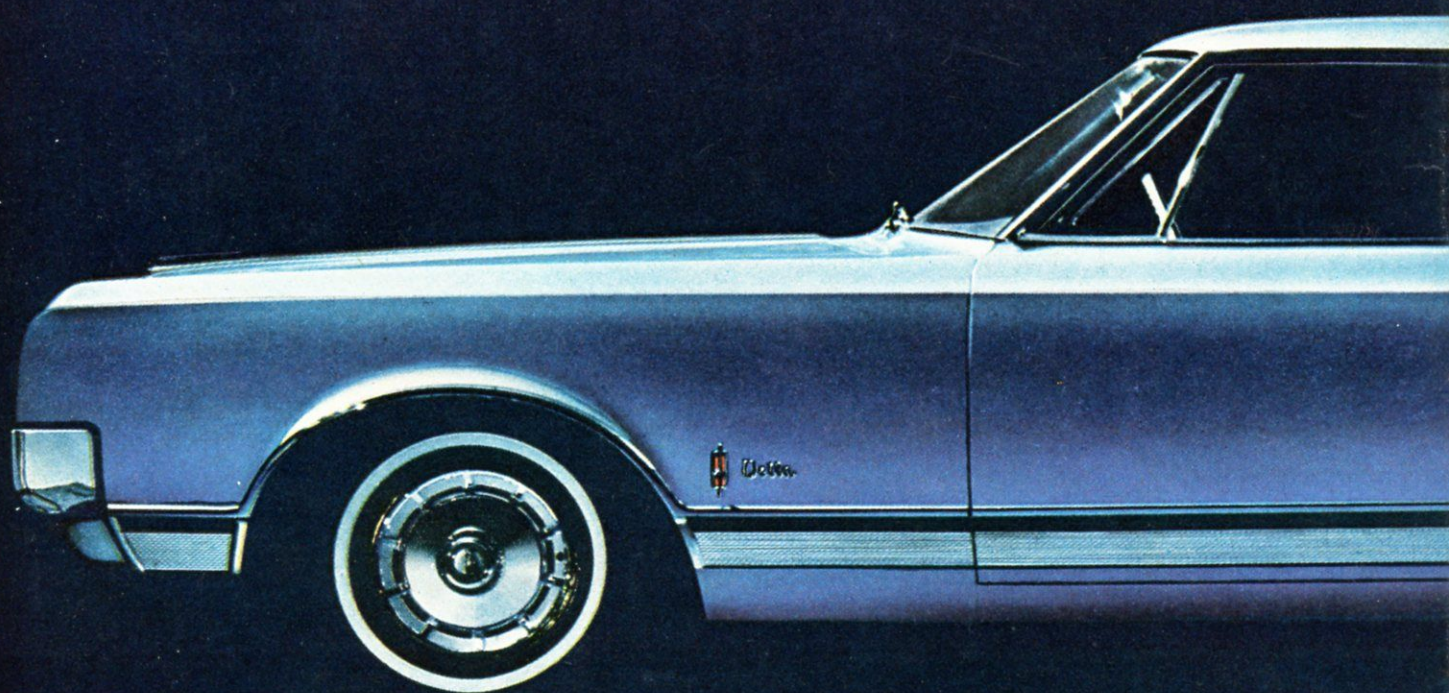
College comes true at your Full Service bank

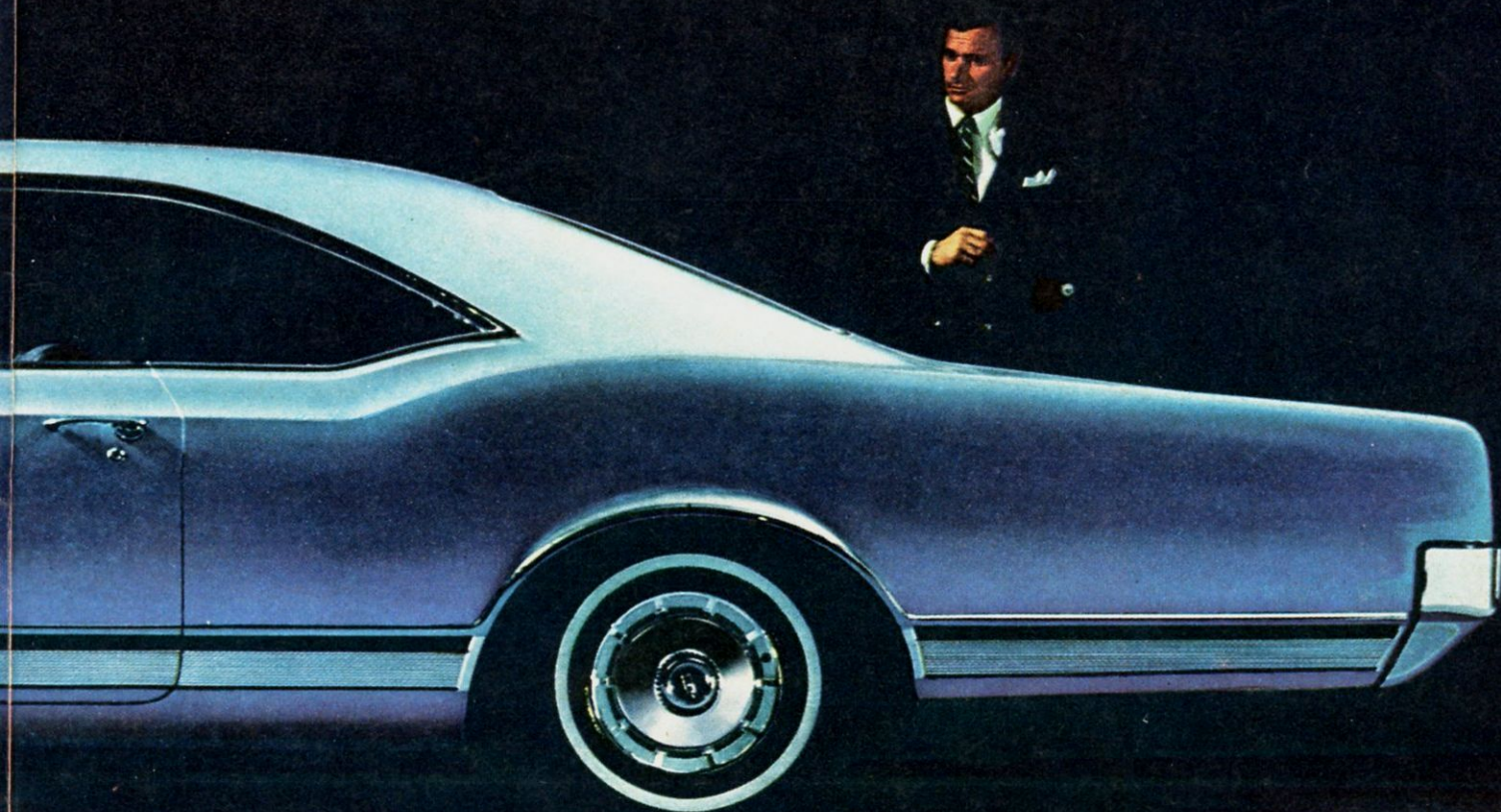
Putting the children through college is only one of the dreams you can realize for your family with the help of a Full Service bank. A new home, a trip to Europe, even taking it easy someday—all these begin with this first rule of financial success: *Don't split your money*. Keep your savings and checking accounts together in one Full Service bank. This way, you have a

firm financial base: good credit references, guaranteed interest on savings, a friend at the bank. Your money is safe and available as cash or collateral. Your savings give you an important edge when you want one of your bank's low-cost loans. (Remember, only Full Service banks can make all kinds of loans.) Day in, year out, you're better off with a Full Service bank.



"The place where you keep your checking account"





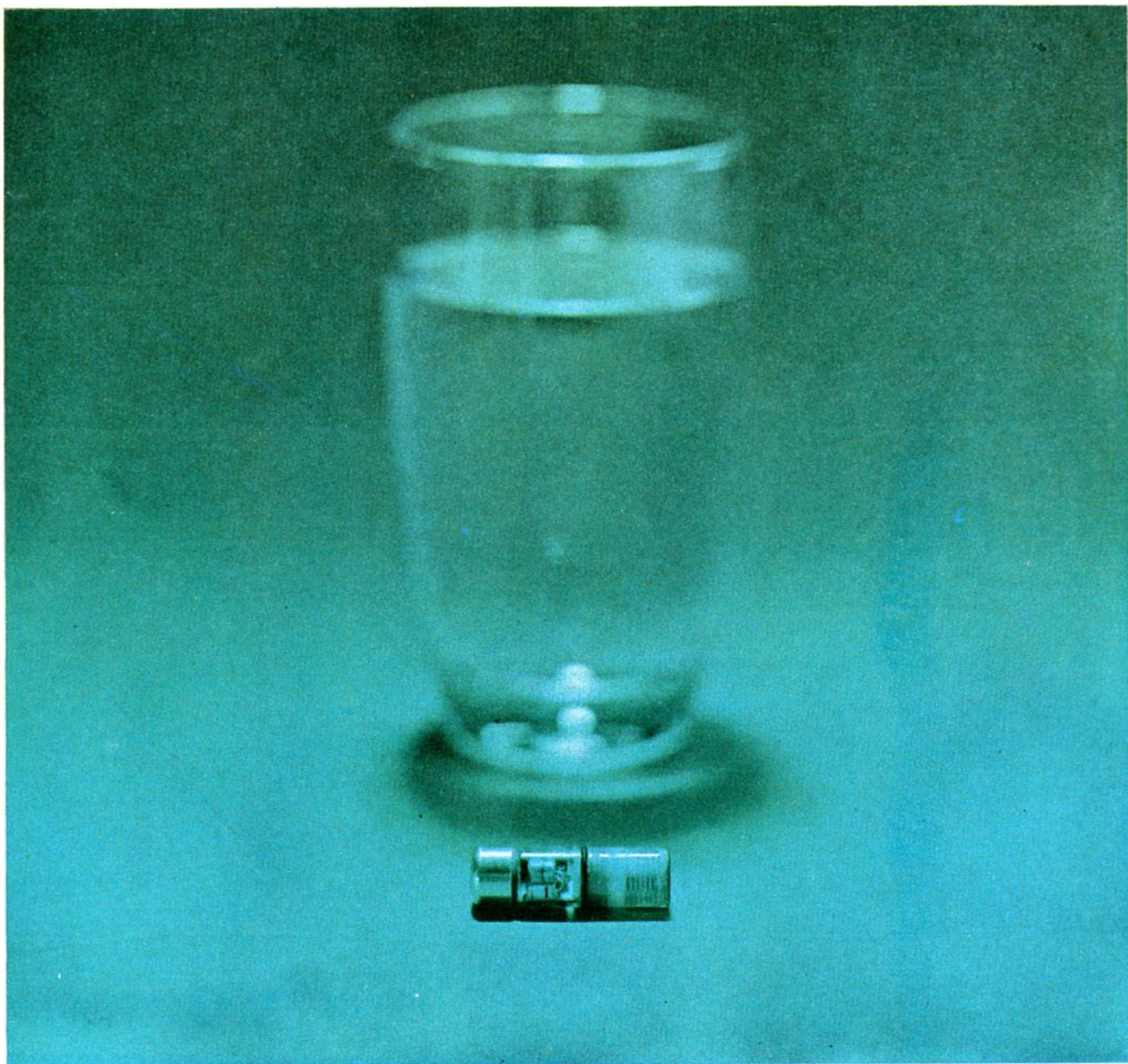
You say you've never seen such a luxurious "88" before?
You're absolutely right. This is Oldsmobile's new Dynamic 88 for 1965.

If just looking at this big, beautiful Dynamic 88 makes your pulse quicken a bit, imagine how proud you'll be to park it in your driveway. Take the wheel, and you'll be swept away by its new 425-cubic-inch Super Rocket V-8. And for people who want a Rocket-action "88" at an even lower price, there's the Jetstar 88—powered by the Jetfire Rocket V-8. For '65, there's an Oldsmobile to please *everyone!*

65 OLDSMOBILE



Styled to go . . . where the action is!



Electronic explorer

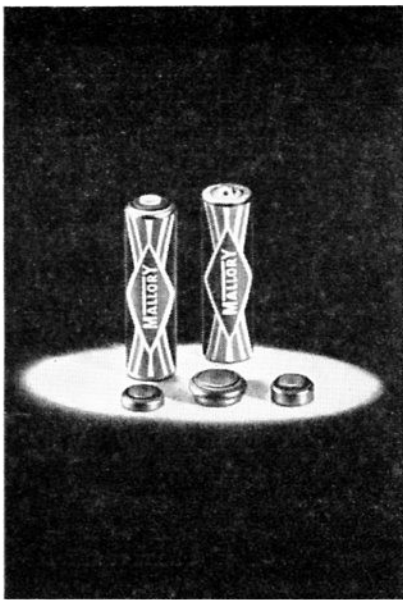
This capsule goes hunting for trouble in the gastric system. It carries an astonishingly small telemetering unit which sends diagnostic data from the body to receiving instruments. It is powered by the tiniest battery in the world—a Mallory mercury cell.

The high energy and exceptional stability of Mallory battery systems

contribute to the success of many new self-powered products. In transistor radios, they bring clearer sound, more listening hours. In battery-powered cameras, they make picture-taking far easier than ever. They're the tiny energy cells that have helped shrink hearing aids to unbelievably small size.

Ultra-miniature mercury batteries

are only one of many unique Mallory products whose out-of-the-ordinary qualities can add new convenience, reliability and value to the products you make and sell. Mallory scientists and engineers constantly anticipate your needs in battery power, electrical and electronic components and powder metallurgy. P. R. Mallory & Co. Inc., Indianapolis 6, Indiana.



Batteries to explore

Do you make a product—or have an idea for one—that calls for battery power?

You'd do well to explore the special features of Mallory high-energy battery systems.

Imagine a battery small enough to fit into a wristwatch, powerful enough to run the watch steadily a full year, and with output steady enough to maintain near-perfect accuracy. Mallory makes them.

Imagine batteries with the stamina to keep a transistor radio playing steadily four times longer than ordinary zinc-carbon batteries. Mallory makes them.

Imagine batteries powerful enough to fire more than a thousand flashbulbs, and stable enough in storage to hold full power for over two years. Mallory makes them.

Mallory makes a variety of high-energy battery systems for electrical and electronic use, and can custom-design special battery systems for you. If you're searching for ways to create or improve a self-powered product, Mallory engineers can help in your explorations.

Mallory Battery Company
Specialists in high-energy battery systems
Tarrytown, New York
A Division of P. R. Mallory & Co., Inc.

MALLORY

week, and the New York Times notified the Commission that they had retouched this picture. In doing so, they inadvertently altered details of the rifle.

SPECULATION: After firing the shots, Oswald could not have disposed of the rifle and descended the stairs to the lunchroom in time to get a drink from a soft drink machine and be there when Patrolman Baker came in.

FINDING: A series of time tests made by investigators and by Roy S. Truly and Patrolman M.L. Baker at the request of the Commission, show that it was possible for Oswald to have placed the rifle behind a box and descended to the lunchroom on the second floor before Patrolman Baker and Truly got up there. Oswald did not have a soft drink bottle in his hand at the time he was confronted by Baker and he was not standing by the soft drink machine. He was just entering the lunchroom; Baker caught a glimpse of him through the glass panel in the door leading to the lunchroom vestibule.

SPECULATION: There were other people present in the lunchroom at the time that Baker and Truly saw Oswald there.

FINDING: Baker and Truly have both stated that there was no one in the lunchroom other than Oswald at the time that they entered. No other witness to this incident has been found.

SPECULATION: Police were sealing off all exits from the building by the time Oswald got to the second floor.

FINDING: Police may have begun to take up positions at the exits to the building as early as 12:33, but it is unlikely that they had blocked them off completely until 12:37 p.m. at the earliest. Oswald was seen in an office, walking toward an exit leading to the front stairway, at about 12:33 p.m. Oswald probably had at least 7 minutes in which to get out of the building without being stopped.

Oswald's Movements Between 12:33 and 1:15 p.m.

One of the major theses urged in support of the theory that Oswald did not murder Patrolman Tippit was that his known movements after he left the Texas School Book Depository would not have permitted him to have arrived at 10th Street and Patton Avenue in time to encounter Tippit by 1:16 p.m. Careful reenactments by investigative agencies and by members of the Commission staff of Oswald's movements from the time he left the Texas School Book Depository until he encountered Tippit verified that Oswald could reach his roominghouse at 1026 North Beckley Avenue at approximately 1 p.m. or

earlier. The housekeeper at the roominghouse testified that Oswald spent only a few minutes at the house, leaving as hurriedly as he had arrived. During police interrogation after his arrest, Oswald admitted to riding both bus and taxi in returning to his roominghouse after the assassination of the President. From 1026 North Beckley Avenue, Oswald could easily have walked the nine tenths of a mile to 10th Street and Patton Avenue where he [met] Tippit.

SPECULATION: Oswald did not have time for all of the movements imputed to him between his departure from the Texas School Book Depository and his encounter with Tippit.

FINDING: Time tests of all of Oswald's movements establish that these movements could have been accomplished in the time available to him.

SPECULATION: Oswald was stopped by police as he left the building and was permitted to pass after he told them he worked in the building.

FINDING: The Commission has found no witness who saw Oswald leave the building. This speculation is probably a misinterpretation of the fact that he was stopped in the lunchroom by Patrolman Baker before he left the building and was allowed to proceed after Truly, the Depository superintendent, identified him as an employee there. Police did not seal off the building until at least several minutes after Oswald could have left.

SPECULATION: The log of the cabdriver who took Oswald to North Beckley Avenue, William W. Whaley, shows that Oswald entered his cab at 12:30 p.m. Since this occurred at some distance from the point of the President's assassination, Oswald could not have shot the President.

FINDING: Whaley's log does show 12:30 p.m., but he has testified that he was not accurate in logging the time that passengers entered his cab, that he usually logged them at 15-minute intervals, and that it was undoubtedly some time later than 12:30 when Oswald entered his cab. Sometimes he did not make entries in his logbook until three or four trips later. The bus transfer in Oswald's possession was issued after 12:36 p.m. The Commission has determined that Oswald probably entered [the] cab at about 12:47 or 12:48 p.m.

SPECULATION: Oswald was on his way to Jack Ruby's apartment when he was stopped by Patrolman Tippit.

FINDING: There is no evidence that Oswald and Ruby knew each other or had any relationship through a third party or parties. There is no evidence that Oswald knew where Ruby lived. Accordingly, there is neither evidence nor reason to believe that Oswald was

on his way to Ruby's apartment when he was stopped by Tippit.

Murder of Tippit

Speculations on the murder of Tippit centered about assertions that he was elsewhere than he was supposed to be when he was shot, that he knew the man who shot him, and that the description of the murderer given by one of the eyewitnesses did not fit Oswald's description.

The Commission found that Tippit was unquestionably patrolling in an area to which he had been directed by police headquarters. There was no evidence to support the speculation that Tippit and Oswald knew each other or had ever seen each other before. The description of the murderer imputed to one of the witnesses was denied by her and had no support from any other eyewitness.

SPECULATION: Tippit was driving alone in his police car even though standing orders for police in Dallas were that radio cars of the type Tippit was driving must have two policemen . . .

FINDING: Dallas police officials stated that department policy required about 80 percent of the patrolmen on the day shift, 7 a.m. to 3 p.m., to work alone. Tippit was one of the patrolmen assigned to work alone that day.

SPECULATION: Tippit violated a procedure governing radio cars when he failed to notify headquarters that he was stopping to question a suspect.

FINDING: The Dallas Police Department had no requirement or regulation for police officers to notify headquarters when stopping to question a suspect. Therefore, Tippit did not violate any police radio procedure in failing to notify the radio dispatcher that he was stopping Oswald.

SPECULATION: Tippit could not have recognized Oswald from the description sent out over the police radio.

FINDING: There is no certain way of knowing whether Tippit recognized Oswald from the description put out by the police radio. The Dallas Police Department radio log shows that the police radio dispatcher at 1:29 p.m. noted a similarity between the broadcast descriptions of the President's assassin and Tippit's slayer. It is conceivable, even probable, that Tippit stopped Oswald because of the description broadcast by the police radio.

SPECULATION: Tippit and his killer knew each other.

FINDING: Investigation has revealed no evidence that Oswald and Tippit were acquainted, had ever seen each other, or had any mutual acquaintances.

Witnesses to the shooting observed no signs of recognition between [them].

SPECULATION: Mrs. Helen Markham, a witness to the slaying of Tippit, put the time at just after 1:06 p.m. This would have made it impossible for Oswald to have committed the killing since he would not have had time to arrive at the shooting scene by that time.

FINDING: The shooting of Tippit has been established at approximately 1:15 or 1:16 p.m. on the basis of a call to police headquarters on Tippit's car radio by another witness to the assassination, Domingo Benavides. In her various statements and in her testimony, Mrs. Markham was uncertain . . . of the exact time of the slaying.

SPECULATION: Oswald wore an olive-brown plain jacket which is visible in all the pictures of him after his arrest.

FINDING: At the time of his arrest, Oswald was not wearing a jacket. The jacket that was subsequently recovered in a parking lot and identified as Oswald's was a light-gray one.

SPECULATION: Oswald's landlady, Mrs. A.C. Johnson, said that Oswald never had a gun in the room.

FINDING: In her testimony before the Commission, Mrs. Johnson said that he "never brought that rifle in my house. * * * He could have had this pistol, I don't know, because they found the scabbard." As shown in chapter IV, Oswald kept his rifle in the Paine garage in Irving while he was living in Dallas during October and November. The pistol was small and easily concealed.

SPECULATION: There was absolutely no place to hide a gun in Oswald's room at 1026 North Beckley Ave.

FINDING: In the search of Oswald's room after his apprehension police found a pistol holster. Oswald's landlady, Mrs. A.C. Johnson, stated that she had not seen the holster before. There is no reason to believe that Oswald could not have had both a pistol and the holster hidden in the room. Oswald's pistol was a small one with the barrel cut down to 2½ inches. It could have been concealed in a pocket of his clothes.

SPECULATION: Oswald did not pick up the revolver from his room at 1 p.m.

FINDING: There is reason to believe that Oswald did pick up the revolver from his room, probably concealing it beneath his jacket. This likelihood is reinforced by the finding of the pistol holster in the room . . .

Oswald After His Arrest

The Commission found that assertions that the Dallas police treated Oswald brutally and denied him his constitutional rights to legal counsel had no

foundation in fact. Insinuations that Dallas police officials and District Attorney Henry M. Wade fabricated or altered evidence to establish the guilt of Oswald were baseless. It is true that police officials and the district attorney made errors in giving evidential information to the press, but these were clearly the result of misapprehensions or ignorance rather than intent and at the worst represent bad judgment.

SPECULATION: Oswald was the victim of police brutality.

FINDING: Oswald resisted arrest in the Texas Theatre and drew a gun. He received a slight cut over his right eye and a bruise under his left eye in the course of his struggles. During the time he was in police custody, he was neither ill-treated nor abused.

SPECULATION: Oswald was never formally charged with the assassination of the President; he was charged only with the shooting of [Officer] J.D. Tippit.

FINDING: Oswald was arraigned for the murder of President Kennedy before Justice of the Peace David Johnston on the fourth floor of the Police Department building at 1:35 a.m., November 23. Previously, he had been arraigned before Johnston for the murder of Tippit at 7:10 p.m., November 22.

SPECULATION: The police questioned Oswald extensively about the Tippit murder on the first day of his detention. They did not question him about the assassination of [Mr.] Kennedy.

FINDING: Dallas police officials stated that they questioned Oswald repeatedly on November 22 about the assassination of President Kennedy and his relationship to it. At the first interrogation, Captain Fritz asked Oswald to account for himself at the time the President was shot. FBI agents who were present also stated that he was questioned about the assassination of the President.

SPECULATION: Oswald's attempts to get legal counsel were deliberately thwarted by the police and he was cut off from outside calls that would have permitted him to obtain a lawyer.

FINDING: On November 23, Oswald was visited by the president of the Dallas Bar Association, H. Louis Nichols, who offered him help in getting a lawyer; Oswald refused the offer. Oswald was told by the police that he could use the telephone when he wished, and he did make telephone calls. He attempted to call attorney John Abt in New York but was unsuccessful in reaching him. Mrs. Paine testified that at Oswald's request she tried without success to reach Abt. Oswald was also visited by his wife, mother, and brother, to any of whom he could have turned for help in getting counsel.

Oswald in the Soviet Union

Oswald's residence in the Soviet Union for more than 2½ years aroused speculation after his arrest that he was an agent of the Soviet Union or in some way affiliated with it. This speculation was supported by assertions that he had received exceptionally favored treatment from the Soviet Government in securing permission to enter and leave the country, especially the latter, because his Russian wife and child were permitted to leave with him. The careful analysis of these speculations in chapter VI of this report led to the Commission's conclusion that there is no credible evidence that Oswald was an agent of the Soviet Government and that he did not receive unusually favorable treatment in entering or leaving the Soviet Union or in returning to the [U.S.].

SPECULATION: A young private in the Marine Corps in the 1950's could not study Marxism, learn Russian, and read Soviet newspapers without any adverse repercussions in his unit.

FINDING: Although Oswald's interest in the Soviet Union was well known, his interest in Marxism was apparently known to only a few of his fellow marines. While stationed in California, he studied Russian. In February 1959, while still in the Marines, he took an official test on his proficiency in Russian and was rated "Poor."

SPECULATION: Oswald learned Russian during his service in the Marines as part of his military training.

FINDING: Oswald never received any training from the Marine Corps in the Russian language. His studies of Russian were entirely on his own time and at his own initiative.

SPECULATION: It is probable that Oswald had prior contacts with Soviet agents before he entered Russia in 1959 because his application for a visa was processed and approved immediately on receipt.

FINDING: There is no evidence that Oswald was in touch with Soviet agents before his visit to Russia. The time that it took for him to receive his visa in Helsinki for entrance to the Soviet Union was shorter than the average but not beyond the normal range for the granting of such visas. Had Oswald been recruited as a Russian agent while he was still in the Marines, it is most improbable that he would have been encouraged to defect. He would have been of greater value to Russian intelligence as a Marine radar operator than as a defector.

SPECULATION: Soviet suspicion of Oswald is indicated by the fact that he was sent off to work in a radio plant in Minsk as an unskilled hand at the lowest rate of pay although he qualified as a

trained radar and electronics technician.

FINDING: The Soviet Government probably was suspicious of Oswald, as it would be of any American who appeared in Moscow and said he wanted to live in the Soviet Union. Under the circumstances it is to be expected that he would be placed in a position that would not involve national security. Moreover, Oswald had been a radar operator, not a technician, in the Marines. His total income in Russia was higher than normal because his pay was supplemented for about a year by payments from the Soviet "Red Cross," an official agency of the Soviet Government. Oswald believed that these payments really came from the MVD. It is a policy of the Soviet Government to subsidize defectors from Western nations who settle in the Soviet Union, in order that their standard of living may not be too much lower than their previous standard in their own country.

SPECULATION: Oswald was trained by the Russians in a special school for assassins at Minsk.

FINDING: Commission investigations revealed no evidence to support this claim or the existence of such a school in Minsk during the time Oswald was there. Oswald belonged to a hunting club near Minsk, but there is no evidence that this was other than an ordinary hunting club.

SPECULATION: Marina Oswald's father was an important part of the Soviet intelligence apparatus.

FINDING: Marina Oswald's father died while she was still an infant. This reference is presumably to her uncle, Ilya Prusakov, who was an executive in the lumber industry, which position carried with it the rank of lieutenant colonel or colonel in the Ministry of Internal Affairs (MVD). Since 1953 the MVD has not been concerned with internal security or other police functions.

SPECULATION: Oswald never would have been permitted to return to the United States if Soviet intelligence had not planned to use him in some way against the United States.

FINDING: There is no evidence that Oswald had any working relationship with the Soviet Government or Soviet intelligence. The Russians have permitted other American defectors to return to the United States.

Oswald's Trip to Mexico City

Oswald's trip to Mexico City in late September and early October 1963, less than 2 months before he assassinated President Kennedy, has provoked speculation that it was related in some

way to a conspiracy to murder the President. Rumors include assertions that he made a clandestine flight from Mexico to Cuba and back and that he received a large sum of money—usually estimated at \$5,000—which he brought back to Dallas with him. The Commission has no credible evidence that Oswald went to Mexico pursuant to a plan to assassinate [the] President, that he received any instructions related to such an action while there, or that he received large sums of money from any source in Mexico.

SPECULATION: Oswald could not have received an American passport in June 1963 within 24 hours without special intervention on his behalf.

FINDING: Oswald's passport application was processed routinely by the Department of State. No person or agency intervened specially on his behalf to speed the issuance of the passport. The passports of 24 other persons, on the same list sent to Washington from New Orleans, were authorized at the same time. The Passport Office of the Department of State had no instructions to delay issuance of or to deny a passport to Oswald.

SPECULATION: Oswald was accompanied on his trip to Mexico City by a man and two women.

FINDING: Investigation has revealed that Oswald traveled alone on the bus. Fellow passengers . . . between Houston and Mexico City have stated that he appeared to be traveling alone and that they had not previously known him.

SPECULATION: While in Mexico, Oswald made a clandestine flight to Havana and back.

FINDING: The Commission has found no evidence that Oswald made any flight to Cuba while he was in Mexico. He never received permission from the Cuban Government to enter Cuba nor from the Mexican Government to leave Mexico bound for Cuba. A confidential check of the Cuban airline in Mexico City indicates that Oswald never appeared at its office there.

SPECULATION: Oswald came back from Mexico City with \$5,000.

FINDING: No evidence has ever been supplied or obtained to support this allegation. Oswald's actions in Mexico City and after his return to Dallas lend no support to this speculation.

SPECULATION: On November 27, 1963, in a speech at the University of Havana, Fidel Castro, under the influence of liquor, said "The first time that Oswald was in Cuba * * *," Castro therefore had knowledge that Oswald had made surreptitious visits to Cuba.

FINDING: Castro's speeches are monitored directly by the U.S. Information Agency as he delivers them. A tape of

this speech reveals that it did not contain the alleged slip of the tongue. Castro did refer to Oswald's visit to the "Cuban Embassy" in Mexico which he immediately corrected to "Cuban consulate." The Commission has found no evidence that Oswald had made surreptitious visits to Cuba.

Oswald and U.S. Government Agencies

Rumors and speculations that Oswald was in some way associated with or used by agencies of the U.S. Government grew out of his Russian period and his investigation by the FBI after his return to the United States. Insinuations were made that Oswald had been a CIA agent or had some relationship with the CIA and that this explained the supposed ease with which he received passports and visas. Speculation that he had some working relationship with the FBI was based on an entry in Oswald's notebook giving the name and telephone number of an agent from the FBI office in Dallas. The Directors of the CIA and the FBI have testified before the Commission that Oswald was never in the employ of their agencies in any capacity. The Commission has concluded on the basis of its own investigations of the files of Federal agencies that Oswald was not and had never been an agent of any agency of the U.S. Government (aside from his service in the Marines) and was not and had never been used by any U.S. Government agency for any purpose. The FBI was interested in him as a former defector and it maintained a file on him.

SPECULATION: Oswald was an informant of either the FBI or the CIA. He was recruited by an agency of the U.S. Government and sent to Russia in 1959.

FINDING: Mrs. Marguerite Oswald frequently expressed the opinion that her son was such an agent, but she stated before the Commission that "I cannot prove Lee is an agent." The Directors of the CIA and of the FBI testified before the Commission that Oswald was never employed by either agency or used by either agency in any capacity. Investigation by the Commission has revealed no evidence that Oswald was ever employed by either the FBI or CIA in any capacity.

SPECULATION: The FBI tried to recruit Oswald. An FBI agent's name, telephone number, and automobile license number were found among Oswald's papers.

FINDING: FBI officials have testified that they had never tried to recruit Oswald to act on behalf of the FBI in any capacity. The Commission's investigation

corroborates this testimony. An FBI agent, James P. Hosty, Jr., had given his name and telephone number to Mrs. Ruth Paine so that she could call and give him Oswald's address in Dallas when she learned it. Mrs. Paine and Marina Oswald have stated that Mrs. Paine gave Oswald a slip of paper with the agent's name and telephone number on it. Marina Oswald had taken down the license number of Hosty's car on one of his visits and given it to her husband.

SPECULATION: It has been FBI policy for 20 years to inform employers of Communists or suspected Communists employed by them. It is a mystery, therefore, how Oswald retained his job at the Texas School Book Depository.

FINDING: The FBI advised the Commission that it has never been its policy to inform employers that they have Communists or suspected Communists working for them and that the FBI does not disseminate internal security information to anyone outside the executive branch of the U.S. Government. FBI agents had no contacts with Texas School Book Depository officials until after the assassination.

SPECULATION: Municipal and Federal police had observed Oswald closely for some time but had not regarded him as a potential killer.

FINDING: The Dallas police had not been aware of Oswald's presence in the city before the assassination. The FBI knew that Oswald was in Dallas from an interview with Mrs. Paine, but no FBI agents had interviewed him there before the assassination. The FBI had not regarded him as a potential killer.

SPECULATION: The FBI probably knew that Oswald had the rifle before the President's murder because it was most unlikely that it could have traced the ownership of the rifle within 1 day if it had not already had information on the rifle.

FINDING: The FBI successfully traced the purchase of the rifle by Oswald within 24 hours of the assassination. It had had no previous information about the rifle.

SPECULATION: The FBI interviewed Oswald 10 days before the assassination.

FINDING: The last FBI interview with Oswald, before the assassination, took place in New Orleans in August 1963, when he asked to see an FBI agent after his arrest by police for disturbing the peace, the outcome of his distribution of Fair Play for Cuba handbills. Neither Special Agent Hosty nor any other FBI agent saw or talked with Oswald between his return to Dallas, on October 3, and November 22. Hosty did interview Mrs. Paine at her home about Oswald on November 1 and 5, 1963. He

also saw Marina Oswald briefly on November 1 at Mrs. Paine's house, but he did not interview her.

Conspiratorial Relationships

Rumors concerning accomplices and plots linked Oswald and Ruby with each other, or with others, including Patrolman J.D. Tippit, Gen. Edwin A. Walker, and Bernard Weissman of the nonexistent American Factfinding Committee, in a conspiratorial relationship. The Commission made intensive inquiry into the backgrounds and relationships of Oswald and Ruby to determine whether they knew each other or were involved in a plot of any kind with each other or others. It was unable to find any credible evidence to support the rumors linking Oswald and Ruby directly or through others. The [report] concluded that they were not involved in a conspiratorial relationship with each other or with any third parties.

SPECULATION: Just before Oswald was shot by Ruby, he looked directly at Ruby in apparent recognition of him.

FINDING: The Commission has been unable to establish as a fact any kind of relationship between Ruby and Oswald other than that Oswald was Ruby's victim. The Commission has examined television tapes and motion picture films of the shooting and has been unable to discern any facial expression that could be interpreted to signify recognition of Ruby or anyone else in the basement of the building.

SPECULATION: The Dallas police suspected Oswald and Ruby of being involved in an attack on General Walker and planned to arrest the two when the FBI intervened, at the request of Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, and asked the police not to do so for reasons of state.

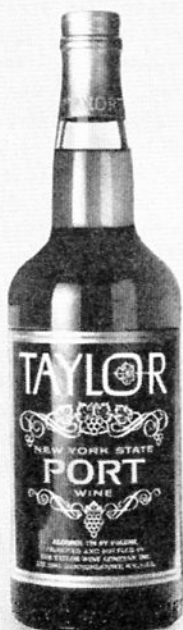
FINDING: This allegation appeared in the November 29, 1963, issue (actually printed on November 25 or 26) of a German weekly newspaper, Deutsche National Zeitung und Soldaten Zeitung, published in Munich. The allegation later appeared in the National Enquirer of May 17, 1964. The Commission has been reliably informed that the statement was fabricated by an editor of the newspaper. No evidence in support of this statement has ever been advanced or uncovered. In their investigation of the attack on General Walker, the Dallas police uncovered no suspects and planned no arrests. The FBI had no knowledge that Oswald was responsible for the attack until Marina Oswald revealed the information on December 3, 1963.

SPECULATION: Ruby and Oswald



It's a Taylor wine...and you'll love it! By candlelight or fire-side...make the moment more magical with this ruby-red Taylor New York State Port. So sociable—for just the two of you...or for the mellow after-dinner talk of host and guests. Serve it at home. Order it when dining out. / Ask your wine merchant for Taylor booklets that show you how to enjoy wine more—cooking, dining or entertaining.

©The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., Hammondsport, N. Y.—producers of Wines, Champagnes, Vermouths



were seen ... at the Carousel Club.

FINDING: All assertions that Oswald was seen in the company of Ruby or of anyone else at the Carousel Club have been investigated. None of them merits any credence.

SPECULATION: Oswald and General Walker were probably acquainted with each other since Oswald's notebook contained Walker's name and telephone number.

FINDING: Although Oswald's notebook contained Walker's name and telephone number there was no evidence that the two knew each other. It is probable that this information was inserted at the time that Oswald was planning his attack on Walker. General Walker stated that he did not know of Oswald before the assassination.

SPECULATION: Patrolman J.D. Tippit, Bernard Weissman, and Jack Ruby met by prearrangement on November 14, 1963, at the Carousel Club.

FINDING: Investigation has revealed no evidence to support this assertion. Nor is there credible evidence that any of the three men knew each other.

SPECULATION: Jack Ruby was one of the most notorious of Dallas gangsters.

FINDING: There is no credible evidence that Jack Ruby was active in the criminal underworld. Investigation disclosed no one in either Chicago or Dallas who had any knowledge that Ruby was associated with organized criminal activity.

Other Rumors and Speculations

Many rumors and speculations difficult to place in the categories treated above also required consideration or investigation by the Commission. In some way or other, much of this miscellany was related to theories of conspiracy involving Oswald. The rest pertained to peripheral aspects that [merited] attention.

SPECULATION: The Texas School Book Depository is owned and operated by the city of Dallas, and Oswald was therefore a municipal employee. Accordingly, he could have secured his job at the Depository only if someone in an official capacity vouched for him.

FINDING: The Texas School Book Depository is a private corporation unconnected with the city of Dallas. Oswald therefore was not a municipal employee. He obtained his position at the Depository with the assistance of Mrs. Ruth Paine, who learned of a possible opening from a neighbor and arranged an interview for him with Superintendent Roy S. Truly at the Depository.

SPECULATION: Prior to the assassi-

nation Dallas police searched other buildings in the area of the Texas School Book Depository but not the School Book Depository itself.

FINDING: The Dallas police and the Secret Service both notified the Commission that, other than the Trade Mart, they had searched no buildings along the route of the President's motorcade or elsewhere in Dallas in connection with the President's visit. It was not Secret Service practice to search buildings along the routes of motorcades.

SPECULATION: Police precautions in Dallas on November 22 included surveillance of many people, among them some who did no more than speak in favor of school integration.

FINDING: The Dallas Police Department notified the Commission that on November 22 it had no one under surveillance as a precaution in connection with President Kennedy's visit except at the Trade Mart. The Commission received no evidence that the Dallas police had under surveillance people who spoke in favor of school integration.

SPECULATION: Oswald was seen at shooting ranges in the Dallas area practicing firing with a rifle.

FINDING: Marina Oswald stated that on one occasion in March or April 1963, her husband told her that he was going to practice firing with the rifle. Witnesses have testified that they saw Oswald at shooting ranges in the Dallas area during October and November 1963. Investigation has failed to confirm that the man seen by these witnesses was Oswald.

SPECULATION: Oswald could drive a car and was seen in cars at various places.

FINDING: Oswald did not have a driver's license. Marina Oswald and Ruth Paine have testified that he could not drive a car, and there is no confirmed evidence to establish his presence at any location as the driver of a car. Mrs. Paine did give Oswald some driving lessons and he did drive short distances on these occasions.

SPECULATION: On his way back from Mexico City in October 1963, Oswald stopped in Alice, Tex., to apply for a job at the local radio station.

FINDING: This rumor apparently originated with the manager of radio station KOPY, Alice, who stated that Oswald visited his office on the afternoon of October 4 for about 25 minutes. According to the manager, Oswald was driving a battered 1953 model car and had his wife and a small child in the car with him. Oswald traveled from Mexico City to Dallas by bus, arriving in Dallas on the afternoon of October 3. The bus did not pass through Alice.

SPECULATION: One hundred and

fifty dollars was found in the dresser of Oswald's room at 1026 North Beckley Avenue after the assassination.

FINDING: No money was found in Oswald's room after the assassination. Oswald left \$170 in the room occupied by his wife at the Paine residence in Irving. At the time of his arrest Oswald had \$13.87 on his person.

SPECULATION: After Oswald's arrest, the police found in his room seven metal file boxes filled with the names of Castro sympathizers.

FINDING: The Dallas police inventories of Oswald's property taken from his room at 1026 North Beckley Avenue do not include any file boxes. A number of small file boxes listed in the inventory as having been taken from the Paine residence in Irving contained letters, pictures, books and literature, most of which belonged to Ruth Paine, not to Oswald. No lists of names of Castro sympathizers were found ...

SPECULATION: The Secret Service incarcerated Marina Oswald immediately after the assassination.

FINDING: Marina Oswald was given protection by the Secret Service for a period of time after the assassination. She had freedom to communicate with others at anytime she desired, to go where she pleased, or to terminate the protection at any time.

SPECULATION: Mrs. Marguerite Oswald was shown a photograph of Jack Ruby by an FBI agent the night before Ruby killed her son.

FINDING: On the night of November 23, 1963, Special Agent Bardwell D. Odum of the FBI showed Mrs. Marguerite Oswald a picture of a man to determine whether the man was known to her. Mrs. Oswald stated subsequently that the picture was of Jack Ruby. The Commission has examined a copy of the photograph and determined that it was not a picture of Jack Ruby.

SPECULATION: The headquarters detachment of the U.S. Army, under orders from [Secretary of Defense Robert S.] McNamara's office, began to rehearse for the funeral more than a week before the assassination.

FINDING: This assertion is based on an interview with U.S. Army Capt. Richard C. Cloy that appeared in the Jackson, Miss., Clarion-Ledger of February 21, 1964. The newspaper quotes Captain Cloy, who was a member of the Army unit charged with conducting funeral ceremonies in honor of deceased Chiefs of State, as having said that, "we were in a state of readiness and had just finished a funeral rehearsal because there was grave concern for President Hoover's health. But we never expected that our practice was preparing us for President Kennedy."



Fred Ward—Black Star

The Warren commission*: Some stern findings about some serious 'deficiencies'

'The Commission Has Concluded . . .'

Could the death of President Kennedy, and later of Lee Harvey Oswald, have been prevented?

The commission report recognizes that the "demands on the President in the execution of his responsibilities in today's world are so varied and complex and the traditions of the office in a democracy such as ours are so deep-seated as to preclude absolute security." And it notes that Oswald required extraordinary protection from an outraged nation. But the commission's investigators found some wide gaps in the security afforded both the President and his accused assassin; and the report offers some major recommendations for closing them.

The official targets of the commission's criticism were the Secret Service, the FBI, and the Dallas Police.

■ **The Secret Service.** "The commission has concluded that at the time of the assassination, the arrangements relied upon by the Secret Service to [identify and eliminate possible sources of danger to the President] were seriously deficient."

"Inadequate" is the report's word for the facilities and procedures of the Service's Protective Research Section (PRS), which collects and evaluates information on sources of danger to the President. The section's efforts, the report finds, "appear to have been too largely directed at the 'crank' threat." When the PRS's special "trip index" file was reviewed prior to the Texas trip, "it contained the names of no persons from the entire Dallas-Fort Worth area notwithstanding the fact that Ambassador [Adlai] Stevenson had been abused by pickets in Dallas less than a month before."

The Secret Service also comes under criticism for not having had "any established procedure governing its rela-

tionships with the Dallas Police Department. It had no prepared checklist of matters to be covered with local police on such visits . . . and no written description of the role the local police were expected to perform." The Service failed to inspect any buildings along the route President Kennedy traveled in Dallas. (Special measures were taken only in the Trade Mart, where the President was to have spoken; 200 law-enforcement agents were there, including some with photographs of rightists who had abused Stevenson.) Though the report recognizes that it might be impractical to inspect all route-side buildings in a metropolitan area, it suggests that those presenting the greatest risk might have been singled out and checked.

■ **Obvious Threats:** The greatest gap in the Secret Service's protection, the report suggests, was the lack of clear communication with other Federal departments. That accounted for the fact that the Service knew nothing of Oswald before November 22, even though "Oswald was known to other Federal agencies with which the Secret Service maintained intelligence liaison." The report adds that the "vague requests for information which the Secret Service made to Federal intelligence and law-enforcement agencies were not well designed to elicit information from them about persons other than those who were obvious threats to the President."

■ **The FBI.** "The commission believes . . . that the FBI took an unduly restrictive view of its responsibilities in preventive intelligence work, prior to the assassination."

The FBI's investigation of Oswald is reviewed from the bureau's first concern with him in October 1959, after his attempted defection to the Soviet Union, through "his arrogance and hostility to the United States, his pro-

Castro tendencies, his lies when interrogated by the FBI, his trip to Mexico where he was in contact with Soviet authorities, his presence in the School Book Depository job and its location along the route of the motorcade. All this does seem to amount to enough to have induced an alert agency, such as the FBI . . . to list Oswald as a potential threat to the safety of the President." However, the report says, the FBI made no move to inform the Secret Service of Oswald's presence in Dallas, even though it informed the Service of another (unidentified) potentially dangerous person there before Mr. Kennedy's visit.

The commission's view put it directly at odds with the quoted position of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover: "There was nothing up to the time of the assassination that gave any indication that this man was a dangerous character who might do harm to the President or Vice President." Furthermore, the commission offers some conflicting testimony on this point: a reported conversation between Dallas FBI agent James P. Hosty Jr. and Lt. Jack Revell of the Dallas police force shortly after Oswald was caught. Hosty told him, Revell testified, that the FBI had information Oswald was "capable of committing this assassination." Agent Hosty unequivocally denied this, says the report noncommittally, adding that the only witness to the conversation "was not within hearing distance at all times."

■ **The Dallas Police Department.** "The shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald obviously resulted from the failure of the security precautions which the Dallas Police Department had taken to protect their prisoner."

The department's security measures, the report finds, "did not include adequate control of the great crowd of

*From left, Allen Dulles, Rep. Hale Boggs, Sen. John Sherman Cooper, Chief Justice Earl Warren, Sen. Richard Russell, John McCloy, Rep. Gerald Ford.

newsmen that inundated the ... department building. Although the presence of a great mass of press representatives created an extraordinary security problem in the building, the police department pursued its normal policy of admitting the press ... [Moreover,] ... the acceptance of inadequate press credentials posed a clear avenue for a one-man assault ... While Jack Ruby might have been easily spotted if only police officers had been in the basement, he remained apparently unnoticed in the crowd of newsmen until he lunged forward toward Oswald ...

Press Criticized: The Dallas police's aim to please newsmen, the commission says, also endangered Oswald's rights to a fair trial and led to the dissemination of a "great deal of misinformation" to a worldwide audience. "If Oswald had been tried for his murder of November 22, the effects of the news policy

properly to the demands of the police ... The general disorder [at police headquarters] ... reveals a regrettable lack of self-discipline by the newsmen."

In its recommendations, the commission first advises Congress to pass legislation making it a Federal crime to kill the President, the Vice President, and the President- and Vice President-elect. This would avoid jurisdictional doubts over any investigation.

Next, the commission suggests "that consideration might be given to assigning a Cabinet-level committee or the National Security Council ... the responsibility to review and oversee the protective activities of the Secret Service and other Federal agencies that assist in safeguarding the President."

The commission questions the desirability of placing the major responsibility for protecting the President in the Secret Service as a branch of the

the present geographic breakdown."

(Aiding it in doing so, NEWSWEEK learned last week, are two research projects that have been going forward under the direction of the President's Office of Science and Technology. One is a study under psychiatrist Dr. Edwin Weinstein of the background and personalities of some 3,000 persons who in the past have written letters or uttered threats against the President. Some tentative findings: there is a strikingly high incidence of ex-servicemen who, like Oswald, were disgruntled at having received less than honorable discharges from the military, and who, like Oswald, were Marines. Several, like Oswald, had attempted suicide. Most claimed identity with "causes," but few had actual organizational affiliation—another Oswald characteristic. The other study is aimed at determining how information on potential assassins can be "computerized" for rapid and certain access. The commission criticizes the Service's manual handling of much of its information.)

Symbol: Finally, the report recommends that the Secret Service rely more heavily on other Federal law-enforcement agencies "to provide personnel to assist in its protective functions ... In view of the ever increasing mobility of American Presidents, it seems unlikely that the Service could or should increase its own staff to a size which would permit it to provide ... for all situations ... The occasional use of personnel from other Federal agencies ... has a further advantage. It symbolizes the reality that the job ... cannot be exclusively the responsibility of the Secret Service ... [It] is a difficult and complex task which requires full use of the best resources of many parts of our government. Recognition that the responsibility must be shared increases the likelihood that it will be met."

The commission's recommendations made obvious good sense—insofar as it is humanly possible to protect the most powerful, and the most vulnerable, man in the world. But none of the report's 300,000 words struck so quickly to the marrow as those uttered by John F. Kennedy himself with chilling prescience on the very morning of Nov. 22. Before leaving the hotel in Fort Worth to go to Dallas, said the report, "the President, Mrs. Kennedy, and [Appointments Secretary] Kenneth O'Donnell talked about the risks inherent in Presidential public appearances. According to O'Donnell, the President commented that "if anybody really wanted to shoot the President of the United States, it was not a very difficult job—all one had to do was get in a high building someday with a telescopic rifle, and there was nothing anybody could do to defend against such an attempt."



Newsweek—Phil MacMullan

"A complex task": Alert agents trail the new President into the U.N.

pursued by the Dallas authorities would have proven harmful both to the prosecution and the defense ...

"The commission recognizes that the people of the United States, and indeed of the world, had a deep-felt interest in learning of the events surrounding the death of President Kennedy ... However, neither the press nor the public had a right to be contemporaneously informed by the police or prosecuting authorities of the details of the evidence being accumulated ... The courtroom, not the newspaper or television screen, is the appropriate forum ... for the trial of a man accused of a crime."

The press itself comes in for a drubbing in some of the report's least restrained words. "Part of the responsibility for the unfortunate circumstances following the President's death must be borne by the news media. The crowd of newsmen generally failed to respond

Treasury Department that functions "largely as an informal part of the White House staff." But, it holds, "the determination of whether or not there should be a relocation of responsibilities and functions should be left to the Executive and Congress ... Pending any such determination, however ... the commission recommends that the Secretary of the Treasury appoint a special assistant with the responsibility of supervising the [Secret] Service."

Improvements: It also urges that the Service continue its efforts "to overhaul and define its procedures," especially in the Service's PRS intelligence activities. The staff has already been enlarged, the section's files have been broadened to include more than obviously dangerous people and groups. But beyond that, the commission says the "PRS must develop the capacity to classify its subjects on a more sophisticated basis than



Test Fort Howard paper towels on your face

Here's the real test! Fort Howard paper towels don't lint, disintegrate, leave you feeling messed up and foolish. Where *carloads* of paper towels are bought, more and more often Fort Howard is the choice. Advantageous price is only one reason. Another is that here is all you want in a paper towel . . . more than you expect, probably. We have a habit here of making paper things better than they need to be.



Paper Towels Paper Napkins Toilet Tissue
for institutions, hotels, factories, restaurants, office buildings



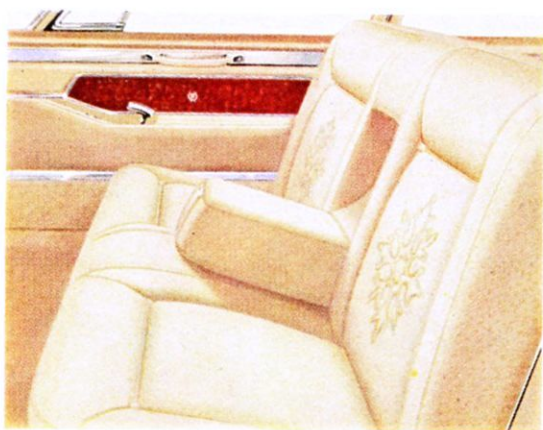
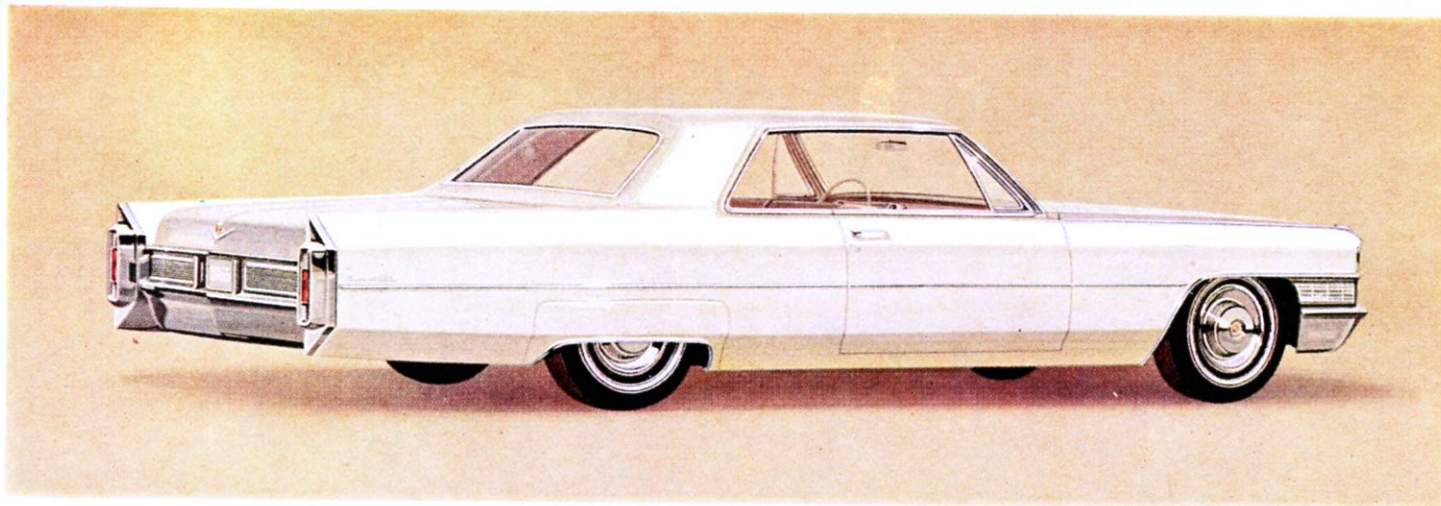
So new! So right! So obviously Cadillac!

The 1965 Cadillac is the most dramatically new Cadillac in sixteen years; new from chassis to rooftop and new from start to stop. Its remarkable styling—elegant, majestic and impressive as never before—establishes it instantly as an all-time Cadillac great. And not only is it an inspiration to look at—it is a revelation to drive! The marvelous responsiveness of Turbo Hydra-Matic is now standard on all eleven models. A new concept of frame and suspension gives the car incredible steadiness and levelness of ride—even under the severest conditions of cornering and handling. And there is quiet—quiet beyond anything you imagined possible in a motor car! Cadillac's new and more spacious interiors are marvelously rich and luxurious—and include such personal options as an exclusive tilting and telescoping steering wheel. Cadillac owner or Cadillac admirer—you owe yourself a journey at the wheel without delay. You will know at once that this is—in every way—the new Standard of the World!

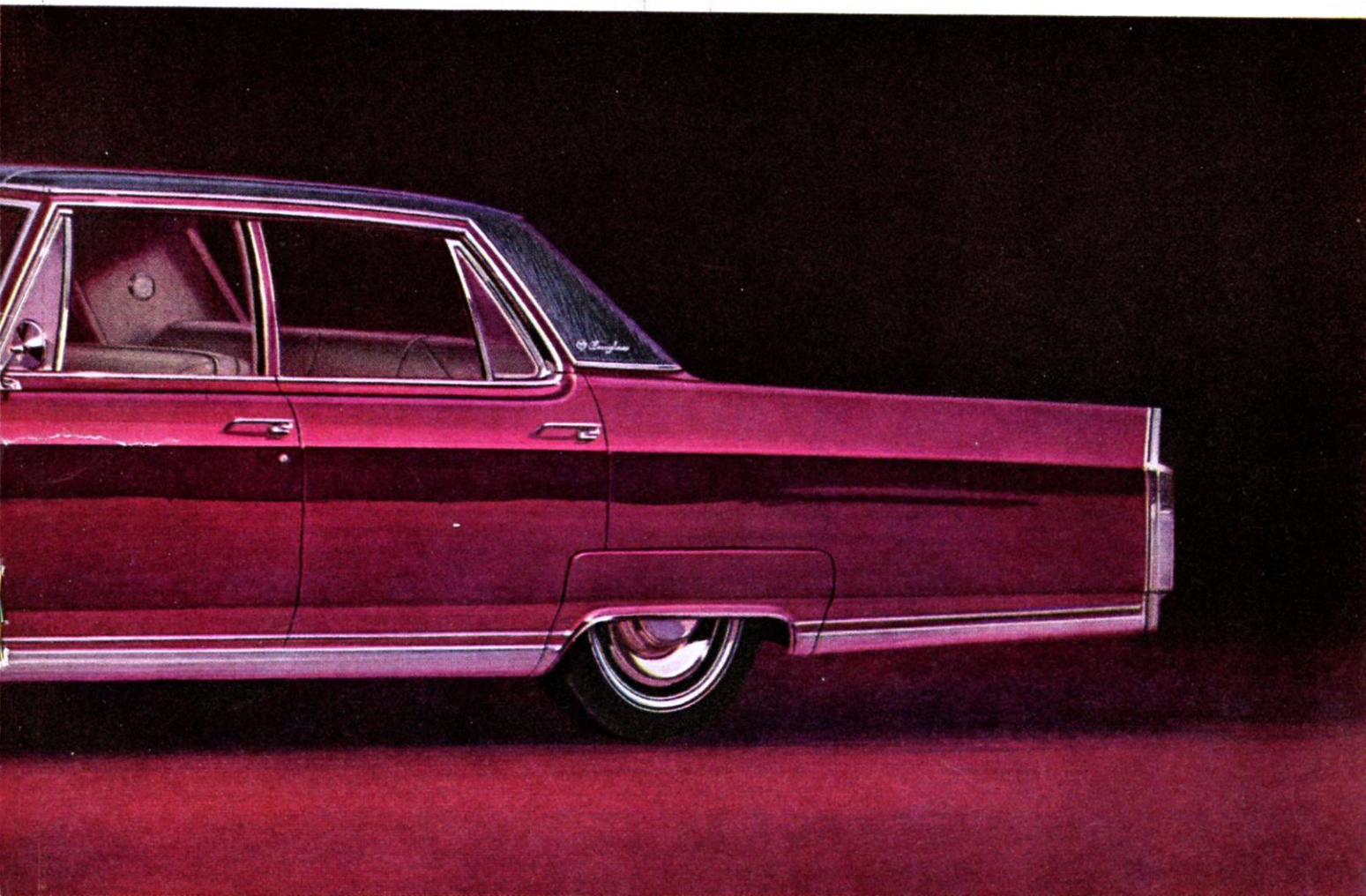
Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation

Above right, the Coupe de Ville; below, the longer-wheelbase Fleetwood Brougham.





Presenting the 1965
Cadillac



New studies show: on the Interstate System you drive more relaxed



The Interstate System is bringing America a new kind of driving. Easier. More relaxed. Studies prove this. □ U.S. Bureau of Public Roads engineers, using scientific instruments, measured driver reactions on roads of various sizes. Interstate-type highways, they found, reduced driving tension by 50%. □ Relaxed drivers are safer drivers—one reason the Interstate System last year prevented 90,000 accidents, saved some 3,000 lives. □ Benefits can be measured in dollars, too—not just in savings on accident costs, but in lower operating costs for your car. □ And Interstate pavements of modern concrete mean important savings of your tax dollars. Strong, solid, unequalled for durability, concrete stays smooth-riding with little upkeep. □ **Portland Cement Association.**

An organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete



Typical scene on Georgia's Interstate 75. This 125-mile stretch from Unadilla to the Florida state line saves a full hour's driving time.

In the Dust, and Above It

President Lyndon B. Johnson's unquenchable thirst for movement and action would take him through ten states in nine days—from Texas, which is no longer safely Democratic, to Maine, no longer safely Republican. And who was minding the White House as the campaign neared its final month? No one less than President Lyndon B. Johnson. Thanks to some wondrously efficient programing, the President was also in the White House at least part of the time on almost every day he was out traveling and politicking.

And as the tempo of the President's campaign stepped up, so did the tone of his attacks on the Republican opposition. Only once (in the wake of Barry Goldwater's charge last month that the President had authorized the use of nuclear weapons in the Tonkin Gulf) had Mr. Johnson mentioned the Republican candidate by name, and that was to blister him for "a great disservice." Last week the President was out to raise some blisters again, but this time he avoided any mention of Goldwater by name. In Atlantic City, the President pressed home his attacks on Goldwater and the Republicans before 3,500 wildly enthusiastic delegates to a United Steelworkers convention, meeting in the same convention hall where he received the Democratic nomination last August.

Ranting Demagogue: The President denounced the "kind of leadership [that] produced the soup lines," and recalled for the union men that there had been those who in 1938 had warned that a 25-cent-an-hour minimum wage would doom free enterprise and American freedom. "We will extend the helping hand of a just nation to the poor and to the helpless and to the oppressed," the President said. "We will do all these things because we love people instead of hate them; because we have faith in America, not fear of the future; because you are strong men of vision, not frightened crybabies; because you know it takes a man who loves his country to build a house instead of a raving, ranting demagogue who wants to tear down one."

This all but direct attack on Barry Goldwater brought the steelmen cheering out of their seats to a standing ovation, and for a few minutes observers in the convention hall thought that the President had decided to abandon his earlier position, well above the dust of the political arena, and come down for a major slugging match with Goldwater. But most of Mr. Johnson's speech was boisterously good-natured. He countered Goldwater's earlier call for a 25

per cent income-tax reduction over the next five years with his own promise to cut excise taxes next year, though he did not indicate how much. He declared deadpan that he was not making a political speech, and then counseled the union delegates to "support any candidate of any party that favors strong and progressive labor unions."

Next day the mood changed. Speaking to the Electrical Workers' union in Washington (and by closed-circuit TV to other union conventions in New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Miami Beach, and



President López and LBJ in El Paso

Kansas City, Mo.), the President said that the nation is "not presented with a choice of parties," or a choice of liberalism or conservatism . . . it is a choice between the center and the fringe, between the responsible mainstream . . . and the reckless . . . extremes."

Mr. Johnson's mood mellowed again at the weekend as he flew to El Paso and, before cheering throngs, walked to the middle of the Stratton Street toll bridge across the Rio Grande, leaned across a white-painted line marking the international boundary, and exchanged a symbolic *abrazo* with Mexican President Adolfo López Mateos.

The two leaders met before unveiling a marker honoring the El Chamizal treaty under which the U.S. last year ceded 437 acres of territory that had been in dispute for 100 years.

Later in the day Mr. Johnson went to Oklahoma to dedicate the Eufaula Dam

and to speak at the state fair in Oklahoma City. Next he flew to Texarkana, Ark., for the dedication of a square to John F. Kennedy—and a friendly public greeting for Gov. Orval Faubus, who has endorsed the national ticket and was on hand for the occasion.

There were no signs of a letup for the indefatigable man in the White House. The favorable political winds that blew for him showed no signs of slackening off. His own ebullience, and the gusto with which he invests both his office and the political campaign seemed to grow apace. Was there danger of over-confidence? The President made it clear that he will keep right on campaigning—fast and furiously. He will begin the week in New England, which by some coincidence is just where Barry Goldwater was last week.

Barry at Bay

Sen. Barry Goldwater's political fortunes last week seemed to be at their lowest possible ebb, and Goldwater himself was painfully aware of it. Not since Adlai Stevenson's walloping defeat by Dwight Eisenhower in 1956 had a candidate's measurable chances been so slim so late in a campaign. The polls were all but unanimous: President Johnson holds firmly to a lead of about 60-30, with only 10 per cent listed as undecided. But Barry Goldwater fought doggedly on, and as the week wore on, he did find some signs of comfort.

First were the senator's own polls, conducted by the Opinion Research Corp. of Princeton. They showed a 6 per cent return to the fold by Republican voters who earlier had said they were bolting the party to vote for President Johnson. There was also Dwight D. Eisenhower's debut on television in Goldwater's behalf (page 70) and his subsequent appearance in Chicago to voice his support for Goldwater. Then, throughout the Southwest, the Senator was buoyed by the enthusiasm of the crowds (12,000 in Tulsa, Okla.; 6,000 in Wichita, Kan.; 14,000 in Albuquerque) and the cheering high-school kids who turned out to meet him along the route.

Chosen Themes: Goldwater hammered repeatedly away at his chosen themes of corruption in Washington, lawlessness in the streets, Administration policies in Vietnam, and, above all, at the Democrats' charge that he is trigger-happy. In private, Goldwater aides admit that the issue of who should control the U.S. nuclear arsenal—an issue the senator injected in the campaign in the first place—is the one that stands to do him the most harm.

There were times, indeed, when the Goldwater camp's concern with the nuclear issue seemed almost obses-

sive. Both the senator and his champions hit at it so hard, so often, and with such maladroitness that some Republicans began to fear their efforts might prove counterproductive. Thus, in Tulsa, Goldwater was introduced by a speaker who said: "I want you to see that Barry doesn't have horns. They searched him at the door, and he doesn't have a nuclear weapon in his pocket, either."

Vindicated: Goldwater's renewed emphasis on the nuclear-weapons control issue stemmed partly from his conviction, early in the week at least, that a spate of stories, particularly in *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report*, had vindicated his demand for the delegation to a subordinate commander of some of the President's authority to use nuclear weapons. These stories suggested that such delegation of authority had already been effected and that the war plans incorporating this are now in operation.

But the stories which Goldwater thought would vindicate him were scarcely in print before they evoked sharp private comment in the Pentagon and from a onetime U.S. military commander implicated in one of them. Gen. Lauris Norstad, former NATO supreme commander, flatly denied he had ever said he held delegated authority from Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy to use nuclear weapons to defend Western Europe. A Pentagon official at the highest level said: "The control over nuclear weapons rests with the President and only with the President, and we cannot say any more than that without getting into the most sensitive area of national security."

What seemed to emerge from this welter of statements and denials was hardly support for Goldwater's request that the NATO commander be given primary discretion in the use of "low-yield, tactical nuclear weapons," but a clear official consensus that a political campaign debate that impinges on a vital area of national security can hardly serve anyone. The same Pentagon officials who privately charge that it was mischievous of Goldwater to raise the issue in the first place, also feel that the Democrats shouldn't have pressed their counterattack so hard.

No Support: "The fact remains," reported *NEWSWEEK* Pentagon correspondent Lloyd Norman, summing up the latest development in the nuclear-control issue, "that there is no official support in the defense establishment for the essence of Senator Goldwater's proposal, which is, after all, that smaller, tactical nuclear weapons should be reclassified as 'conventional weapons.'"

"It is equally important to understand that the President's control of nuclear weapons carries with it the necessity, at a certain time in the development

of a specific crisis, to instruct his commanders to be prepared to employ nuclear weapons, to be ready-armed for counterattack. It is reported, for instance, that during the Berlin crisis of 1958, President Eisenhower instructed General Norstad that he would be authorized—upon receipt of the proper confirming order—to use nuclear weapons if the Russians mounted a massive ground attack. This arrangement is said to have been in effect for several days, but still required final authority from the President. Pentagon officials, moreover, are especially emphatic on one point: even if such an arrangement did exist in 1958, they say, no such arrangement exists today. There is a certain amount of wry confusion among some military chiefs, who point out that Senator Goldwater first complained that the NATO commander does not have enough control of his nuclear weapons, and then seemed to turn around and angrily accuse the President of having already given the NATO commander the kind of control the senator was demanding in the first place."

Muffled: By late in the week, as he carried his campaign to Kansas, and thence north to Mason City, Iowa, Madison, Wis., and finally east, to the Kennedy stronghold of Boston and on to New York, the senator seemed to have muffled, at least for the moment, his concern with the nuclear-weapons control issue. Indeed, in Dallas and elsewhere he notably stepped up his emphasis on peace: "No man, anywhere, wants peace more than I do." He also asked defecting Republicans to get back under "the big tent." "If we stand outside and throw rocks at that tent, it

doesn't do anybody any good," he said.

By the time he had finished addressing a crowd of 25,000 in Boston's Fenway Park, it was clear that Goldwater intends to step up his attacks on lawlessness in the streets as he campaigns in the industrial centers of the Northeast. When he asked the crowd, "Are law and order to be sacrificed just to give criminals a sporting chance?" the crowd responded with a booming "No!"

Goldwater then flew to Albany, N.Y., and Gov. Nelson Rockefeller greeted him with gingerly exuberance. Rockefeller praised the senator as "dedicated and courageous," but did not once ask his hearers to vote for him. In Detroit next day, Goldwater got an equally cool reception from Gov. George Romney.

The Peripatetics

Barry Goldwater's managers last week played what they hope may prove a major campaign trump card—a paid, 30-minute television tape of Goldwater and former President Dwight D. Eisenhower in a peripatetic discussion of campaign issues amidst the Arcadian scenery of Ike's farm at Gettysburg, Pa.

Goldwater was at his engaging and ingenuous best in the film, a soft-sell production which opened with pastoral vistas of grazing cattle, the disembodied voice of a narrator reminding viewers that the apples at the Eisenhower farm are about ready for harvesting, and that the country life is a peaceful one. The senator and General Eisenhower discussed the importance of moral leadership, the dangers of centralized government, Ike's foreign policy (Goldwater said he had always admired it),



Ike and Barry at Gettysburg: Moral leadership is important

UPI

brinkmanship (Ike said it is "absolutely necessary"), and Democratic imputations that Goldwater is a "warmonger" ("This is actual tommyrot," said Ike).

There were times, it is true, when Ike's syntax wobbled a bit, just as it used to when he was in the White House; and there were also times when the film sequences did not quite jibe with the conversation, e.g., after some shots showing a white-hatted chef preparing a barbecue, which seemed to suggest that the two were about to sit down to lunch, Goldwater instead just said good-bye, leaving many viewers wondering if Ike was giving a barbecue just for himself. In a copyrighted story two days later, *The Houston Chronicle* quoted a Goldwater staffer who had worked on the tape as feeling that some of the difficulties stemmed from Ike's volubility. "The general is a dear, sweet fellow," said the Goldwater man, "but we had a helluva time understanding what he said. We had to play it through three times to figure it out." But there was one brief scene toward the end that, intentionally or not, bade fair to touch many a heart. The camera panned onto Ike's putting green briefly, and there, fluttering in the breeze was his personal flag—the five-starred pennant of the General of the Army, affixed to the pole in the putting-green hole.

Poorest Rich Man

Minnesota's Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, widely pitied as a financial hardship case when he sought the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1960, disclosed his financial condition last week to establish himself beyond doubt as the poorest rich man in the race for national office. Private auditors put his net worth at \$171,396—including homes in Washington and Minnesota worth \$64,000, three cars (a 1960 Pontiac, a 1964 Chevrolet, and a 1931 Ford), and some \$100 in pocket money.

That hardly put Humphrey in the league of the other three candidates (Lyndon B. Johnson, \$3.5 million; Barry Goldwater, \$1.7 million; William Miller, \$270,000), but it left him no license for poor-mouthing either. "I have proven myself to be a prudent man," he said. "There will be enough to take care of mother."

CONGRESS:

The Art of Compromise

For six weeks the Administration's \$3.3 billion foreign-aid bill had been bogged down, sometimes almost forgotten, it seemed, as the Senate debated the rider Minority Leader Everett Dirksen had tacked on to it in an effort to thwart the U.S. Supreme Court's deci-



FLAMING CALIFORNIA: Fire fighters battle flames threatening to break through a fireline near Calistoga—one of sixteen areas in California ravaged by wind-whipped flames that have roared through the tinder-dry land. The fires razed scores of homes, burned property worth millions (some 88,000 acres around Santa Barbara alone), claimed the life of one fire fighter, and injured 41 others.

sion on the reapportionment of state legislatures. The conservative-liberal deadlock over the Dirksen rider was particularly galling to those senators who itched to get on with their election campaigns. Something obviously had to happen, and last week something did. The way out was provided by a bit of vintage Senatorial statesmanship—passage of a compromise measure that satisfied the conservatives with its strong language and mollified the liberals with its effect: it doesn't do anything.

Majority Leader Mike Mansfield engineered the way out when he withdrew his support from Dirksen's measure and sponsored, as a substitute, a "sense of Congress" amendment. The amendment says district courts should give state legislatures up to six months to carry out apportionment orders and, in any event, permit the next election of legislators under existing laws. Just as the Senate acted, a three-judge Federal court in New Haven canceled Connecticut's legislative election, set for Nov. 3, because the state General Assembly had failed to apportion on a population basis. Incumbent legislators will serve until a special election to be set after an acceptable apportionment is adopted.

Mansfield's proposal, like Dirksen's, becomes a rider on the foreign-aid bill. But unlike Dirksen's proposal, which would have had the force of law, the "sense" amendment is advisory only—the feature that permitted liberals who had filibustered against the Dirksen

rider to go along with Mansfield's. Enough went along to produce a handy 44-38 victory for the compromise.

That done, the Senate routinely (45-16) passed the foreign-aid bill, and hopes for adjournment this week were bright.

Other Congressional actions last week:

- The House Judiciary Committee voted 20 to 13 to do exactly what lobbyists for convicted Teamsters president James R. Hoffa have been trying to get it to do—investigate the Department of Justice. Democratic Rep. Emmanuel Celler of Brooklyn, who opposed the resolution, said it "all grows out of the Hoffa agitation."

- The Senate passed (by a 45-13 roll-call vote) and sent to the House the Administration's \$1 billion "new hope" plan for poverty-stricken areas of the eleven-state Appalachian mountain region, thus putting a solid stamp of approval on the last of President Johnson's major anti-poverty projects.

MISSISSIPPI:

Terror on Schedule

Throughout the long summer, the bitter-end segregationists in the sleepy little Ku Klux Klan stronghold of McComb, Miss., had held their anger largely in check while workers from the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) went about their self-appointed task of getting McComb's Negroes registered to vote. There was never any doubt in the minds



Bombed McComb church: 'A plant'?

of most citizens of McComb (population: 9,500 whites, 3,500 Negroes) that the sporadic beatings and bombings of Negro homes that had marked the summer would step up sharply once most of the COFO workers had left. That would be the time, they said, when the Negroes would get it. They were right.

The civil-rights workers were officially scheduled to leave McComb on Aug. 27, and though many elected to stay on past the deadline, McComb's racists promptly set about meeting their own deadline. On Aug. 28, a bomb exploded on the lawn of a Negro family that had been particularly active in the rights drive; within two weeks, six more bombings shattered the McComb stillness. "If the present increase in violence is not halted," warned COFO's director in McComb, tall, 22-year-old Jesse Harris, in a written appeal for help from the Justice Department, "it is almost certain that within the coming weeks there will be a civil-rights worker killed."

The Children Slept: Last week, his warning seemed dangerously close to fulfillment. As county and Federal grand juries elsewhere in Mississippi busied themselves with various aspects of the June slaying of three civil-rights workers, racial tensions in McComb grew even harsher, and death was barely averted there. Early in the week, a bomb thrown from a passing car exploded on the porch of Mrs. Alyene (Mama) Quin, a stalwart Negro-rights advocate whose South of the Border café and beer joint was a favorite gathering spot for COFO workers. Two of her children, Jacqueline, 9, and Anthony, 5, were sleeping inside as the explosion collapsed the porch and ripped through the front of the eight-room house. Plaster rained on their beds; amazingly, they got only minor cuts.

As the word spread that Mama Quin's home had been bombed, a large crowd of Negroes gathered in front of it, some carrying shotguns, some rifles. "I want to kill somebody," a Negro shouted. Several cars arrived on the scene carrying police and other whites; one was pelted with bricks and bottles. The cars made a strategic retreat, and the Negro mob later dispersed.

Meanwhile, another explosion rocked the opposite end of McComb. Only half an hour after the Quin bombing, a bomb burst inside the Society Hill Baptist Church, site of voter-registration activities in 1961. The church, empty at the time, was demolished.

"In my opinion," said McComb's Sheriff R.R. Warren, "the bombings were plants." But the police were taking no chances on further Negro reactions to them. Local police, reinforced by 137 state troopers, set up a maze of roadblocks through McComb's Negro section the next day and began making arrests, many on broad charges of "criminal syndicalism." Among white COFO workers apprehended was pretty 24-year-old Ursula Junk of Germany, an art student at the University of Minnesota. "I have a right to call my embassy and have them provide a lawyer for me," she insisted when a policeman began questioning her. "When you enter Mississippi," he shot back, "you ain't got no more rights. Didn't you know that?"

'Difficult': A glimmer of hope for McComb's terrified Negroes came late in the week. Three Negro women whose homes had been bombed—including Mrs. Quin—went to Washington and talked to the President. Afterward, he directed the Justice Department to suggest possible Federal action that might help calm the area. And a White House spokesman said the department would probably increase its force of lawyers thereabouts as soon as Congress passed a pending supplementary appropriations bill. But Burke Marshall, Assistant Attorney General for civil rights, who also talked to the three, pointed out that there was no national police force and that, legally, Federal action was very limited. "The problem is very difficult," he told the women. "It isn't for the lack of will on our part that more is not being done."

McComb's terrorists did not feel so constrained. Two more bombs blew up in front of Negro homes before the week ended. One dug a hole in the lawn and shattered windows of a Negro ex-policeman, Artis Garner, 27. He had left the McComb force in August, and was preparing to go to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission in Washington when the bombing took place. That afternoon, he had testified before the Mississippi Civil Rights Advisory Committee in Jackson. "Everybody is scared to death

there's going to be murder," he told the body, which was set up under Federal legislation. "Everybody is sitting up nights. They can't sleep guarding their homes and churches . . . I am scared for all Negroes in McComb."

CONNECTICUT:

Spinning the Bottle

There is a New England picture-postcard quality about the town of Darien, Conn. Darien is sleek, neat, spick and span, and can legitimately claim to be one of the most respectable, law-abiding, and socially elegant commuter towns in the U.S.: it has three country clubs, a yacht club, a public high school whose parking lot is jammed with students' sports cars; it has scores of modern homes, and no lack of equally modern, determinedly permissive parents to go with them. Last week, the proper town of Darien made headlines, and in rather a nasty way. Somewhat to the confusion of many of its townsfolk, Darien found itself actively involved in the accelerating revolution in moral standards.

Early summer is debutante season, and last June 22 there were two parties for the teen-age set. At the glass-walled home of Dr. George Hughes, a local psychiatrist, 200 young people were on hand with, according to Hughes, "60 adults to chaperon them." Earlier in the evening many of the guests also turned up for dinner on Crooked Mile Road at the home of F.E. Dutcher, a vice president of the Johns-Manville Corp. As is customary on such festive occasions, liquor was served. An 18-year-old named Michael Smith attended both of the parties, drank a total of twelve Scotches and waters, and then drove off with Nancy Hitchings, 17. There was an accident, the car

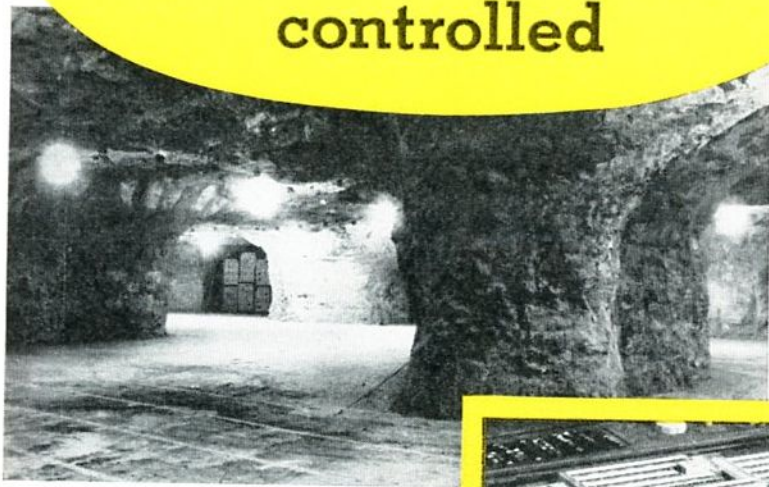


Associated Press

Judge Eielson: The party's over

Newsweek, October 5, 1964

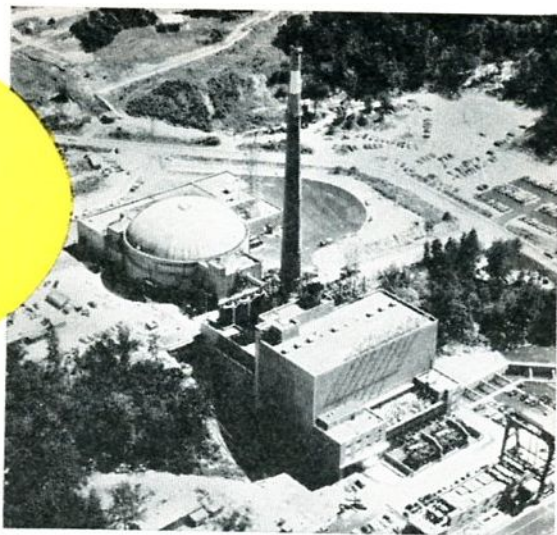
Square D-- wherever electricity is distributed and controlled



■ **World's Largest Freezer & Cooler Storage Warehouse** • Inland Cold Storage, Kansas City, Kansas, has more than 8 million cubic feet of storage space. Square D electrical distribution and control equipment serves this amazing facility



■ **World's Tallest Marble Skyscraper** • United of America Building towers 41 stories over Chicago's loop. Square D electrical distribution and control equipment serves the entire building



■ **Con Edison's Atomic Plant** supplies 275,000 kW of electricity to New York City and Westchester. Seventy-six Square D Control Centers are on duty in the reactor sphere and generating plant



■ **Ford of Britain**, among the world's largest automobile factories, has an electrically-driven 10-mile conveyor system. Square D control puts the system through its paces



■ **"Marine Highway" Ferries serve Alaska** • Three streamlined vessels like the one above serve the thousands of people who live along the 490-mile route between Prince Rupert and Skagway. Electrical control and distribution equipment is exclusively Square D.



SQUARE D COMPANY

EXECUTIVE OFFICES • PARK RIDGE, ILLINOIS

WASHINGTON

COUNTING CHICKENS

BY KENNETH CRAWFORD



Democrats are beginning to warn themselves against overconfidence. Hubert Humphrey is exhorting partisan audiences to remember 1948. In September of that year, the Gallup poll reported Thomas Dewey ahead of Harry Truman 48.5 per cent to 36.5 per cent, with 10 per cent undecided and 5 per cent for Henry Wallace. Almost nobody conceded Truman a chance of winning six weeks before the election or, for that matter, later on when the margin, according to Gallup, had narrowed. Yet Truman survived to mock the prophets.

Dewey and his associates were so sure of themselves that they started picking a Cabinet in October. Some of them arranged to rent houses in Washington. Dewey traveled such a high road that the naked-eyed voters could scarcely see him.

Humphrey's moral is not wholly lost on his Democratic confreres but it doesn't impress them very much, either. With George Gallup and Louis Harris both measuring President Johnson's strength at this point in the 60-to-65 per cent range, the 1948 parallel loses some of its capacity to frighten the Democratic animal, who is optimistic by nature. Even so, there are a few, even in the White House circle, who insist upon running scared. Mr. Johnson himself doesn't seem to be one of them.

HARD-WORKING MINORITY

The scared runners document their case by pointing out, first of all, that the Goldwater supporters, while in a minority, are an intense, hard-working minority whereas Mr. Johnson's legions are fat with confidence and recent success. Moreover, not all elements in the party have completed the transfer of their emotional loyalties from John F. Kennedy to Lyndon Johnson. Factionalism has reduced organizational effectiveness in some of the key states—New York, Pennsylvania, and Texas, for example. The Daley machine in Chicago, and others like it, are no longer the powerhouses they once were, even as recently as 1960. They all carry welts from the white backlash.

Mr. Johnson's public personality is another negative factor. His best friends won't tell him this but they

recognize it. He is not a glamorous television performer at best, and in his present role, as President of all the people, making an emotional pitch for the Great Society in which every individual will be fulfilled, he is not at his best. He is an activist, a pragmatist, and a salty informal talker. But as a prophet of utopia he is out of character. He is tactically right, as usual, in presenting himself as a responsible moderate. It is the execution that doesn't quite come off.

HOPE FOR MIRACLE

But flaws in organization and performance may not make much difference this time. There are realists in the Democratic leadership who think the biggest factor in the election will be the vote for and against Goldwater, with the majority against. And there are Republican tacticians who don't argue this point too strenuously although they still hope the zeal of the Goldwater partisans will somehow work a miracle. Goldwater himself can't do very much to reverse the trend. The new Goldwater is too busy dissociating himself from the old Goldwater to find the time and energy for much of anything else.

The Republican National Committee spent a lot of money last week on a television tape designed to show that Dwight Eisenhower and Goldwater agreed on all major generalities. This must have been a little surprising to Eisenhower, because Goldwater had supported Ike's policies in the Senate less consistently than any other Republican. In 1960, Goldwater voted for only 24 per cent of Ike's foreign-policy recommendations and for only 42 per cent of all Ike's recommendations, domestic and foreign. Anyway, the film demonstrated conclusively, as do many of Goldwater's campaign statements, that any connection between Senator Goldwater and candidate Goldwater is strictly coincidental.

On balance, Democratic pros see no valid reason to stop counting their chickens in advance of hatching. They think the President's campaign strategy has put Goldwater on the defensive and will keep him there. They expect a big Johnson victory and gains of 20 to 45 seats in Congress as well.

went out of control, the girl was killed.

Until last week, it was just another meaningless automobile-age tragedy, with the Smith boy hauled into court and pleading not guilty to negligent homicide, the case continued until Sept. 30, and no one else legally involved. Then Rodney Eielson, a 39-year-old circuit court judge (who recently insisted that his own driver's license be revoked after he was arrested for speeding), called an abrupt halt to parental permissiveness and the new morality.

Obscure Statute: He issued warrants for the arrest of Dutcher and his wife, Hughes and his wife, two other couples who had been party co-hosts, and six of the hired help, including a moonlighting public-school teacher who acted as bartender. The charge was based on an obscure Connecticut statute that forbids the serving of liquor to minors by persons other than their parents. Conviction can lead to a fine of \$1,000 and a year in jail.

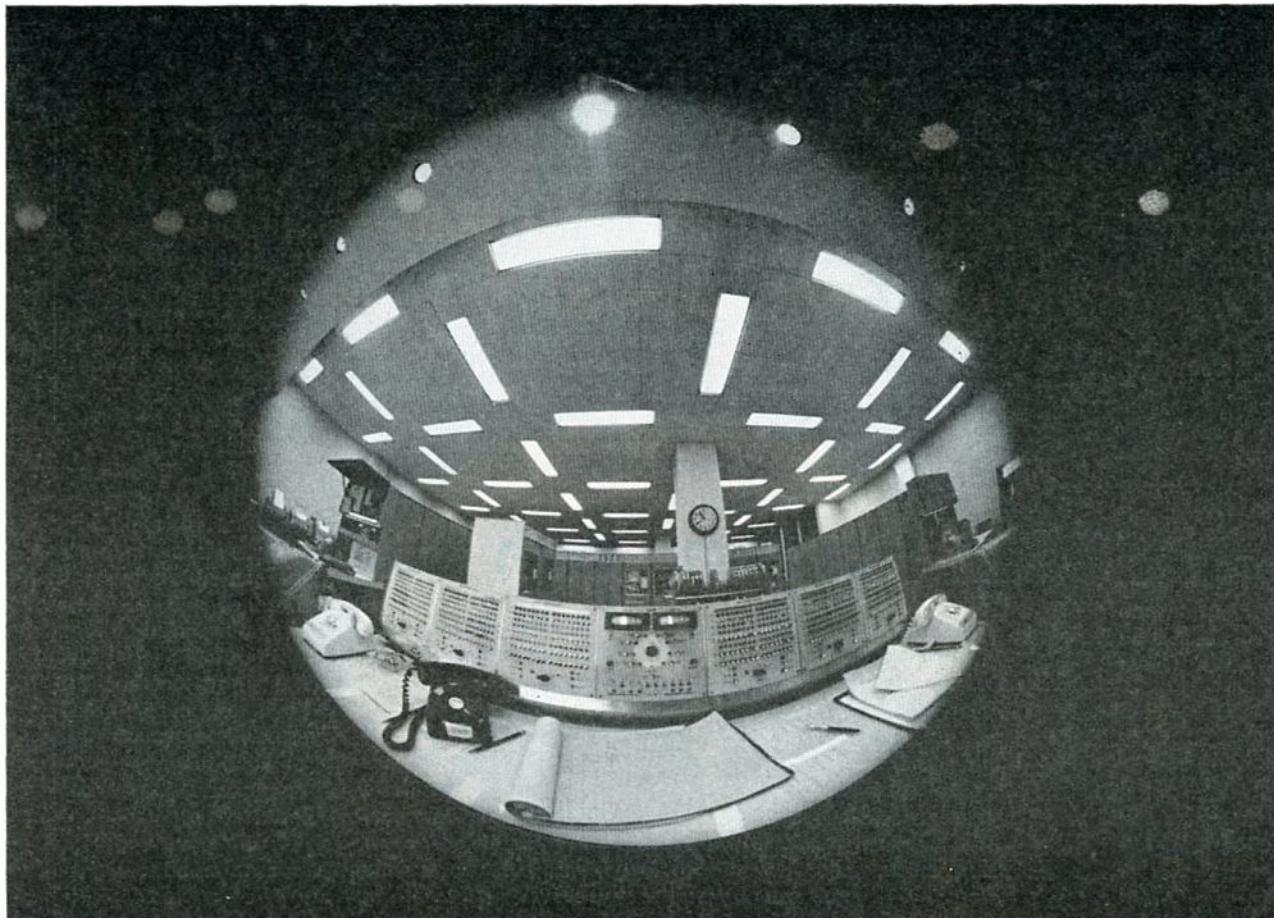
"The guilt of needless loss of life," said Eielson, "... is in the conscience of every parent who knew his or her child was going to be served liquor or who served liquor to a minor on that night ... I wish I had the power to get at every parent who is guilty."

Stunned by their arrests, the defendants quietly surrendered, underwent what was probably the most polite booking in Darien police history, and then were freed on \$500 bail until the Oct. 7 hearing. Most accessible of the fourteen was psychiatrist Hughes, who appeared healthily free of guilt. "None of us committed any crime," he said. "This was a carefully planned, well-chaperoned, good party."

Supervision: Speaking for some of the defendants, attorney Louis Stein said none of the parents had any idea they were breaking the law, that it had been intended for public bars anyway, not for gatherings in private homes. "They thought they were helping to control the youngsters, by affording them places to hold parties under supervision," he said. To dramatize his case, he also asked the arrests of four local policemen who had been hired to supervise parking, guard against gate crashers, and keep order at the two parties.

Darienites in general were amazed at the arrests, outraged in some cases. There were mutterings that the judge was a publicity seeker, a bluenose. Some felt their town had been arbitrarily singled out for disgrace. "Why us?" was the frequent refrain. "Our kids don't do anything here that isn't done all over the country."

But many were more pleased than puzzled. "Some parents are glad because now they have an excuse," said a Darien policeman. "Now they can say no to their kids."



**Courier, consultant, mathematician, statistician, logician,
sleuth, analyst, order taker, biller, dispatcher, proctor, informer,
comptroller, expeditor, librarian, raconteur.**

Quite a machine, the ITT 7300 ADX® automatic data exchange system.

The first to blend the technologies of telecommunications with those of a computer.

Result: a combined message switching and management information system that can switch store, transfer and process volumes of messages and data at near-instantaneous speeds. With uncanny accuracy.

It can handle message traffic for a vast network of teleprinters, data lines or computers.

It can recall information from its memory in 5-millionths of a second.

And it will automatically dispatch messages according to priority.

The ITT 7300 ADX system is a successful machine, too. Today there are far more 7300's in action than any other similar machine.

Eastern Air Lines uses the ADX system to handle information between 300 teleprinters comprising its Canadian, United States and Mexican network.

Trans World Airlines' ADX system, cut into service on August 5, handles message switching from all corners of its worldwide network as well as certain administrative

management reports.

Other ITT ADX systems are performing a variety of functions for the State Department in Paris, the Aluminum Company of Canada, NASA's Space Flight Center in Alabama and the U.S. Air Force Global Weather Alarm System.

ITT—world's largest international supplier of electronic and telecommunication equipment. International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. World Headquarters: 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

worldwide electronics and telecommunications

ITT



The President of France in South America: A triumph and a nightmare

On the Long, Hot Road With General de Gaulle

Precisely at 10:30 a.m. on Monday last week, the graceful white French Air Force Caravelle jet glided gently onto the runway of Venezuela's Maiquetia Airport. Two minutes later it had swung into position in front of the waiting dignitaries, and as a Venezuelan Army cadet band broke into a rousing version of "La Marseillaise" with a slight hint of a Latin beat, the plane's hatch rolled back. There, alone in the opening, tall, somber, imposing in the khaki uniform of a French brigadier general, stood Charles de Gaulle. The grandeur of France had arrived in South America.

The French President, with Mme. de Gaulle, was beginning a grueling 26-day visit to fifteen cities in ten nations—the most ambitious excursion abroad by any French chief of state since Napoleon marched out of Paris on his way to ignominy in Russia. While de Gaulle lacks none of the Little Corporal's sense of glory and destiny, his ambitions are somewhat less ambitious and far less ominous. He is out to lay the groundwork for stronger ties with Latin America—and, if he can, to capitalize on South American rumblings for less domination from the U.S. by forming a bloc of Latin countries.

Faux Pas: General de Gaulle's arrival at his first stop equaled all its advance billings. For two weeks the government of Venezuelan President Raúl Leoni—who hopes to enhance his own prestige with the visit of such an exalted world personage—whipped public enthusiasm by taking paid spots on radio to feature anecdotes from de Gaulle's life, making free film on the general available to the nation's eight TV stations, buying page ads in the newspapers, and plastering up posters to proclaim "Bienvenido de Gaulle!" To swell the crowd at the airport, the 44-cent toll on the 12-mile *autopista* from Caracas to the airport was lifted.

Despite his own elaborate preparations for the tour, de Gaulle's first act was to commit a mild faux pas. As he started down the Caravelle's ramp to greet Leoni, the band struck up the Venezuelan national anthem. De Gaulle did not recognize it and continued down the steps until an aide ran up to whisper frantically in his ear. Quickly, the general stiffened his 6-foot 4-inch frame into a rigid salute; by then, however, the band, with true Latin sensitivity to a guest's discomfort, had stopped playing halfway through the anthem.

After a brief opening speech in which de Gaulle told his 5,000 cheering listeners that "I want this trip to open a new era in the relations between France and this continent," the general set off with Leoni in the 90-degree heat to review troops strung out along more than half a mile of blistering-hot asphalt runway. As the 73-year-old French President, who only five months ago

underwent a debilitating prostate operation, marched stoically through the ordeal, a French newsman muttered: "If they make him go through this all the way to Rio, they'll kill him."

This indeed is the worry of de Gaulle's doctors, who argued against the trip. But their regal patient was adamant in his desire to go ahead with his plans to spread the French influence, so all the doctors could do was to prepare for the worst. Throughout the trip a physician will always be right behind the general, carrying two suitcases filled with supplies of refrigerated blood of his type and emergency medical equipment.

Fear: The ride in an air-conditioned Cadillac from Caracas airport to the city itself was a triumph for the de Gaulle charisma and a nightmare for his bodyguards. In the narrow city streets, reported *NEWSWEEK's* Paris bureau chief Larry Collins, the excited throng pressed so close that the cars of the entourage were often completely isolated from each other in waves of shoving humanity. On the wider avenues where the caravan's pace quickened, madcap Caraqueños astride motorbikes buzzed in and out among the security guards like swarming hornets. The constant fear was that one of them might be bent on assassinating de Gaulle. Recalling a ruse that once almost killed former Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt, police towed every parked car away from de Gaulle's route—just in case it might be loaded with explosives.

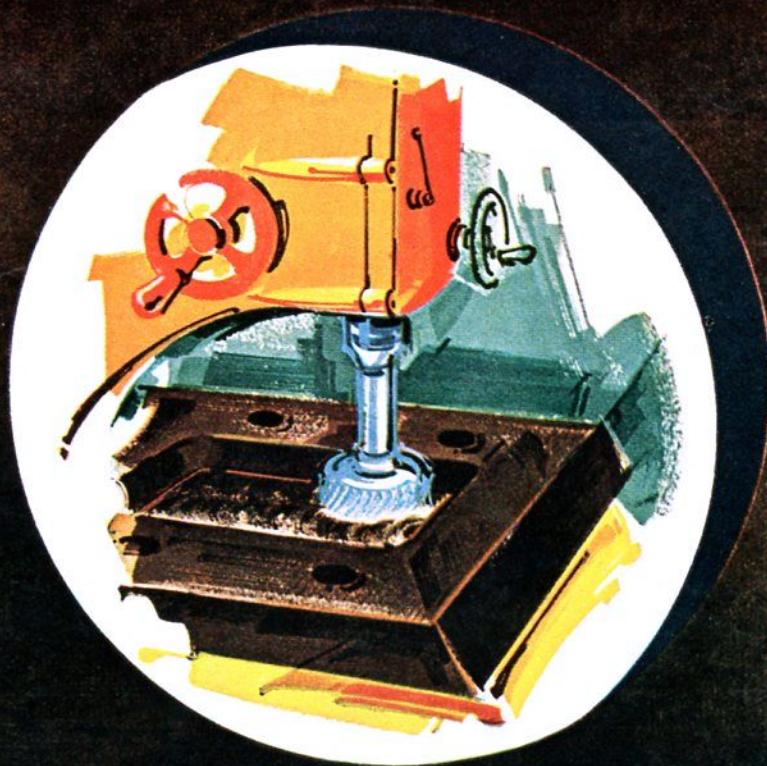
In every speech he made in Venezuela, de Gaulle dug deep to stress whatever historic links he could find between Latin America and France. And he drew applause from Venezuelan Congressmen with oblique allusions to throwing off U.S. hegemony in Latin America. (The speech ended with de Gaulle in a violent coughing fit—from a cold, his doctors explained.) "De



Mrs. Leoni greets Mme. de Gaulle



FROM THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FAMILY OF HARDBOARDS



BENELEX

A MOST VERSATILE MATERIAL: IT PERFORMS
LIKE METAL, IT MACHINES LIKE WOOD

Do you think of hardboard only as thin panels? Then you haven't seen Masonite Benelex. You can buy this material as thick as 2", in panels up to 4' x 12'. Use Benelex where you now use metal—for dies, fixtures, panel components—and you'll realize substantial savings. Hard, dense, mirror-smooth, Benelex weighs only half as much as aluminum, a sixth as

much as steel, costs but a fraction of either. You can cut it, drill it, grind it, mill it, tap it, shape it—all with woodworking machinery! There is even a special Benelex for electrical applications. Comparable to impregnated asbestos board or phenolic laminates, it is priced 10% to 50% less. Like all genuine Masonite hardboards—and *unlike* all others—

Benelex is made through the explosion process for unequalled strength and uniformity. To see where these Masonite hardboards might serve you, write for free brochure: "Masonite Hardboards for Home, Business and Industry." Masonite Corporation, NSW 105, Box 777, Chicago 90, Ill.



MASONITE

SHOWS THE WAY

Masonite and Benelex are registered trademarks of Masonite Corporation

*Look into the
many worlds of
total performance
for 1965...*

*best year yet
to go Ford!*

THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE MUSTANG 2+2



THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE FORD GALAXIE 500/LTD 4-DOOR HARDTOP

Elegant World: Solid, Silent '65 Ford
Now two luxury cars—Galaxie 500/LTD 2-door and 4-door hardtops—join the sporty XL's. You *have* to see them. Never before has there been so much to see. New elegance. New luxury. New engineering features.

These are the smoothest, quietest-riding Fords ever. The body is completely new—and far stronger. Frame and suspension has been completely

changed — virtually isolating passengers from noise and road shock.

The Cool World: Now 3 Mustangs
A new fastback 2+2 has joined the Hardtop and Convertible in the Mustang stable. Like all Mustangs, 2+2 is low in price and includes such features as bucket seats, full carpeting and vinyl interiors.

New world of value: 1965 Fairlane Bigger, distinctively beautiful—a far

better buy than ever! All-new styling, inside and out, new 200 cu. in. Six, 3-speed Cruise-O-Matic.

New world of economy: 1965 Falcon
With a 170 cu. in. Six and automatic transmission, Falcon now delivers up to 15% greater fuel economy. Other savings include: low, low Falcon prices, twice-a-year or 6,000-mile service schedule, and a battery-saving alternator. Take a test drive.



PRODUCTS OF

 MOTOR COMPANY



The Total Performance Fairlane 500 Sports Coupe

The Total Performance Falcon Futura Hardtop

*Best year yet to go Ford
 Test Drive
 Total Performance '65*

FORD

MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE
 FORD • THUNDERBIRD



RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT
 THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY'S
 WONDER ROTUNDA — NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



"I don't care about that old Prom!"

You can't measure the heartache of a teenager unless you remember the frustrations of your own youth. Marge was the only girl in the class who did not go to the Prom. She was angry with herself because she cried. "Who cares about Proms," she said "the boys bore me anyway."

When your father is on his back with an illness that has already lasted ten weeks, it is out of the question to ask for a party dress. Her mother had enough trouble trying to pay the doctor bills, the food bills, the

every-day living expenses—and they were lucky that Uncle Bill advanced the money for the mortgage payment.

If you are like most people, you already have some form of hospital insurance. But the trouble is that it doesn't go far enough, doesn't replace the income you lose while you are away from your work.

Should you become disabled by accident or illness, where would the money come from for the basic necessities? Will your wife be able to manage if your convalescence

drags out for months? Find out how one of GUARDIAN'S income replacement policies can protect your family at surprisingly low cost, can provide an income *in addition* to the insurance you already have. And with a little left over for your daughter's party dress.

Let your local GUARDIAN representative or broker show you a plan that will fit your needs and budget. He will also show you how

your Guardian for Life

will bring peace of mind to you and your family.

The GUARDIAN Life Insurance Company OF AMERICA

A Mutual Company • Established 1860 • 201 Park Avenue South • New York • New York • 10003

Gaulle," said one Caracas politician, "is seen here as a man who has successfully challenged U.S. authority without having to be either an enemy of the U.S. or a Communist to do it."

Yankee Ties: But always de Gaulle was made aware of the extent of the U.S. influence he was trying to overcome—from the signs along the boulevards identifying the offices of such firms as IBM, Seven-Up, and Chevrolet to the made-in-the-U.S. military equipment used by the very honor guards who attended him. Moreover, in private conversation, Leoni made it clear to the general that Venezuela's ties with the United States were too strong to be broken.

At de Gaulle's next stop, Bogotá, Colombia, the reception was even more enthusiastic. (At one point, however, the general's aplomb was shattered when a photographer snapped him eating with inelegant rapidity at a state dinner.) Yet again, Colombian President Guillermo León Valencia, noted pointedly that his country would "remain a good friend of the United States."

In Bogotá, moreover, security measures became even more stringent when it was reported that former French paratroop Col. Pierre Château-Jobert, a leader of the anti-Gaullist secret army, was in town; immediately 210 persons considered potentially dangerous were put in detention for the duration of de Gaulle's stay. He moved on 40 hours later without incident, however, to Quito, Ecuador. There he won a roaring tribute from a crowd by reading a speech in Spanish. But here, too, he was reminded by a member of the ruling four-man military junta of the close ties Ecuador and other South American nations had with the U.S.

'Viva!' Next day the de Gaulle entourage was off to Lima. In true Latin style, he and Peru's President Fernando Belaúnde Terry embraced, and then de Gaulle rode through the capital on another triumphant hero's welcome. Later (after swallowing a red pill to prevent another coughing fit) he tugged at the emotions of 50,000 people in the Plaza de Armas by declaring that Peru and France must strengthen their bonds, and the crowd responded with a lusty "Viva Francia!" But afterwards President Belaúnde dryly noted that de Gaulle's idea of a Latin bloc was "sentimental" rather than practical.

Most likely the French President will find similar reactions awaiting him on his arrival in Bolivia, Chile, and Argentina this week. Indeed, the beginnings of his grand South American tour may well signal its end result—a great personal triumph of limited political value. And the question is, will it be worth the physical toll it must surely take on Charles de Gaulle?



Newsweek—François Sully

Textile workers demonstrate in Saigon: Another pin for the juggler

Vietnam: Odds Lengthen

In the sad, six-ring circus that is South Vietnam, Premier Nguyen Khanh has often appeared to be performing a desperate balancing act on the political high wire. But last week, as troubles begat more troubles in his anarchic land, the little general seemed less like a tightrope walker than a struggling juggler whose audience continually insisted on tossing additional pins into his hands.

Hardly had Khanh had time to recover his losses after a coup attempt two weeks ago before fresh difficulties distracted him. In Saigon, some 5,000 members of the Metropolitan Trade Union Federation descended on the Premier's offices to demand that he reinstate 120 women workers locked out of a textile plant three months before. These days even a simple labor dispute in South Vietnam quickly takes on the dimensions of a major crisis, and what began as a demonstration of giggling young Chinese girls in colorful cotton pajamas soon spiraled into a general strike that half paralyzed the capital for 48 hours. Anxious to avoid civil disorder at all costs, Khanh quickly gave in to most of the union demands.

From outside Saigon, meanwhile, Khanh was tossed yet another pin to juggle. In the mountain town of Ban Me Thuot in central Vietnam, several hundred bronze-skinned Rhadé tribesmen who had been trained as irregular troops by U.S. advisers suddenly rebelled, killed close to 50 officers and men of the Vietnamese Army, and broadcast an appeal for the autonomy of the Vietnamese highlands. (The highlands, which make up one-fourth of South Vietnam's territory, are inhabited by more than a

million members of 30-odd tribes, all ethnically distinct from the lowland Vietnamese.) Despite two flying trips by Khanh to the rebel stronghold and mediation efforts by U.S. officers on the scene, by the end of the week more than 2,000 tribesmen were barricaded in fortified camps, determined to hold out until their demands for regional autonomy were met.

Rumors: Even if Khanh succeeded in pacifying the mountaineers, the ethnic revolt, coming hard on the heels of military and political rebellions, could do nothing to enhance his precarious authority. By now, the Premier's staunchest supporters have begun to complain of his constant wavering and inability to express anything but the simplest political views. "Khanh should at least offer something worthy of support," said one close aide last week.

With pressure on Khanh from all sides, there were, too, the inevitable rumors of a new coup in Saigon. The chief danger seemed to come from the group of young military officers whose intervention had kept Khanh in power during the recent abortive coup. Now they are demanding that he comply with their ultimatum to purge the army high command within a month's time. Faced with a threat from both the "Young Turks" and the generals they want eliminated, Khanh reinforced loyalist troops at strategic points in Saigon.

But not even U.S. officials, in the past always professionally optimistic over Vietnam, deny any longer that Khanh's position has gone from bad to worse. "We're not kidding ourselves," said one senior Administration spokesman last

week. "The situation is much worse than it was before the August riots and this month's attempted coup." With few Washington observers prepared to give Khanh a 50-50 chance of survival, the only question seemed to be how—not whether—the juggling act would end.

CRISES:

How to Help Out

The hopefully named Congo Reconciliation Commission last week succeeded in alienating practically everybody. Meeting in Nairobi under the chairmanship of Kenya's Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta, the commission seemed determined to ignore its instructions from the 34-nation Organization of African Unity (the OAU) to "help and encourage" the government of Premier Moise Tshombe in its efforts to pacify the revolt-torn Congo. Instead, Kenyatta & Co. went out of their way to affront Tshombe—and the U.S. as well.

With loud fanfare, the commission dispatched a mission to Washington to demand of President Johnson the withdrawal of all U.S. military aid to Tshombe, thus unsubtly suggesting that peace could come in the Congo if only the Americans would keep their noses out. This, of course, ignored the fact that the Congo's ragtag rebel armies have been financed and directed by other outsiders—from Communist China.

This apparent display of favoritism toward the rebels promptly drew from Congolese President Joseph Kasavubu the angry retort that the Congolese Government would no longer pay any attention to the decisions of the commission or of the OAU. Simultaneously, Kenyatta was informed that U.S. officials—though not President Johnson—would be willing to meet with his mission only if Congolese Government representatives were present, too. At that, Kenyatta instructed his representatives, already winging their way to Washington, to confine themselves to arranging a time and place for a meeting of "all parties concerned." Surprisingly, the U.S. seemed to be emerging as the conciliator between the Congo Reconciliation Committee and the Congo.

Hot Spots: While the Congolese pot continued to boil over, these developments occurred in two more of the world's perennial hot spots:

Berlin: After months of haggling (NEWSWEEK, Sept. 28), the governments of East and West Berlin signed an agreement that opens up a new hole in the Berlin wall. Hereafter, West Berliners will be able to visit their relatives in East Berlin at least four times a year. But the agreement did not provide for trips to the West by the captive people of East Germany. After all,

that's what the wall was built to prevent.

Cyprus: There was nothing unusual about the sight of two white Volvo personnel carriers rumbling along the narrow road from the Turkish Cypriot enclave of Kokkina to Lefka, another Turkish Cypriot stronghold 20 miles away. Sweden's 26th Battalion, the U.N. peace-keeping force responsible for the area, has a unit in Kokkina and headquarters in Lefka. Nor was there any mistaking the steel-gray uniforms and shiny blue U.N. helmet liners of the two Swedish officers and three soldiers aboard the carriers. But, as it turned out, this was no ordinary U.N. patrol.

As the carriers eased around a hair-pin bend, they ran into a roadblock manned by a swarm of armed Greek Cypriots who held the Swedes at ba-



Camera Press—l'ix

Willi Stoph: The main chance

zooka point, while they called in senior U.N. officials. To their chagrin, the officials found inside the carriers a quantity of rifles, Bren guns, bazookas, mortars, grenades, and ammunition which the Swedes apparently intended to hand over to Turkish Cypriots.

To Cypriot President Archbishop Makarios, the incident must have seemed like a gift from God. For with the U.N. mandate in Cyprus due to expire at the weekend, the archbishop was in a ticklish spot: he wanted the U.N. peace-keeping force to stay on his island a bit longer, but he did not want it given any greater control over his actions. Within two days of the gun-running episode, the Security Council handed him exactly what he asked for—U.N. troops for another three months, but without the broader powers U.N. Secretary-General U Thant had urged.

EAST GERMANY:

The Coming Man?

Otto Grotewohl was no hero. A longtime Social Democrat, the pallid tailor's son from Brunswick signed the death warrant of his party in East Germany when he submerged it in the Communist-controlled Socialist Unity Party after World War II. In return, Moscow set Grotewohl up as puppet Premier of East Germany. All that did was to make him an object of ridicule to his former comrades, a sick and powerless man whose death last week of leukemia at the age of 70 caused barely a ripple on the surface of German politics.

But if Grotewohl's demise meant little politically, it did set the scene for the emergence of a little-known but potentially important figure, East Germany's new Premier, Willi Stoph. An ascetic, 50-year-old Berliner, Stoph was once described bluntly by West Berlin's mayor Willy Brandt as a "deadly, inhuman person."

Brandt's judgment could, of course, be exaggerated, but there is little room for doubt about Stoph's toughness or tenacity. A Communist Party member in the early '30s, he nonetheless served as a corporal in Hitler's Wehrmacht and won the Iron Cross on the Russian front. Then, after the war, he resumed active work for the East German Communists and rose rapidly in the party hierarchy. A favorite of the Russians, he was promoted to Interior Minister, Defense Minister, and First Deputy Premier in rapid succession, gaining the reputation of a man with his eyes fixed firmly on the main chance.

With unloved party secretary Walter Ulbricht still very much the top banana in East Germany, Stoph's succession to the Premiership by itself did not mean much. Yet the belief is general that Stoph is "the coming man." Ulbricht, at 71, is rumored to have cancer, and even if the story is unfounded, he may not have long to go as No. 1 man in East Germany. In fact, Soviet ambassadors abroad have commented privately, and critically, to Westerners about Ulbricht's unreconstructed Stalinism. "We are not stuck with him for the rest of German history," said one of the diplomats. "There are other possible leaders—like Stoph, for instance."

MALTA:

Qualified Rejoicing

When the Duke of Wellington was asked about the possibility of a constitution for Malta, the crusty old soldier replied, "You can't give a constitution to a battleship." But last week, after 164 years of British rule, the island fortress

in the Mediterranean acquired not only a brand-new constitution but its independence as well. As the Union Jack fluttered down for the last time over the Maltese capital of Valletta, Prince Philip, that ubiquitous presider over independence ceremonies, snapped a salute. Then the fireworks blazed, and 50,000 excited Maltese let loose with a mighty cheer.

Not all of Malta's inhabitants were cheering, however. Earlier this year, the Maltese electorate by a narrow vote of 65,700 to 59,900 voted to accept independence within the Commonwealth—a proposition favored by Prime Minister George Borg Olivier and his ruling Nationalist Party. But Malta's Labor Party under former Prime Minister Dom (for Dominic) Mintoff remains opposed, and last week, on the eve of independence, Laborites roamed the streets, heckling speakers, stoning cars, and waving banners reading "Malta Is Sold" and "From Colonialism to Neo-Colonialism." Mintoff said: "A sad day for Malta."

Dom Mintoff, 48, who a few years ago was all for complete "integration" with the United Kingdom, has since drifted steadily to the left and now would like to cut all ties with the Commonwealth and NATO. Borg Olivier and the Nationalists reply that this sort of neutralism is impractical, since Malta has little to its name but its history. A halfway house between Orient and Occident, Malta bears the cultural traces of successive waves of rulers, including the Phoenicians, Romans, and Saracens, the French and the British. In World War II, the islanders gallantly stood up to continuous air bombardment by the Germans and Italians, and for their heroism the island was awarded the George Cross. But after the historical glories are recounted, the awkward fact remains that the arid, 122-square-mile country cannot support its 330,000 people without outside help.

Deep Gulf: An ex-Roman Catholic turned agnostic, Mintoff also dislikes the new constitution because, he says, it does not go far enough in limiting the power of the Roman Catholic Church, whose influence in the island's affairs is immense. In fact, the most important man in Malta is neither Borg Olivier nor Mintoff but the Most Rev. Michael Gonzi, the island's 80-year-old archbishop.

The breach between Mintoff and his foes is deep—and shows few signs of healing. Last week, Archbishop Gonzi made a gesture of appeasement by lifting an interdiction which had barred Mintoff from receiving the sacraments of the church. But so far, the tough and cocky Mintoff has refused to be placated. And unless the breach is somehow closed, Malta may one day become as sticky a problem for the West as has that other Mediterranean island, Cyprus.



Southeast Asian duet: Prince Sihanouk (left) and Sukarno singing
Newsweek—Bernard Krisher

Reporter in Indonesia

Back in Tokyo after a month's tour of Indonesia, Newsweek correspondent Bernard Krisher sums up in the following report his personal impressions of that troubled, baffling country and of the much loved, much hated man who dominates its every aspect.

Wednesday, Aug. 12: Arrived in Djakarta. As soon as I left the airport, I noticed signs going up everywhere to celebrate Indonesia's nineteenth anniversary of independence from the Dutch. I asked one of the other men in the hotel limousine to explain one sign. "It shows a man throwing up his arms in defeat," he laughed. "That's the Dutch." Everyone seems to laugh in Indonesia.

Friday, Aug. 14: I interviewed a top military officer who is a close Sukarno aide. He denied that Indonesia was becoming more and more anti-West. "Maybe some of our actions seem anti-West," he said, "but that is because we are independent and think not in terms of being pro-West or pro-East but of what is good for Indonesia." Asked about the threat posed by Indonesia's Communist Party, he replied: "They are no threat . . . We made them legal because it is easier to watch them."

Later I met President Sukarno at the airport where he was waiting to greet Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk. I asked him what he thought about [U.S. author] Louis Fischer's book about Indonesia. He answered: "Louis Fischer says that Sukarno is a great lover: he loves his country, he loves people, he loves women, and he loves himself." A bit defensively, Sukarno added: "If a man doesn't love women, he isn't a man."

Saturday, Aug. 15: Up early to sail with Sukarno and Sihanouk to an island in Djakarta Bay. Before leaving, Sukarno

shook hands with 150 navy cadets who were about to be commissioned, looking at every name tag and congratulating each man by name. (I later remarked to him that I heard he knew the names of most Indonesian military officers above the rank of major. "Of course I do," he said. "They are my boys.")

When we got to the island, luncheon was served and a band started playing. Sukarno, who had changed into sports clothes, began calling his guests to the microphone to sing. He called up Prince Sihanouk, who did "J'Attendrai," "La Vie en Rose" and "Sayonara" in a voice full of feeling. If Sukarno calls on you and you refuse to sing, his guards give you a most disapproving look.

Sunday, Aug. 16: This evening Sukarno officiated at the opening of the permanent exposition of the National Plan—which shows what Indonesia hopes to be in the future. He delivered his second speech of the day. Usually, his energy is astounding, but now he was suddenly tired after the day's efforts and sat down. I stood nearby and he called me over. "You are seeing the tired President," he said. He called over one of the lovely girl guides dressed in blue skirt and blouse. She knelt at his feet. He asked her to sit next to him on the couch. She did and her short skirt was above the knees. At that, Sukarno called the other three guides over, reprimanded them for wearing such skirts, and suggested they get longer ones.

Thursday, Aug. 20: Left at 5:30 a.m.

A TALK WITH SUKARNO: 'I AM INDONESIA'

At Bogor Palace, speaking fluent though sometimes erratic English, President Sukarno granted correspondent Krisher one of the few lengthy personal interviews he has ever given a Western newsman. Following is a partial transcript:

Q. Mr. President, why are you opposed to the formation of Malaysia?

A. Ah, that is a good story to tell. Look here, my brother. This is Sarawak (*moves a silver ashtray into position on the coffee table before him*). This is Brunei (*a cigarette box*). This is Sabah (*a lighter*). They have asked us to assist them in their struggle for freedom . . . We always help peoples who fight for freedom. We helped, for example, Algeria. So if we sent volunteers to Sarawak, Brunei, and Sabah, it is not the first time we have done it.

In the meantime, Mr. Krisher, there were plans to establish a federation of Malaysia . . . I asked [Malaysian Prime Minister] Tunku Abdul Rahman: "Why are you going to establish Malaysia?" And then he told me this story that . . . to overvote the Chinese majority in Singapore, it is necessary that Sarawak, Brunei and Sabah, Singapore and Malaya should be incorporated into one federation. I told him it is a wrong principle to establish a state upon.

Q. That was in Tokyo last June?

A. No, no, no, no! The first meeting, 1962 or 1963 in May, I don't know. And in Manila [in July 1964] I promised to recognize Malaysia, after a thorough investigation of the real feelings of the people of North Kalimantan [northern Borneo]. This vast territory was so-called investigated by Michelmores [U.N. career diplomat Laurence V. Michelmores] in only nine days. Some so-called leaders of the people were called by Michelmores. With guards all around and in front of a microphone the poor men were asked are you pro or against Malaysia? Of course, the majority of the people called said we are pro-Malaysia. I really admire the men who dared to say "no."

And before, even before, Michelmores was ready with his so-called investigation, they already proclaimed Malaysia. Then the British say this: "This has become now the sovereign state of Malaysia . . . You have not the right to come into that territory." So, Mr. Krisher, not only am I

against Malaysia as it is now, but this Malaysia as it is does not exist for me.

Q. Do you think there can be closer relations between Indonesia and the U.S.?

A. (*Laughing heartily*) Always.

Q. What have been the failings of U.S. policy toward Indonesia?

A. (*Hesitantly*) Yes. Yes. Eh, for instance, I won't say the American Government, but American senators, who said "stop all aid to Indonesia because Indonesia is going Communist." American newspapermen who said "Indonesia is going to collapse economically or people are starving." I never read an American kind word. Why? Why? And so many times I'm angry with your magazine (*laughing*). Sometimes my people keep cer-



Sukarno and NEWSWEEK's Krisher

tain articles in NEWSWEEK away from me so that I won't get angry.

Q. How do you feel about the U.S. Senate action attempting to withhold all aid from Indonesia?

A. Crazy, crazy. We are rich enough to do without aid. Our resources are so, so rich; our duty is only to dig out all the resources. We can do it without any aid. Of course, aid is welcome—but *not* with strings.

Q. There is a growing fear that the Communist Party in Indonesia—the PKI—is secretly attempting to take control of the government. Are such impressions justified?

A. No! I feel even a little angry when people say that I am under the influence of the PKI. All the political parties in Indonesia have differ-

ences with me, but on the whole they agree with my line of policy. It does not mean I am a Communist tool. Oh, you Americans (*laughing*), you are suffering from what I call Communistophobia.

Q. What are Indonesia's major domestic problems?

A. What problems? I have no headaches. Food problem? Nobody is starving . . . I am not afraid of the inflation. Inflation is only bad if it makes the people poor, if it makes people starve.

Q. How do you feel about birth control?

A. I still believe we ought not to have birth control here. My solution is exploit more land—because if you exploit all the land in Indonesia you can feed 250 million people, and I now only have 103 million. It was President Mohammed Ayub Khan [of Pakistan], who seeing so many children in Indonesia, said: "Sukarno, I tremble when I see children. Children create problems." Yes, your country is poor, I said. In my country, the more the better.

Q. How do you visualize the Indonesia of twenty years from now?

A. (*Laughing*) Ohhh. The richest country in the world.

Q. But how are you going to achieve that? What comes first?

A. All the projects of our Eight Year Plan. I consider that mental, intellectual construction is as important as economic construction. Ach, the people can live without any penny in their pockets, but no people can live without mental conviction.

Q. You have a "guided democracy" here. How do you define this?

A. I am not a dictator . . . It is democracy with leadership. Like a big family, the father presides—Son A is against something, Son B is for it, C is against. Then talk, talk, talk, and the father gives leadership. That's the position of the father, and that's my position . . .

Now let me ask you a question. (*He points to a magazine picture of South Vietnam Premier Nguyen Khanh*) What do you think of him?

Q. I haven't been to Vietnam . . .

A. This man, he is a puppet, he has no support. Me, I was nothing, but I came from the people. I was made of the people. I am Indonesia.

by plane for Bali. From the airport our car took us to the city hall of Denpasar, the capital of Bali. There Sukarno and Sihanouk stood to watch a procession of the famous Balinese dancers, who with their expensive gold costumes and exquisite acrobatics staged an extraordinary spectacle. Facing the reviewing stand were battalions of troops from the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Women's Corps. The women soldiers held signs saying "Crush Malaysia" and even the dancers lined up in front of the President to shout a loud "Ganjang Malaysia"—Crush Malaysia.

Sukarno then made a brief speech and when he had finished asked one of the dancing girls to lead the crowd in singing the national anthem, "Indonesia Raya." The crowd didn't respond as Sukarno had hoped and he looked somewhat perturbed. He picked up his swagger stick and began shouting at the people to sing. Finally the voices became louder and he gave a smile of satisfaction.

Friday, Aug. 21: Outside my hotel a young man asked me if I wanted a guide. I said no but invited him into a restaurant for a cold drink. He told me he was the headmaster of a school but earned only 7,500 rupiahs a month (about \$13). Since it cost him that much to feed his family for less than a week, he was forced to work also as a guide for foreigners.

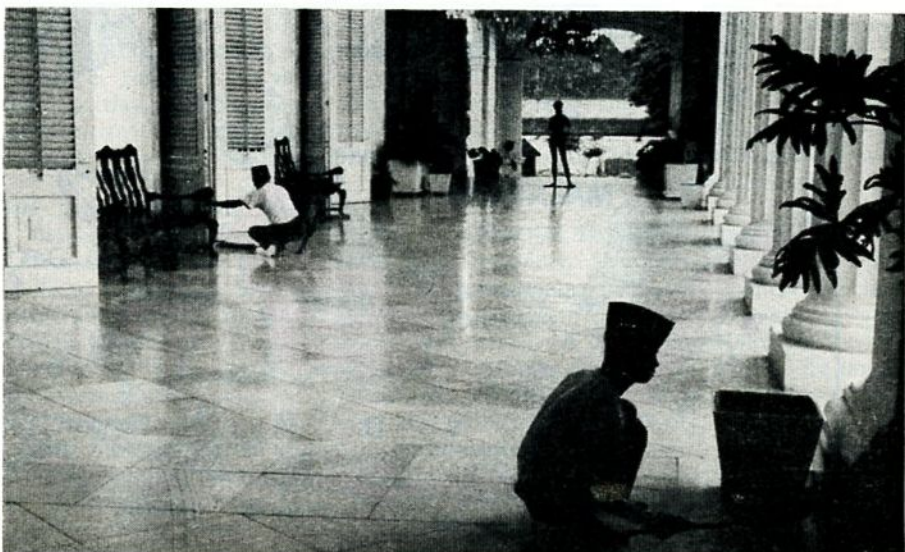
From this and subsequent conversations I got a clue as to how the Indonesians manage to survive despite the growing inflation and the apparent collapse of their economy. Almost everyone has one job to which he clings for status and several other jobs which he does in order to keep alive. One judge—who refuses to take bribes—is said to drive a *betjak*, a three-wheeled version of the ricksha.

Despite all this, no one looks hungry. In the country areas, food is as close as the top of the nearest coconut tree or the plentiful rice and corn fields. In the cities like Djakarta, where prices are constantly climbing, one might get the impression that the country was engulfed in a food shortage. Yet, later, when I asked a professor at the University of Djakarta Law School about this, he said: "It's magic. It can't be explained. Yet somehow, as you must have noticed, we all have enough to eat."

Sunday, Aug. 23: Went to Medan in northern Sumatra—a quiet, tree-lined city with its share of slums. Toured around the countryside and spoke to a village headman named Azman Hasan. Again, I commented that despite the humble surroundings the people looked well fed. I said I was puzzled why the country hadn't suffered total economic collapse. Hasan explained: "It is like a machine. People catch fish. They sell it



To beat inflation, everybody works—generally at several jobs



Workers sweeping Sukarno's Merdeka Palace in Djakarta



Newsweek photos by Bernard Krisher

Near the Malaysian border, Indonesian soldiers ham it up

on the market or they trade it for rice. The old people here make thatched roofs or they make cigarettes. They don't use paper but a kind of leaf. We don't have to buy materials. They grow around us."

On the walls of Hasan's hut hung a portrait of Sukarno; one cannot turn anywhere in Indonesia without seeing Sukarno's portrait. Pointing to the picture, Hasan said: "We have faith in him. If the government says confrontation of Malaysia, the people agree. And if the government wants us to boycott American films, we boycott them." Isn't there anyone who ever criticizes the government? I asked. "Some people talk that way," said Hasan. "They criticize economic conditions. But they're not good Indonesians."

Tuesday, Aug. 25: Arrived back in Djakarta. At my hotel met an Indonesian businessman who was critical of the country's economic policy. You were

form gave him some liquid Japanese vitamins and what looked like cough syrup. "You see, Krisher," he said, "they take good care of me."

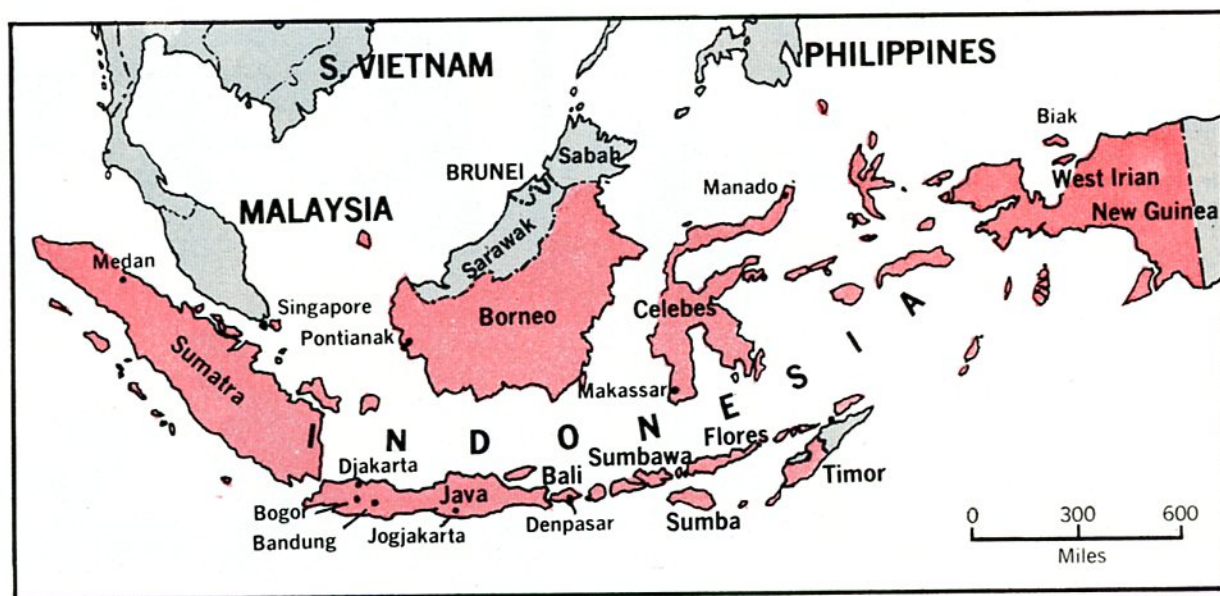
He took off his sport shirt, half-unbuttoned his undershirt, and loosened his slacks. Then, he leaned back, smiled, and started to sing. At that point, we were served breakfast—just coffee and buttered sugar toast. "A very simple breakfast," he said. "You see, this President is a very simple man." Then, as he fingered his undershirt, he added: "This is a new undershirt. Sometimes they are old and torn." He folded his toast in half and munched it heartily.

I brought up the subject of *djamu*, a powdered medicine which Indonesian women use to keep slim. "Do you want some, Krisher?" he asked, chuckling. He told me that he had ordered the medical department to investigate herbs and combine them with modern medicine—as

dozens of trunks and leather suitcases filled up most of the rest of the space. A second room, the one where Sukarno actually sleeps, held another double bed, this one half covered with books.

We returned to the veranda and the President commented that the tour had taken more than one minute. I asked what was in all the suitcases. "Documents," he said. "Secret documents. Not money. Sometimes I govern—I didn't say reign—by small decrees." He explained that he wrote short notes to ministers and kept them in these suitcases.

Saturday, Sept. 12: An unhappy conversation with the members of an upper-class, Western-oriented Djakarta family. The mother complained that the atmosphere for them was much like what it must have been in Germany in the days just before Hitler took over. "You can't meet with more than six people any more and we are even afraid to talk



Indonesia: The fifth largest nation in the world is determined to 'crush' its neighbor Malaysia

never sure, he said, whether the government would pay you on a contract. However, he added, he considered Sukarno one of the seven great men of history. Who were the others? I asked. He replied: "Churchill, Roosevelt, Lincoln, Hitler, Napoleon, and Mao. You draw your own conclusions."

Tuesday, Sept. 8: After returning from several days in the Celebes and Borneo (where I saw troops guarding the Indonesian-Malaysian border), I went to Merdeka Palace—a large white Dutch colonial building which is Sukarno's Djakarta residence. It was 7:30 a.m. and as I sat on the veranda waiting for the President, I saw a group of people walking through the palace grounds. One man was wearing a sport shirt with casual trousers. I immediately recognized him as Sukarno. He came onto the veranda and a woman in an army uni-

form were doing in Communist China. Some diseases, he remarked, can be cured with traditional methods. "Until the age of 14, I never received any modern medicine. Once I had worms, but my mother didn't give me tablets. She just took strips of dadap leaves and squeezed them in a handkerchief and then put them in my mouth. Next day, the worms came out."

I asked Sukarno about his art collection and he said I could see anything in the palace but his bedroom. I mentioned that he had said this so often to me that I was curious. Couldn't I just take a peek? Sukarno relented. "All right," he said, "just for one minute." His press secretary accompanied me to his living quarters. First, I saw a large, crowded room containing a vast double bed covered with a mosquito net. The bed was piled high with books, and

frankly with our friends... And now they are closing the British Council and the American libraries, the only places where there are still good books."

Sunday, Sept. 13: Out to Sukarno's magnificently maintained weekend palace at Bogor, outside Djakarta, for an interview (box, page 84). After the interview Sukarno asked me to accompany him into a large drawing room where he addressed Indonesia's top entertainers. The speech was followed by dinner and then entertainment. A band was playing Indonesian music and soon Sukarno started singing. He alternated singing with the performers, all of them making up lyrics as they went along. The audience roared, and Sukarno, beaming, began to dance. When he sat down, I went over to say good-bye. He pressed my hand firmly and asked me to return to Indonesia very soon.



David Hurn

Kim Novak: Ample in her role

Past Mistress: The story is set in the eighteenth century. So as she filmed "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders" in London last week, title character KIM NOVAK thrust herself far back in time and far forward in front of the camera. Created by Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," Moll is something more than a Girl Friday. She revels in thievery, prostitution, and marriages. And Kim does the role ample justice. As one onlooker declared: "She is 'Tom Jones' with cleavage."

Off the Hook: The way CLARE BOOTHE LUCE explained it to a Paris audience, she gave up the idea of running against BOBBY KENNEDY and KENNETH KEATING in New York's Senate race after consulting the Manhattan telephone book: "It lists 479 Kennedys, 20 Keatings, and 5 Luces." Maybe she got some wrong numbers,* but the chic, 61-year-old ex-congresswoman was hardly in a literal mood. She also told her American Club listeners: "Usually, pro-Goldwater Republican ladies are represented as subversive, subnormal, schizophrenic little old ladies in tennis sneakers. Let's say I'm in the springtime of my senility and you must take me as I am in this beat-up old Balenciaga."

Back in Orbit: He goes boating and water-skiing on Clear Lake near his home in Seabrook, Texas. And convalescent Lt. Col. JOHN H. GLENN Jr., 43, even feels strong enough to mow his lawn. "I'm just trying to get back in shape," says Glenn, who last February took an accidental tumble that jolted his sense of balance, forcing him out of Ohio's U.S. Senate race and into months of inactivity. Now he jogs a mile or two

every morning. Telling how it felt, Glenn recalled an anecdote from his days as an astronaut-in-training: "I was out running one morning and this guy in an old car pulled up alongside me and yelled, 'Who you fighting, buddy?' 'Nobody,' I said. 'I just do this for fun'."

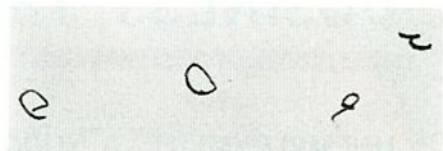
Man About Towns: For poet OGDEN NASH, 62, the tale of two cities boiled down to being looted in one and hooted in the other. Some \$7,000 worth of luggage, clothing, jewelry, and other valuables had been stolen from his car in Boston, and Nash obliged The Boston Globe with a rhyme to fit the crime:

*I'd expect to be robbed in Chicago,
But not in the home of the cod.
So I hope that the Cabots and Lowells
Will mention the matter to God.*

From the Windy City came gales of indignation. The Sun-Times pointed out in an editorial: "Crimes in Boston are on the increase. Crimes in Chicago are declining." And Chicago's American succeeded in getting Nash to apologize to the city, though not in verse: "I've got ashes in my hair, and I'm groveling in the dust. I'm sorry."

The Sword and the Pen: Oh, boy, a dinosaur! And 3-year-old JOHN F. KENNEDY Jr., doing what comes naturally to a little boy who happens to be toting a toy sword, took a swipe at the Sinclair Refining Co.'s 32-foot-high model of a Tyrannosaurus. In the tow of a Jesuit priest who is a friend of the Kennedy family, John-John was making his first tour of the New York World's Fair. At the Florida Pavilion he patted Ronnie the seal, bringing a bellow from Ronnie. "Don't worry," John-John said. "I won't hurt you." And after the Rev. Richard McSorley entered both their names in a guest register at the Ford Pavilion, John-John insisted

on a do-it-himself signature. First he grabbed the pen by the wrong end. After his hand was wiped dry, the son of the late President proudly scrawled his version of "John," like this:



Sight for Sore Eyes: Boston's honky-tonk section is known as the "Combat Zone," and who should turn up there to combat sin but evangelist BILLY GRAHAM, 46. In town to conduct one of his crusades, Billy was a sight for some very sore eyes on his midnight stroll past downtown saloons. How about an autograph? Graham cracked: "Somebody lifted my pen." He entered one bar—the Golden Nugget—and stepped to a microphone on the bandstand-turned-pulpit to say: "You all need to feed your souls. There's a body inside your body and it needs spiritual food." But not spirituous drink. As Billy put it afterward: "Many of the patrons were already far under the influence."

Tower of Strength: It was news that was eminently fit to print even if it hailed a rival newsman, so syndicated columnist WALTER LIPPMANN got a salute from The New York Times on his 75th birthday last week: "Walter Lippmann is living proof that the older one gets the better one gets, at least when the mind is keen and open and wise." At a party at Lippmann's Washington home, LYNDON and LADY BIRD JOHNSON gave him a guest book which they were the first to sign. And Lippmann was merrily sporting a blue button—presented by NBC's DAVID BRINKLEY—that read: "Sensation Seeking Press."



Associated Press

John Glenn on Clear Lake: A gradual re-entry into the active life

*Not counting business listings, there are actually 348 Kennedys, 64 Keatings, and 6 Luces in the Manhattan book.

BUSINESS TRENDS

UNEMPLOYMENT: A SUDDEN DROP?

The unemployment rate may skid sharply from the current 5.1 per cent all the way down to 4 per cent soon after the turn of the year.

That's the implication in current predictions by a few top government economists.

James W. Knowles, staff director of the Joint Economic Committee, says the 4 per cent "goal" will be achieved "sooner than many people now expect."

At this level, unemployment among married men would be down to less than 2 per cent (vs. 2.6 per cent at present).

But there would still be sticky unemployment problems among Negroes, youngsters, and the unskilled.

At a Washington conference on youth unemployment problems, Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith warned that even a surging economy won't reach such "social unemployment."

NEW WHEAT DEALS WITH RUSSIA

The U.S. should actively encourage more sales of farm products to Communist countries.

That's the burden of a special study by a committee of the National Planning Association, a highly respected private research group.

While our biggest export drive should still be aimed at free-world countries, the group says, we shouldn't ignore a temporary added market in the Soviet bloc.

Even with good harvests, according to the NPA, it may take two or more years for these countries to build up their reserves after last year's disappointing harvests.

THE SAG IN HOUSING STARTS

As the steady downward drift of housing starts continues, government and industry experts are becoming more concerned.

"Housing is the weakest of all the so-called 'leading' economic indicators," says a Commerce Department economist.

Total housing starts rose to a seasonally adjusted annual rate of more than 1.7 million in January. But the prediction now is that total

starts for the year will amount to only 1.5 million, down from 1.6 million in 1963.

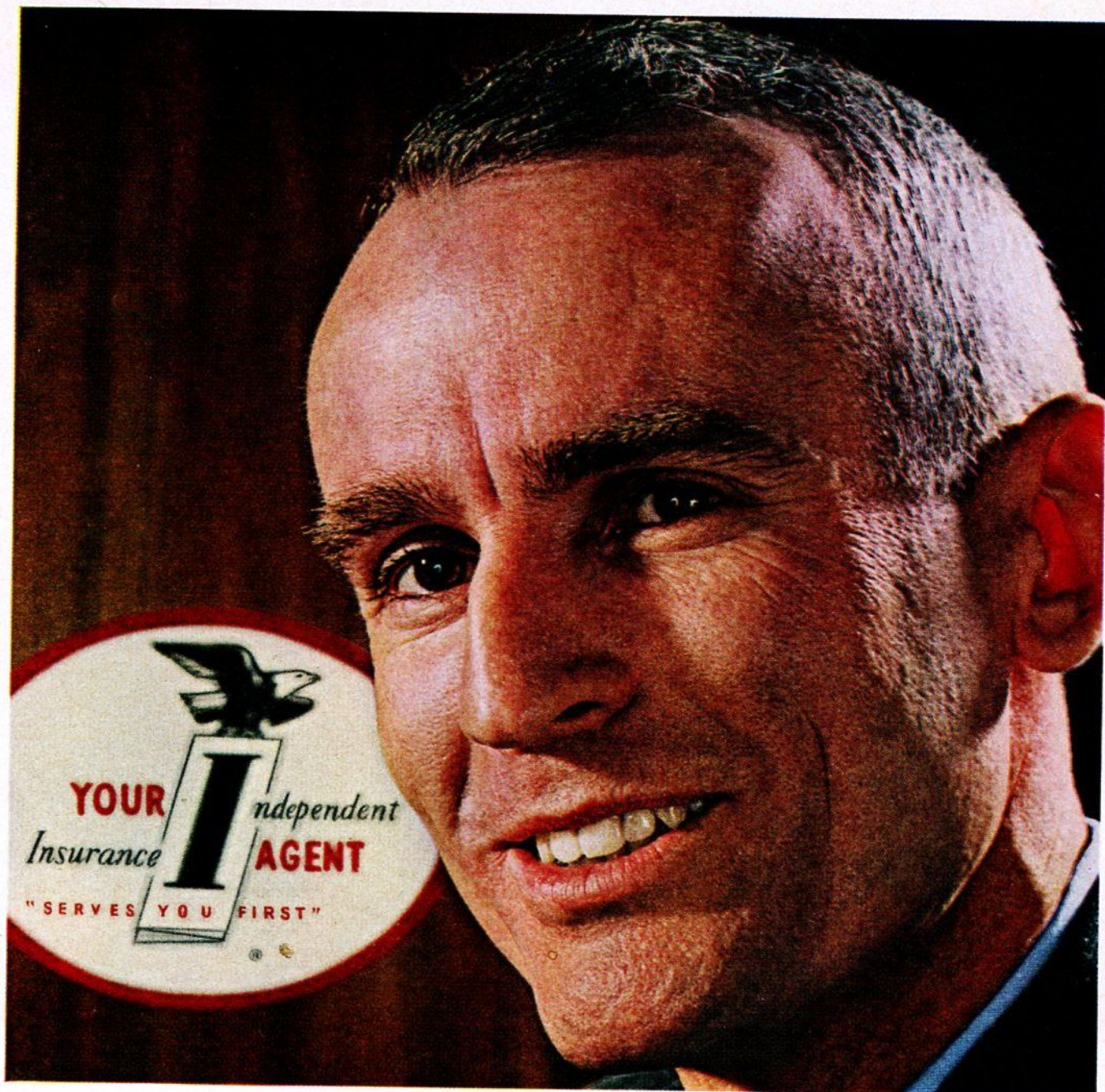
The best guess of the experts for 1965: no better than 1.4 million.

OFF THE TICKER

■ *Mergers:* Chicago and North Western and the Milwaukee railroads have finally agreed to merge after intermittent talks that started nine years ago. Interlake Iron and Acme Steel are discussing consolidation, and Colonial Sand and Texas Industries, two of the nation's largest cement makers, are talking merger. Litton Industries (electronics) plans to acquire office machine maker Royal McBee ■ *Iron ore deposits* discovered by Standard Oil (Indiana) 200 miles southwest of Anchorage, Alaska, could, with an estimated 1 billion tons of iron, become one of the world's largest deposits.

■ *Securities and Exchange Commission* chairman Manuel Cohen has announced stiffer rules for specialists on the major stock exchanges. Minimum capital requirements have been tripled and controls over trading activities have been tightened ■ *In an unusual antitrust action*, Europe's Common Market ruled that German electronics maker Grundig was violating policy in giving exclusive rights to a French distributor. Fifty sand and gravel firms were also warned against entering into restrictive arrangements ■ *Latest rail strike threats* by the shop workers and the engine and firemen were averted by negotiation and a Presidential order creating an emergency board to study the demands during a 60-day cooling-off period.

■ *Communications Satellite directors* appointed by the President are GM chairman Frederic Donner, University of California president Clark Kerr, and AFL-CIO president George Meany ■ *In executive changes at Texaco*, president Howard Rambin Jr. becomes chairman and chief executive to succeed Augustus Long, who will retire. Marion Epley Jr. becomes president ■ *Britain's United Airways* (privately owned) will take over the South American route being dropped by government-owned BOAC ■ *New Schmoos?* The University of Alaska has a \$336,520 W.K. Kellogg Foundation grant for an attempt to domesticate the musk ox, a genial critter that tastes good, gives a lot of wool, and likes inhospitable climates.



**Do you want an insurance agent like this man,
whose help continues long after you've bought a policy?
Or would you just as soon deal directly with
the insurance company yourself when you have a loss?**

The big advantage in buying insurance for your car, home or business through an independent insurance agent is this: He represents several strong, reliable insurance companies, not just one. These companies are noted for their fast, fair payment of claims.

When you have a loss he helps you with all the details and makes sure

you are paid promptly and fairly.

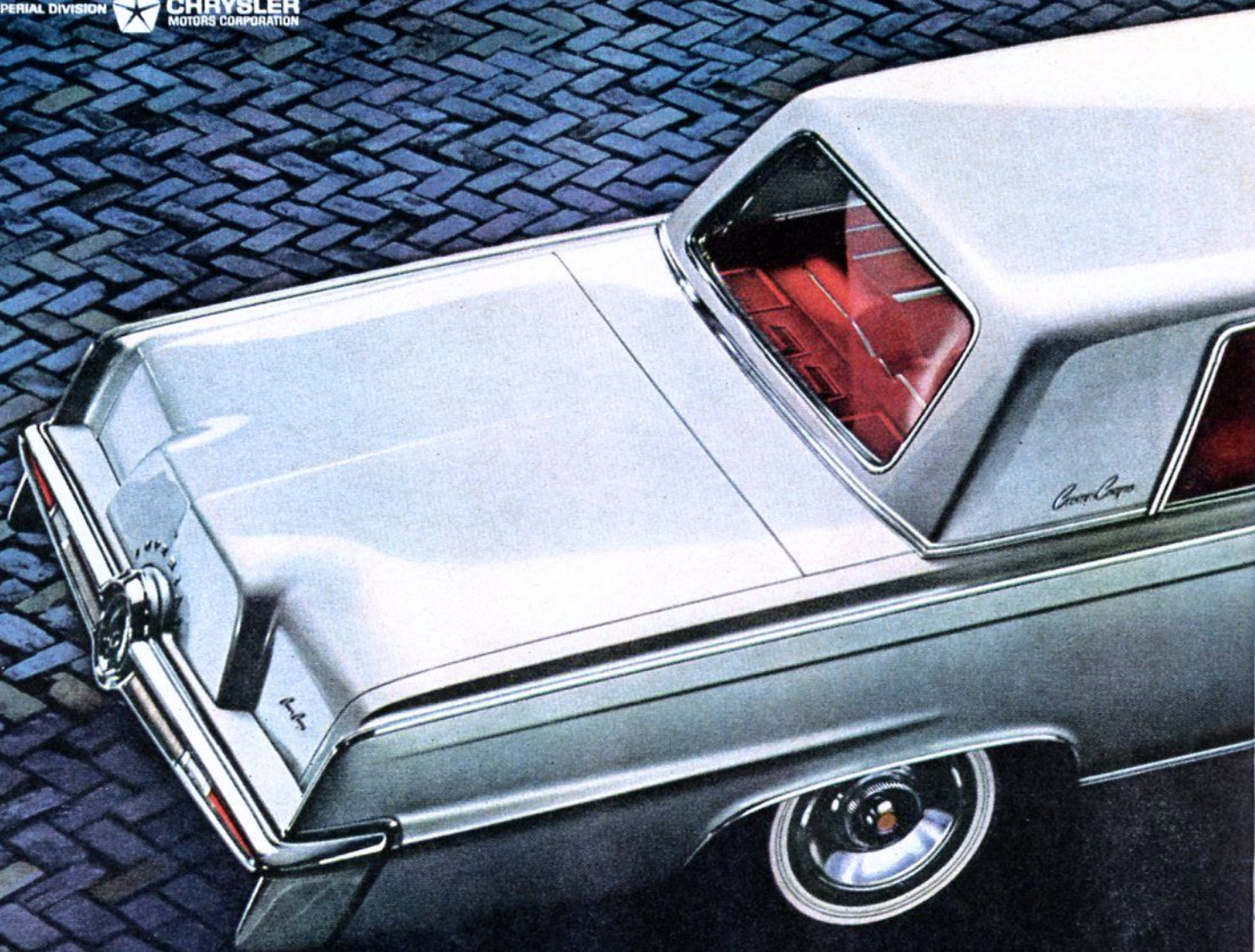
Suppose, on the other hand, you buy insurance from a company salesman—a man who sells insurance offered only by one company.

He is seldom around when the people to whom he has sold insurance have a claim. And if he were around, how could he be on any other side

than that of the company who employs him? The Big Difference in insurance is the continuing, personal attention of an independent insurance agent.

Look for this Big "I" Seal when you buy insurance. Only an independent agent can display it.





If you are considering a car in the luxury class, pause 5 minutes to read this advertisement. It explains clearly, and in interesting detail, why Imperial is The Incomparable luxury automobile.

Last year, Imperial introduced America's quietest luxury car. Additional improvements now make the 1965 Imperial still more quiet.

This was achieved by employing the new techniques of acoustics engineering to search out and eradicate body and road noises.

The ultimate result makes the interworking of thousands of Imperial's moving parts scarcely audible.

A flitch of luxury

The claro walnut used within an Imperial is found only in Northwestern United States, and Eastern Kashmir.

Flitches of the walnut (thin slices to be used as inlays) are examined for color, consistency and directional grain.

Out of every 52½ pounds of harvested fine-grained

claro walnut, only eight ounces are fit for Imperial.

This is then generously inlaid across the breadth of the instrument panel, the steering wheel, and along front and rear door wainscoting in most models.

An obsession with engineering

Even in straightaway driving on high-speed turnpikes, one enjoys a sensitivity of command provided by no other car.

Only Imperial among

America's fine luxury automobiles has a hydraulic system to aid and abet the mechanical steering reaction. The result is an unequaled control of the automobile even under adverse road and weather conditions.

The improved 413 cu. in. V-8 is another good example of Imperial's advanced engineering.

It provides increased acceleration and responsiveness over last year's Imperial engine—yet, it still retains the same efficient compression ratio and output ratings.



Announcing the 1965 Imperial:
to mark the occasion,
we've made significant evolutionary changes.

Rust resistance increased

The body undergoes a 13-step rust preventive treatment. The process actually increases the resistance of the steel itself by changing its molecular surface structure.

The paint finish of each Imperial body is six coats deep. After a final wet sanding the last coat undergoes a special machine-buffing to provide a luster impossible to achieve by hand.

Separate corps of inspectors subject every single

Imperial to more than 1,650 quality-control evaluations in final assembly phases alone.

Standard equipage

Among Imperial's standard equipment, one finds an extraordinary range of essentials: Automatic transmission. Power steering. Power brakes. Power window lifts. Power vent windows. Heater. A signal light that indicates when your other gauges need attention.

And thirty-three other standard luxury features.

Imperial's choice of models includes a Crown Four-Door, a two-door Crown Coupe, Crown Convertible Coupe, and the flagship of our fleet, the LeBaron.

The Imperial Crown Ghia, an eight-passenger limousine, is also available.

Size: no compromise

Imperial's roominess is exceptional. It is one of the very few luxury cars in the world to offer hip room and shoulder room in excess of five feet, front and rear.

Make us prove it

At this point, we invite you to consider the 1965 Imperial on your own terms.

A request on your personal letterhead will bring an Imperial catalog by return mail. Address: Imperial Division, Adv. Dept., 12200 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan 48231.

If you prefer firsthand inspection, we suggest a call to your nearby dealer. A test drive can be quickly arranged at your convenience.

THE INCOMPARABLE IMPERIAL

**"Usually it takes months to get a computer system going.
Ours was running six weeks after they rolled it in."**

"We'd heard discouraging reports of computers that didn't begin to show promised results for a year after being installed. That wasn't true with our NCR 315. Six weeks after it arrived, it was turning out a heavy load of sales statistics, stock turnover and inventory reports besides doing all kinds of other corporate data proc-

essing. That was just the beginning. It's been processing about 500,000 invoice items a month. And we're still exploring new applications. One obvious and welcome benefit is: we've shortened the time gap between the accumulation and the final evaluation of sales data. That means money in the bank for us. The 315 is more

than earning its keep by saving time, increasing sales information, and thus increasing our control over our own business. Unusual? I'd call it essential." Joseph A. Grazier, President, American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation, New York City.

Joseph A. Grazier



N

C

R

Martin: Next Year, a Slowdown

As chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, William McC. Martin is a leading architect of U.S. money policy whose infrequent public pronouncements have considerable influence on the financial world. In an exclusive interview with NEWSWEEK'S BUSINESS TRENDS editor Hobart Rowen last week, Martin discussed recent economic developments. Some of his observations:

On auto wages: "I would be slightly skeptical about the notion that [the industry's new contracts] are not inflationary—particularly if they spread to other negotiations."

On auto prices: "I think that reports that the auto companies are holding the price line are a very good omen."

On the short-term outlook: "It seems obvious to me that over the course of the next six weeks we will have to make some judgments on whether there is to be a major shift in money policy. Two situations—potential inflation on the domestic side and the balance-of-payments picture—will be coming to a head, as they usually do, at the same time."

On the long view: "Next year, there will be a slow-down in the economy. At least the odds are in that direction."



Newsweek—Rowland Scherman

The Economy: Jolts on Two Fronts

In its 43rd month, the record U.S. business expansion was jolted last week on two fronts. In Detroit, giant General Motors and the United Auto Workers failed to come to terms on a new contract, and 260,000 workers went on strike at GM plants across the country (following story). However long or short it might be, the GM walkout was disturbing at a time when the auto industry was cranking up for all-out production of its new 1965 models. But even more disturbing to economists were the first signs of an old bugaboo creeping into the expansion: inflation. Last week, William McC. Martin, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, agreed that the signs were present. "There is shaping up a slightly inflationary tone," said Martin, "that hadn't been evident until these settlements."

Martin referred to the pacts negotiated earlier by the UAW with Chrysler and Ford, the biggest the union has ever won. Riding on record profits, the auto makers are well able to afford hefty settlements this year (the GM strike was not called over money, but non-economic issues). This fact was underscored during the week when the Big Three, including GM, announced that for the sixth straight year they are holding the price line on new models.*

But what concerns Martin and the economists is: what will happen in other

industries not so well heeled as the auto manufacturers? Higher labor costs, in part, were responsible for price hikes announced last week for copper (up 2 cents a pound, to 34 cents) and tires for passenger cars (up an average of 2.5 per cent).

Tempting: The biggest fear is that the trend toward bigger labor pacts may spread, putting further pressure on prices. Other unions undoubtedly will be looking hungrily at the fat settlement won by the UAW and try to do as well or better in negotiating new contracts for their own members. This will almost certainly be true in the steel industry, where contracts expire next spring. At the United Steelworkers convention in Atlantic City last week, union chief David McDonald underlined this point when he told some 3,500 of his 1.1 million members that he would seek "total job security." While McDonald did not spell out precisely what he meant or how long he thinks it will take him to reach his goal, there was little doubt that next year's steel pact will cost a good deal more money.

The man who may very soon come to grips with the problem as a policy matter is William McC. Martin. And any anti-inflationary moves would pose tough questions for the rumpled Fed chairman. During inflationary times, the Fed normally tightens up on money a bit; through its ability to influence banks' lending power it nudges interest rates higher to temper the euphoria. This would be especially helpful at the

present time because the higher interest rates would very likely attract more capital to the U.S., thus minimizing the irksome balance-of-payments deficit.

There are strong arguments, though, against such a move. Martin is convinced that some kind of economic decline, probably a mild one, will occur in 1965; short of a specific stimulus to business, he reasons, the boom will simply run out of steam. Any steps toward tighter money might aggravate this. The Fed hasn't "the slightest desire," Martin insists, "to get tagged with causing a decline." In addition, Martin has maintained a good working relationship with the Democratic Administration, which prefers easy money to spur economic expansion. He doesn't seek to jeopardize this relationship.

Martin thus does not plan to tighten money just now. Still, he says, a decision on whether or not to make a major policy change in that direction will have to be taken within the next six weeks. "We wouldn't shirk our responsibility," he concludes, "if we felt there was a head of steam threatening to blow off."

AUTOS:

Walkout in Detroit

In the blue-walled anteroom outside the fifth-floor bargaining suite of the General Motors Building in Detroit, the 10 a.m. deadline arrived and passed—and the tension rose a notch for the 200 newsmen, General Motors execu-

*Actually, though, many car buyers may pay a bit more for their cars because some previously optional items (such as \$10 seat belts) are now standard equipment. Also, Ford and Chrysler reshuffled their lines enough to cause slight increases for some models.

The New Breed of Salesman-

tives, and United Auto Workers staffers milling expectantly around. Finally, the door opened, and a lanky UAW bargainer came out. In the hush, he said one quiet word: "Strike."

With that word, the first national auto walkout in thirteen years was under way. Within hours, UAW pickets representing 260,000 workers were marching at 90 General Motors plants and buildings across the country. After a week of intensive talks climaxed by a 24-hour marathon session, UAW president Walter Reuther had succeeded in matching the 57-cents-an-hour "cake" he won from Chrysler Corp. three weeks ago and the Christmas bonus "frosting" added a week later by Ford Motor Co. But GM had refused the dollop of extra ice cream which Reuther demanded—concessions on union representation in the plants, overtime rules, production standards, disciplining of workers, and subcontracting work to outside companies.

Not by Bread: Just 30 minutes after the strike started, Reuther outlined the union's grievances. "The General Motors workers are, I think, very happy with the general economic package," he conceded. "But they are interested in more than just that, because man does not live by bread alone. [GM] is a huge, dehumanized machine. They've lost touch with the human equation on the production line."

GM's chief bargainer, vice president Louis G. Seaton, retorted that the strike was unnecessary, since "we had what I would consider the basis of a settlement." But Seaton also made it clear that he felt Reuther's non-economic demands were threatening one of his company's most cherished prerogatives: its right to make its own management decisions. As Seaton frequently proclaims, "There are worse things than a strike and one is to give up your right to manage your business efficiently."

Local Politics: Except for a comparative handful of militant officials in UAW locals, nobody had wanted the strike; Reuther himself, a union insider said, "was awfully upset . . . He really hoped we could get out of this." At one point, Reuther even suggested that the non-economic issues be left to local bargaining units under a separate strike deadline this week, but his bargaining committee voted him down. "They simply can't go back to their plants without some progress in these areas," a high union official explained. "They'd be dead politically if they did." GM, just coming onto the market with its 1965 models, certainly had no wish to close its plants while Ford and Chrysler kept turning out cars.

Yet the pickets marched, and at the weekend, the weary bargainers snatched a few hours' sleep and then tackled the knotty issues all over again.

You don't understand. Willy was a salesman. And for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicine. He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start not smiling back—that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your hat, and you're finished. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory."

Shortly after Charley speaks these lines in the shattering final scene of Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman"—at the grave of Willy Loman—Willy's widow utters two agonizing cries and leaves the audience literally in tears and full of compassion for the dead salesman. Then the applause dies, the people leave the theater, and, out in the night air, they divorce art from reality. The image of a salesman replaces the death of a salesman, and it is not always prepossessing.

Almost anyone can quickly conjure



Joseph Hirsch

Willy Loman: An image lingers on

up distasteful stories of foot-in-the-door peddlers, of oily bunko artists and grating street hawkers, of backslapping, fanny-pinching traveling men. The American salesman, it sometimes seems, has been able to sell everything but himself.

Indeed, reports Sales Management magazine, "selling is a dirty word." In a poll of nearly 1,000 students from 123 universities, the magazine could find only one out of seventeen willing to try selling. "I would infinitely prefer to return to shoveling manure than to be a salesman," replied a Johns Hopkins student who had grown up on a farm. "I never met a salesman I didn't loathe," commented a Pennsylvania collegian. To a Yaleman, selling was "too frustrating and too prostituting." And a student from Buffalo saw salesmen as "boorish, uneducated brutes."

But this is hardly the real truth about the American salesman. Today there are some 1.6 million salesmen* in the U.S., peddling everything from buttons to rocket boosters, and their art has progressed as much as any other. To be sure, the old-style drummer is no longer in the mainstream. But he's still paddling around out there with his smile and shoeshine, his costume a bit more subdued and his supply of jokes, sad to relate, a bit low.

Nomads: In Atlanta early this month, a rumpled and obviously soul-weary middle-aged salesman parked his battered station wagon in front of Buckhead Hardware in the fashionable north side and tried to sell partner George Murray some umbrellas. "Well, actually," said Murray, "we don't carry umbrellas." Then, looking at some samples: "These look a little shopworn."

"Why sure," replied the rack jobber (a drummer who sells anything he can carry), "these are my samples. Been showing them for several years. Bound to get a little beat up. But these are fine handmade items, made in Italy. Can't get this around here."

"Where have you been storing them?" asked Murray, sniffing. "They smell sort of musty."

"No sircce," came the answer. "That's just me. I always smell like that."

After the drummer had gone, without an order, Murray told NEWSWEEK's Joseph Cumming: "We get a lot like that, still. They're working their way to Florida, usually . . . Maybe they'll hit Atlanta selling umbrellas and go into Miami selling shirts and socks. All he's

*The last census listed 4.8 million "sales workers." Well over half, though, were retail clerks, and the census also counted such classifications as newsboys (200,000) and real-estate agents (200,000).

Not Like Willy

got is himself, his personality, and his salesmanship."

In Chicago one morning last week, another old-timer, but a solidly based one, set out at 8:15 to make his round of calls. Louis Schneider, 62, a tanned, 5-foot 7-inch dynamo, slid into his white '64 Chevrolet and headed for the South Side to peddle his line of men's hosiery, underwear, and specialty items. First stop was Fuller's Department Store, and Schneider walked in with a sample box tucked under his arm. "You must have an item under your arm," he confided to *NEWSWEEK*'s Steve Saler. "Never enter empty-handed. Show the buyer that you're working." As he waited for a buyer, he described his selling tactics: "I try to get my branded items [which include Fruit of the Loom and Health-knit] into the store, my main lines . . . The hardest thing is to get brand items in. Then they work for themselves."

Ten Cases: After some small talk and banter with the buyer, Schneider pulled a black jacket from his box and lowered his voice to a confidential whisper: "Take a look at these. I sold ten cases Monday . . . If you want to be conservative, buy two cases."

"My heart's not in it," the buyer came back. "Give me a case. If it was anybody else but you, I wouldn't take any."

"You should take more," Schneider insisted. "I wouldn't kid you, boy. You're not a customer, you're a friend. I may not have any more left." The order stayed at one case.

In all, Schneider made six calls that day and sold about \$1,000 worth of merchandise. "When you get through the day, you're really knocked out," he says. But he has "always liked selling." Besides the good income (in excess of \$15,000 a year), "it gives you a broad education. You meet all types of people and know how the other part of the world lives." Still, Schneider wouldn't be a salesman if he had it to do over again—"I'd be a lawyer or a doctor or an accountant" (he never went beyond grammar school). "My generation is the last of the old-school salesmen, and old salesmen are drying up, even me."

Taking the place of the Schneiders is a new breed of salesmen, bred for today's vast industrial complexity.

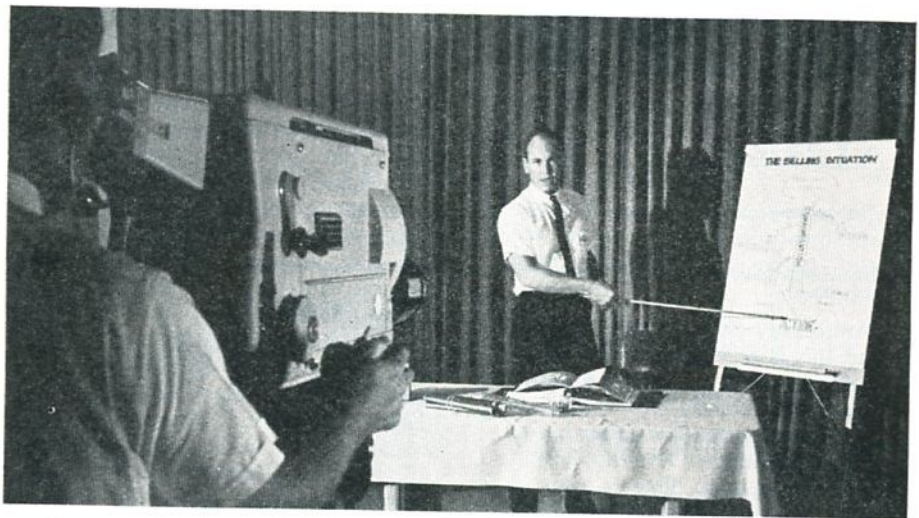
As a group, they are less colorful, less fun than the old-timers. But they are far better trained and far more responsive to their customers' needs. They're not exactly Puritans. Nightclubbing and the golf course are still part of the sales agenda. These are nice ice breakers and good ways to keep a customer happy. But it takes more, much more, to get a signature on a contract. Charles Mil-

stead, a former Texas A&M quarterback who now sells valves and fittings for a Houston firm, often takes clients golfing, hunting, and to ball games. The sports help, but can't be directly credited with having snared sales. "Above and beyond all that, you've got to have quality and price," he says. "You don't make a \$2 million decision to buy a computer in a bar," says Frank Cary, president of IBM's Data Processing Division. "Customers are so sharp these days, you wouldn't believe it," comments Michael Riordan, a leading Pitney-Bowes (postage meters) salesman. "The case of booze or box of cigars at Christmas time just doesn't impress anybody any more. Knowledge of your product and an interest in your customer's problems can make or break a salesman."

The new breed of salesmen know they can't sell a rolling mill or a steam turbine with a flip chart on a single call.

come the route analysts and the economists, who make up sales support. We don't call up the president of an airline and say: 'We'd like to sell you an airplane,' although there comes a time when the airline president gets personally involved with Mr. Allen [William M. Allen, Boeing president]."

The Equation: The basic idea behind big selling today is something called "marketing concept," an expression coined by General Electric. Like many another powerful idea, it is basically simple. Instead of saying, in essence, "This is what we make, now how can we sell it?" the equation is turned around: "What does our customer need and how can we help him (and, of course, ourselves)?" Instead of being "product oriented," industry is becoming "customer oriented." "We don't sell equipment," says William Bader, who heads up sales of IBM computers to the



Newsweek—Harry Groom

Videotaping an Ampex lesson: The instant playback can be shocking

It takes months of homework before the approach is made—and often it's not simply a question of one person selling to another. Whole teams are involved, and sometimes even the presidents of the companies concerned.

Teamwork: Boeing, for instance, has worked years on some of its jet sales. Before making an approach, Boeing studies an airline's routes to determine whether it can use jets profitably. Then it tries to sell the prospect on the need for jets, and later on the need for *its* jets. A typical pitch involves a stack of specifications 18 inches high. The company has only six salesmen—all with solid engineering experience—selling to domestic airlines, but they can call on as many as 50 experts to back them up.

"Arranging a typical sales problem is like conducting a symphony orchestra made up of myriad craftsmen," says Clarence F. Wilde, Boeing's domestic sales manager. "We bring in the proper people at the appropriate time. First

life-insurance industry in New York, "we sell solutions to problems."

Edward Ahnell, an IBM computer salesman in Chicago, solved one problem last year for, of all organizations, the Board of Education: how to schedule several thousand substitute teachers for the 600-school system each day. Sick teachers call in each morning and substitutes call saying they're available. Matching the substitutes with the openings creates a clerical madhouse which has nettled the board for years. Ahnell and an IBM systems engineer studied the problem many months, analyzing phone calls, school layout, teacher specialties, and the like, then designed a system to handle the job.

Starting next year, here's how a Chicago substitute will be given her assignment: she'll call an operator and give her code number, which is cranked into the machine. The computer will identify the substitute and her qualifications, match them with one of the day's vacan-



WHICH IS THE GUEST OF ALBERT PICK?

The warm one, of course. The one who breathes, eats and sleeps, and who—unlike any statue—is most animated.

"Animated" means "full of life," and this is how Albert Pick hotels and motels look upon their guests—as people full of life, who appreciate comfortable, attractive guest rooms and fine dining in a friendly, hospitable atmosphere. This is why so many people stay with Albert Pick.

If you've had that cold, "statue" treatment at hotels and motels where you've stayed, try one of our thirty-three. With us you're as real as Dr. Charles Anderson of Chicago, Illinois, the warm one pictured above. He's a real guest, you know.



HOTELS MOTELS

Immediate reservations at any Albert Pick Hotel, Motel, reservation office, or through your travel agent.

PICK HOTELS: Birmingham/Chicago/Cincinnati/Cleveland/Columbus, O./Detroit/Flint, Mich./Minneapolis/New York (Belmont Plaza)/Pittsburgh/St. Louis/South Bend/Toledo/Topeka/Washington, D. C./Youngstown.

ALBERT PICK MOTELS: Chattanooga/Chicago (Weller's Motor Lodge)/Colorado Springs/Columbus, O. (Nationwide Inn)/E. Lansing, Mich./Harrisburg, Pa. (Nationwide Inn)/Huntsville, Ala./Louisville, Ky./Miami Beach/Minneapolis (Biltmore Motor Hotel)/Mobile/Montgomery/Nashville/Natchez, Miss./Rockford, Ill./St. Louis/Terre Haute, Ind.

RESERVATION OFFICES: Atlanta/Boston/Chicago/Los Angeles/Milwaukee/New York/Philadelphia/Seattle/San Francisco/Washington, D.C.
Pick Hotels Corporation • 20 N. Wacker Drive • Chicago 60606
Albert Pick, Jr., President

cies (which are also fed into the machine), and trigger a mechanical voice which automatically makes the assignment. Cost to the Chicago board: approximately \$1,000 a month.

Customer orientation may seem like an obvious policy which should have been recognized and used decades ago. But it isn't easy. It can involve the outlay of prodigious amounts of time, talent, and money (for salaries and retooling). Steelmakers delayed for years in coming to grips with the fact that their customers didn't want steel as such, but a material for building or for packaging; and "thin tin" was introduced only recently as a competitor for aluminum and plastic in packaging.

The whole concept of "service" has been expanded far beyond the layman's idea of installing a machine and fixing it when it wheezes. International Minerals & Chemicals Corp. of Skokie, Ill., has one of the finest service programs going. Two-thirds of the firm's \$225 million in sales are in fertilizers and plant foods. "This was a product which was essentially the same as competitors' products," admits Anthony E. Cascino, vice president of the agricultural products marketing group. "We had to convince the customer to buy our product even though the price was higher. To do this, you have to make yourself of indispensable value to your customers."

New Milieu: Thus, in 1958, with mankind still buzzing over the sputniks, Cascino introduced his hard-sell, "Full Orbit" sales program. A 47-year-old, pint-size whirlwind, Cascino kicked it off at a razzle-dazzle sales meeting featuring smoking rockets and slogans like "Out-of-this-world service for down-to-earth results and sales." It included a package of 42 marketing, technical, financial, and management services for customers—all free. Did a customer want help in training his own salesman? IMC would send an expert. Need some assistance with his accounting? Call on IMC. Anything from public relations to collecting bills—call on IMC. With all this, IMC grinds out brochures, sales aids, film strips, and the like in quantities to warm a printer's heart.

In this new selling milieu, the salesman's responsibilities burgeon far beyond such traditional ones as supplying price lists and expediting delivery. "He becomes," says Cascino, "a management consultant"—not necessarily an expert in all these fields, but capable of recognizing a need and where to go to satisfy it. The salesman is no longer a peddler but, in the words of John J. McCarthy, GE's consultant in sales training and marketing, "the manager of a long-lasting, favorable relationship" between customer and supplier.

To say that American industry is imbued with this new spirit—or even that



Newsweek—Ted Rozumalski

Milstead (rear), buyer: Ice breaker

the giants are—is not quite true. And even the most dedicated practice it with different degrees of success. But customer orientation is spreading. Competition, if nothing else, forces it.

But as it spreads, the need for more men to fit the mold grows, and new-breed salesmen don't just pop out of the woodwork. Sales managers spend ceaseless hours and countless dollars trying to corral them, train them, and then keep them stimulated and happy. There are no figures—reliable or otherwise—on industry's total sales-training bill. But Henry Porter of the National Society of Sales Training Executives estimates that "it costs a company with any kind of a program between \$8,500 and \$10,000 a year, including salary, for a new man."

Hard to Sell: Corporations, particularly those with rather complex products, drool for college-trained talent. But with the attitude turned up in the Sales Management survey, they are often disappointed. In fact, Harry Keesecker, National Cash Register's vice president for domestic marketing, says with some indignation: "Companies have to go into universities and recruit under the false banner that they are recruiting for the junior-executive training program." And many collegians who do opt for selling do so only because they feel it's a steppingstone to the executive suite.*

What makes a good salesman? Every

*Not a bad route. More than a quarter of the presidents of the 500 largest corporations have come up through "marketing"—which includes advertising and promotion in addition to selling.

sales manager has his own idea, but a consensus is:

- Aggressiveness—but not too much. This is kissin' kin to being a "self-starter."
- High intellectual capacity. Some companies shy away from the top man in the class, though; he may feel he is too good for selling.
- Good verbal skills.
- Good appearance.
- Physical stamina.

NCR's domestic marketing vice president Keesecker agrees with most of this, adds another quality: "I tell you, a salesman has got to be money hungry and status hungry." Myron Johnson, management placement counselor at Lever Bros., adds a bit of social psychology, at least so far as it applies to his firm: "If a boy's father is an executive, his aspiration is high. He's not going to be happy as a salesman. But if his father is a laborer or a blue-collar worker, there's a basic sense of accomplishment if he becomes a salesman." After reviewing the field, two psychologists conclude in the Harvard Business Review that good salesmen have two qualities in common: empathy and ego drive.

Participation: Whatever its preference, each company is likely to put its recruits through a rigorous basic training. Some firms train new men for only a few weeks before handing them a rate book and sample case and sending them out to perspire in waiting rooms. But a New York Sales Executives Club survey of 500 firms (accounting for \$42 billion in sales) showed that more than half consider new men to be trainees for a year or more; a quarter set the period at two years or more.

Training for old as well as new employees is heavily product oriented—here's what you'll sell, this is how it works, this is why it is better than Brand X. But there's a liberal amount of selling technique. And some companies teach psychology in an effort to get their men to understand what makes a prospect buy—or not buy. GE provides



David Swain—Australian Bulletin

'Okay, I'm a shy, flat-chested housewife. Sell me a beautiful bra'

October 5, 1964

Scholars' Dollars

"What's good enough for the country's colleges is good enough for me," said a new investor to his account executive at Merrill Lynch the other day when he opened an account and placed his order.

"I've been thinking about investing for a long time," he continued, "but I always had the feeling that there was too much risk in common stocks. Then I read in the paper last week that 56 percent of the endowment funds of 65 colleges and universities is invested in blue-chip common stocks. And I decided that if common stocks rate a place in their investment programs, they rate a place in mine, too." Amen to that.

There is, of course, always an element of risk in owning securities, but needless risk can be eliminated by choosing your stocks with care. And that's where we come in. Our Research Department will be glad to help you in making your selection — without charge or obligation. Just address —

JOSEPH C. QUINN



**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC**

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK



Pipe offend?



Try Holiday free!

Holiday's five custom-selected tobaccos give pipes exciting, aromatic flavor. It's an aroma that men relish and women welcome, too. For free pack (offer limited to U.S.A.) write Holiday, Dept. E 16, P.O. Box 3-AC.

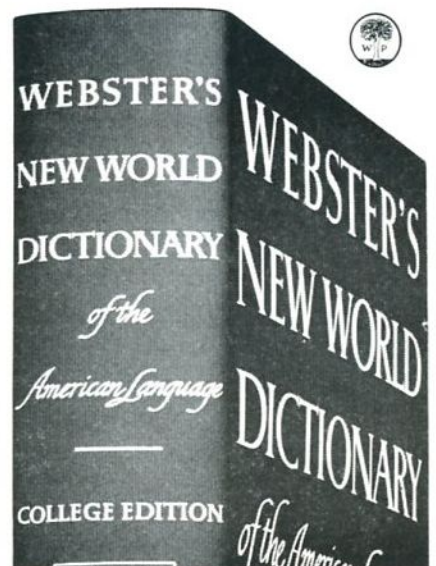
THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH Richmond 8, Va.
Larus & Brother Co., Inc., Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877



There's a WORLD of difference in Webster dictionaries!

This one gives you more information about words than any other desk dictionary.
\$5.75 plain, \$6.75 thumb-indexed, at bookstores everywhere.

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY • Cleveland, Ohio 44102



Keep in touch person to person. New walkie-talkies from Westinghouse are hand-sized and under \$40* a set.



Meet the compact Westinghouse "House & Yard Communicators." Compact? Indeed. Like a little transistor radio. About 12 ounces and sized just right for your hand. They run on batteries, so you can keep in touch with the man of the house while he digs in the garden. They run on electrical outlets, too, if you'd rather. Plug one in near the baby's crib and presto, you've got yourself an electronic baby sitter. You can lock the mike open, so the baby asks for dinner as loudly in the kitchen where you are as he does in the nursery where he is. And even though "House & Yard Communicators" are child's play to operate, they're a long way from toys. They're tough and transistorized, with a range of up to $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, depending on terrain. They come with shoulder straps and, in their deluxe version, handsome leather cases. "House & Yard Communicators," from the Westinghouse New Communicators Series. Communicate with your Westinghouse dealer soon.

* Local dealer determines actual selling price.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse



Some other ways to keep in touch—
via Westinghouse (They're a
little more expensive, though.)



962TCR8

Eight-transistor Citizens' Band Transceivers—with AM broadcast radios. Clear, two-way communication for up to 3 miles, depending on terrain. Operating on Channel 11. Speaker/microphone; 48" telescoping antenna; leather case. Six "AA" penlight batteries, each, do all the work.



869TC9

Nine-transistor Citizens' Band Transceivers. Now we're up to a range of 5 miles, depending on terrain. Efficient speaker/microphone; 54" telescoping antenna; ear-phone jacks; leather cases and shoulder straps. They each work up to 100 hours on 8 "AA" penlight batteries.



870TCR9

Citizens' Band Communicators with powerful AM Radios. Again, a range of up to 5 miles (depending on terrain, of course) and 100 hours of operation on 8 "AA" penlight batteries. This time, with powerful AM radios in each. Plus 54" antennas, cases, straps and earphone jacks.



25 to 30 hours of psychology, but admits: "We don't know enough about the chemical reaction in the relationship that exists between buyer and seller."

And there is constant experimentation in search of better ways to get the lessons across. The stand-up lecture is out. It's used, but it's still out. The name of the game these days is "participation"—break classes down into small groups, get them to exchange ideas. The ultimate in participation is "role playing"—to some, the biggest advance in training since Pavlov's day, to others, just grown men playing games.

For Chemstrand, role playing works well, as part of the three- to five-day sessions it conducts for small groups at sequestered spots (to cut distractions and get better attention). The salesmen are divided into groups of three, given a sales situation, and told to plan their strategy overnight. Next day comes the moment of truth, with an instructor playing the "customer." After the performance comes the critique—from other students as well as the instructor.

Shocker: California's Ampex adds an eye-opening twist to the game. It uses one of its own products, Videotape, to record the performance, and immediately plays it back for comment. "Most guys are really startled when they see how they look to the buyer," reports sales-training administrator Ron DePinto. "That tape can be shocking."

Porter Henry Jr., who heads a New York sales-training and consulting firm bearing his name, takes his students to the movies. He often uses the film "Twelve Angry Men" to give students "sensitivity" training—the knack of sensing a person's reactions. He runs the first part of the picture—laying out the story of jurors locked up for deliberation in a murder trial; at the outset, eleven are for conviction and one for acquittal. At

this point, Henry stops the film and announces that before it is finished all jurors will be for acquittal; the challenge is to predict the order. Then he runs off the rest of the picture in segments, stopping for opinions at key points. "A good salesman," says Henry, "will predict with 90 per cent accuracy."

Sold Out: Even to the new breed, there are still distasteful elements to selling. For those who travel a lot—and many are on the road 50 per cent of the time or more—moving around can become a lonely bore. There's constant pressure to make quota, and keep take-home pay up. No one ever gets used to a door slammed in his face. The turnover among newly hired salesmen, both experienced and raw recruits, can be high. Companies polled in one survey hired 16,000 salesmen in 1963; by December, fully 5,000 had left, or nearly a third. What's worse, the companies expected that another 8,000 would turn in their sample cases before 1964 rang out—for an awesome 81 per cent turnover in two years.

But there's money to compensate for that, and that old "dream" of the Willy Lomans. The highest-paid man in his company, reports senior vice president James S. Bingay of Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, is not the president but a salesman. How much commission does an agent earn from selling \$1 million worth of coverage? "It depends on the mix [or kinds of policies]," says Bingay, "but probably over \$30,000, minimum."

A salesman's time is his own, to use fruitfully or squander, as he wishes—and many like it that way. Challenge—that's another lure. "I love the satisfaction of beating the hell out of a competitor," says ex-quarterback Miltstead. "Getting orders is like scoring touchdowns in a game. There can't be but one winner."

Flying Slicer

Now they have adapted the principle of the Hovercraft, a vehicle that glides over land or water on a cushion of air, to the lowly lawn mower. Developed by Sweden's A.B. Flymo, the new mower (called Flymo) is a 19-inch wheelless machine that rides $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch above the ground. A 2½-horsepower gasoline engine drives an impeller (which creates the air pressure) and also turns the rotary cutting blade. Weighing only 30 pounds, Flymo can be easily hung up in the garage for storage; it can be guided with hardly any effort when in flight. The cutting height is adjustable from $\frac{3}{16}$ -inch to 1 $\frac{1}{16}$ -inch. Flymo will be made and marketed in the U.S. by Toro Manufacturing Co. of Minneapolis, with introduction set for this fall. Cost: \$74.95.





Maybe your "friend in need" needs us

Perhaps some friend of yours is looking for a good job, or a better one. What's the best and surest way to help him land it? Send him straight to us—the world's largest network of Personnel Consultants with 150 offices coast to coast. With thousands of excellent jobs on file, we can quickly spot the career opening that fits his needs and skills. Just have him find us in the white pages.



For tomorrow's slant
on today's news,
read **Newsweek**

INSURED SAVINGS 4.85%

CURRENT ANNUAL RATE—PAID QUARTERLY

- Accounts insured to \$10,000 by U.S. Government Agency
- Funds postmarked by 10th earn interest from 1st.
- Save-by-Airmail. We pay postage both ways.



EL DORADO SAVINGS

AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
GEORGE L. COOK, PRESIDENT

Highway 50 & Center St., PLACERVILLE, CALIF.

TREND
LITTLE MILD CIGARS
TREND
35¢ PACK OF 20

BUSINESS TIDES

THE CONSUMPTIONISTS

BY HENRY HAZLITT



The Italian economist Maffeo Pantaleoni (1857-1924) used to maintain that there were really only two schools of economists—the good ones and the bad ones. The division was valid enough but unhelpful on specific issues. A young American economist, George Reisman, has now come up with another division of economists into just two groups, but one that throws real light on the chief economic controversies of our time.

In the October issue of *The Freeman*, published by the Foundation for Economic Education, Inc., at Irvington, N.Y., he divides all present-day economists into Productionists and Consumptionists.

With the exception of a few isolated mavericks, nearly all economists since the days of Adam Smith until say, 1929, identified the fundamental problem of economic life as production. Man needed wealth. He needed goods and services not only for the amenities of life but to keep alive at all. His problem was how to produce the goods and services to satisfy these needs and desires. The classical economists, therefore, took the desire to consume for granted, and focused on the means by which production might be increased.

NO PROBLEM OF 'JOBS'

In the twentieth century, economists have returned to the directly opposite view—which happens to be the view that was held by the Mercantilists of the seventeenth century. Instead of the problem being how to keep expanding production in the face of a limitless desire for wealth resulting from the limitless possibilities of improvement in the satisfaction of man's needs, the problem is imagined to be how to expand the desire to consume so that consumption can keep up with production. The dominant theory today takes production for granted and focuses on the ways and means by which consumption may be increased. It proceeds as though the problem of economic life were not the production of wealth, but the production of consumption.

The "classical" economist, or productionist, realizes that there is no such thing as a problem of "creating jobs." There is a problem of creating *remunerative* jobs, but not just jobs.

At all times, the productionist holds, there is as much work to be done, as many potential jobs to be filled, as there are unsatisfied human desires which could be satisfied with a greater production of wealth. The use of more and better machinery does not cause unemployment. It merely allows men, to the extent that they do not prefer leisure, to produce more and so meet their needs more fully and with less effort.

FEAR OF PRODUCTION

The consumptionist, on the other hand, regards every expansion of production as a threat to some portion of what is already being produced. He imagines that production is limited by the desire to consume. He fears that this desire may be deficient, and, therefore, that an expansion of production in any one segment of the economy must force a contraction of production elsewhere. He fears that the work performed by machines leaves less work to be performed by people, that the work performed by women leaves less work to be performed by men, that the work performed by Negroes leaves less to be performed by whites, and that those who work overtime leave fewer jobs available for others.

The consumptionist, Reisman goes on to show, is driven by his basic premise into one fallacy after another. Because he imagines production to be limited by the desire to consume, rather than consumption being limited by the ability to produce, the consumptionist does not value wealth, but the *absence* of wealth. He is happy to find a scarcity of anything because to him it represents a large supply of unused consumer desire. He lives in constant dread of an absence of "investment outlets" or "investment opportunities." He dreads "hoarding." He regards everyone as a potential miser whose consumption demand has to be constantly whipped up. He is busy devising new schemes for the government "to supplement private demand" by spending more money—the increased expenditure to be financed by bigger deficits.

He is, in brief, a Keynesian, a New Dealer, a Fiscal Revolutionist, a self-styled "liberal" and, *mirabile dictu*, a "moderate."

New from B.F. Goodrich— the revolutionary Silvertown 660



Nothing since power steering has made handling a car so easy!

© 1964, THE B.F. GOODRICH COMPANY

What's new about this new tire? Plenty—in the way it's built *and* the way it performs. The secret is in Silvertown 660's new *rounded* Easy-Steer Shoulders. Tread actually extends around the *edges* of the tire.

No matter how long you've had your car, you'll be able to feel the difference these new Easy-Steer Shoulders make. Cornering is surer and easier. Parking takes less effort. Over-all handling of the car—the feeling of *control* you have—is improved at all speeds.

Silvertown 660's are totally new. And so good they're on most makes of the '65 cars. But you don't have to buy a new car to get them. Your B.F. Goodrich dealer has them now. Look him up in the Yellow Pages. Then go take a look.



'The Highest End'

Struggling against the limits of a dead Latin language—and a dying Latin tradition—Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing stood up in St. Peter's Basilica. Facing the 2,500 church fathers at Vatican Council II, he asked their approval of a declaration supporting full freedom of conscience and opposing interference with that freedom by any church or state. "The church must become the champion of religious freedom," the 69-year-old archbishop urged in rasping Latin. Briefly switching to English, he quoted an axiom of Lord Acton, "freedom is the highest political end," and then finished with a reference to the Declaration of Independence, the phrase about a "decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

Cushing's speech last week brought a wild round of applause, even though council rules forbid such expressions of approval. Later, Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, aging archconservative head of the Vatican Holy Office, rose to represent the traditionalist Italian and Spanish bishops. Ottaviani maintained the state's right to support an established religion and warned that Roman Catholic privileges enjoyed in Italy, Spain, and Portugal under Vatican concordats would have to be abandoned if the declaration is approved.

'Rights' Conflict: Never before had conflicting notions of religious liberty within Roman Catholicism been so clearly delineated. Liberal bishops, speaking out of their experiences in a pluralistic society, defended the "natural rights" of the individual conscience, even though that conscience might be in error. Their opponents, most of them from the heavily Catholic countries of the Mediterranean, spoke of the superior "supernatural rights" of consciences informed by religious truth—that is, by Roman Catholic doctrine.

Passage of a firm declaration on religious liberty is considered a must by non-Catholic council observers, and the U.S. prelates know it. If the declaration is not passed, Chicago's Albert Cardinal Meyer told the council, "then nothing else done at the council will have much importance."

■ The debates over religious liberty, with all their high drama and clash of personalities, tended to obscure other council decisions in which the church fathers overwhelmingly endorsed ten paragraphs of the schema on the church. The practical result of these decisions, if they are again approved in a subsequent vote on the whole schema, could result in some form of a permanent world council of bishops sitting in Rome and assisting the Pope in the day-to-day government of the church.



Archer and POAU pamphlets: 'Adjectives less and facts more'

POAU in Crisis

"If the United States becomes 51 per cent Catholic ... Protestants would ... be reduced to second-class citizens and treated as damned souls."

Such dire predictions of a church take-over have issued often from Protestants and Other Americans United, a litigation-minded organization formed in 1947 by an unlikely coalition of Protestant liberals and conservatives to advance a Protestant consensus on church-state separation. Today, POAU counts 200,000 members, whose annual \$5 contributions, plus pledges from more than 1,000 individual churches, denominational bodies, and fraternal organizations, support a staff of 50 full-time paid employees in ten cities and hundreds of other part-time and volunteer aides. Almost all their efforts go into the publication of pamphlets (sample: "The Runaway Bus," an attack on the use of tax funds for parochial-school buses) and into POAU's legal services. In its seventeen-year history, POAU has won nearly 350 court decisions, declaratory judgments or negotiated settlements on First Amendment "violations"—90 per cent of them against Roman Catholics.

Complex: But despite its growth and court success, POAU currently is in crisis. First of all, the emergence of liberal Catholicism at Vatican Council II has helped reduce Protestant fear of Catholic power. Second, several influential Protestant leaders, including Dr. Ellis Dana, a POAU founder, have defected, charging it with undue prejudice. Finally, even those who remain absolute separationists are turning to the American Civil Liberties Union to wage the fight for their principles without overtones of anti-Catholicism; and "neo-separationists" who recognize some areas of church-state cooperation, such as "re-

leased time" for religious training, find the National Council of Churches a better vehicle.

"POAU is an illustration of Protestant culture lag," charges Dr. Franklin H. Littell, 47, a Methodist and professor of church history at the respected Chicago Theological Seminary. "It is one of the myths of Protestantism that we had religious liberty in the past and that this was a Protestant contribution." A friendlier critic, Dr. Harold Fey, recently retired editor of *The Christian Century*, believes POAU "has a function to perform—if it sticks to its original purpose. But there's a certain strain of Know-Nothingism in their writings, regardless of what the Roman Catholic Church does or does not do."

Most of POAU's current efforts are directed against Catholic attempts to win government aid for parochial schools. On this point POAU and some of its Protestant critics sharply differ. "Many of us feel that what is good for the Roman Catholic Church is good for us," says Dr. John C. Bennett, president of the Union Theological Seminary. "We have our differences, certainly, but we shouldn't hide behind them. Americans have to help all school-children get an education, and this means across-the-board aid for non-religious instruction."

Criticism is not new to POAU officials. "We're not 'anti' any church," says Glenn L. Archer, 58, executive director of the POAU's national office in Washington and a former law-school dean. "We are for church-state separation and it happens that 90 per cent of the attempts to bridge that separation come from the Roman Catholics." C. Stanley Lowell, a Methodist minister who edits POAU's hard-hitting monthly magazine, *Church and State*, adds: "No one would want to accuse people of cynically using the

ecumenical movement to destroy separation of church and state and religious freedom. But we must ask whether this has been the 'practical' effect of ecumenism. And the answer is yes."

Support: Tacitly, Lowell admits that Protestant charges of anti-Catholic bias hurt POAU. Wary national denominational bodies have withheld official recognition. But according to Louie D. Newton, a Baptist minister from Atlanta, Ga., and current POAU president, "numerous" Southern Baptist conventions and regional Methodist conferences do endorse the organization. Nevertheless, the bulk of its financial support, as Archer explains, comes from individuals, and with the defection of the liberal theologians and the preoccupation of most major denominations with ecumenism, POAU's constituency more and more represents a small-town, latter-day fundamentalism in the eyes of its critics.

Archer admits to some POAU shortcomings. At his insistence, Dr. John Swomley Jr., a writer and a professor at St. Paul's Methodist Theological Seminary in Kansas City, Mo., surveyed the agency's activities and made several recommendations to POAU officials in a secret report. Swomley urged POAU to restructure itself to deal more directly and completely with legislative and court matters, to work equally against all denominational requests for Federal aid, and to rewrite the original POAU manifesto to "state current problems in language acceptable to this generation of churchmen and educators."

Discards: Archer says that virtually all of Swomley's recommendations are being acted upon. "We've discarded some pamphlets that seemed a little acidic and toned down some others," he said in his articulate courtroom manner. "We talk about affirmation of the First Amendment now. We probably use adjectives less and facts more."

Ultimately, POAU must decide between the high road and the low, between abandoning its traditional appeal to residual anti-Catholicism and succumbing to it. For the moment, it seems to be wavering in between: some letterheads now carry the full "Protestant" designation while others say simply, "Americans United." But there are many signs that an "ecumenic" organization devoted solely to the principle of church-state separation could flourish. Many conservative Catholics oppose Federal aid to their schools, fearing government control. And some leading liberal Catholic laymen have asked liberal Protestants to cease public support for limited government aid, believing the parish school system is no longer needed and should crumble under its own burdens. Can it be that someday the "Other Americans" in POAU will include dedicated Roman Catholics?

October 5, 1964

TRANSITION

Born: To housewife MARY ANN FISCHER, 31, and ANDREW JAMES FISCHER, 39, parents of 1-year-old quintuplets; a 10-pound 7-ounce daughter, Cynthia Marie, their eleventh child (and ninth girl); in Aberdeen, S.D., Sept. 24.

Ailing: MAHALIA JACKSON, 53, Negro contralto, the biggest name in gospel singing; with a heart ailment that will keep her hospitalized from a month to six weeks; in Chicago.

■ HAYATO IKEDA, 64, Prime Minister of Japan since 1960; with a throat tumor, described as benign but requiring radiation treatment; in Tokyo.

Died: OTTO GROTEWOHL, 70, East Germany's Premier since the Communist state was formed in 1949; of leukemia, in East Berlin, Sept. 21 (page 82).

■ FREDERICK NATHANIEL COLE, 63, founder and former owner of Cole of California, which ex-movie actor Fred Cole built into one of the nation's largest manufacturers of women's swimsuits by revolutionizing the modest bathing garb of the 1920s, adding color and glamour just as generously as he sub-



Fred Cole with a 1951 model

tracted material, and coming out with the first plunging backline and a prototype of the bikini (dubbed the "swoon suit" when Cole introduced it in 1942); of lung cancer, in Hollywood, Sept. 19.

■ Rep. WALTER NORBLAD, 56, Oregon Republican, a member of the House since 1946, one of Congress's most dogged critics of wasteful spending, especially by the military (he once triumphantly dined in the House restaurant on a meal of Spam, strawberries, lemon juice, and other canned goods that Norblad himself had salvaged from a Navy garbage dump); of a heart attack, in Bethesda, Md., Sept. 20.

■ Dr. ALAN MASON CHESNEY, 76, dean emeritus of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, author, outspoken supporter of vivisection, and dean of the school for 24 years (1929-53), the longest term in the history of the post; of a stroke, in Baltimore, Sept. 22.

What do you know about the corn oil in your margarine?

Do you know how much there is?

Enough to qualify for the "Special" rating established by medical authorities? Or so little that it's only a minor ingredient?

What form is the corn oil in?

Is it liquid (the most beneficial form)? Or is it hardened (sharply reducing its polyunsaturate benefits)?

Who makes the oil?

A company whose name you know good things about? Or isn't the name of the maker even mentioned?

If these questions give you pause, then you are not using Mazola Margarine. Because Mazola is the one that *answers* all the questions about Corn Oil. Mazola Margarine users know that—

- **it is rated "Special"**
- **its major ingredient is liquid Corn Oil**
- **the corn oil used is pure golden Mazola, the name that made corn oil famous**

Mazola Margarine is not only good for you, it's as delicious a margarine as you can buy. With the fine, delicate flavor you have a right to expect from a premium margarine. Try it and discover for yourself how delicious good nutrition can be!



Mazola®—the name you can trust in margarine

Sad Sam

When coach Allie Sherman of the New York Giants returned home to Scarsdale last week after his team's loss to the Pittsburgh Steelers, even his 5-year-old daughter, Lori, second-guessed him. "Oh, Daddy," wailed the child, "why did you trade Sam Huff?"

A lot of New Yorkers have asked the same question. Last April, on the day the Giants announced they were dealing their bashing middle linebacker to the Washington Redskins, irate fans blitzed the switchboard of the team's Columbus Circle offices.

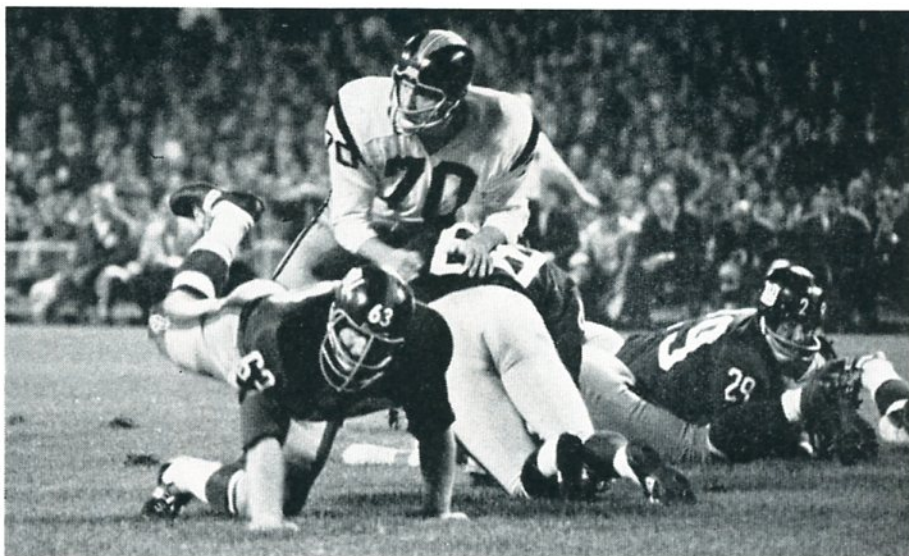
The 29-year-old Huff was irate, too. The drawling West Virginian had helped the Giants to win six divisional titles in his eight National Football League seasons. In a bylined article in *The New York Journal-American*—a good example of the metropolitan "exposure" available to a longtime hero—Huff wrote, "I don't know if I'll report to the Redskins . . . To me, pro football has always meant a blue helmet with a red stripe down the middle."

But it also meant money. Huff asked the Redskins for \$35,000—almost twice what he made as a Giant—and finally signed for an "undisclosed" salary (probably \$26,000) a month before the training season began. He also signed with radio station WMAL in Washington to do daily training-camp reports from Carlisle, Pa., and post-game shows from the Redskins' locker room throughout the season—as well as regular five-minute spots on WMAL-TV.

Adman: Huff's square-jawed smile appears frequently in local newspaper ads ("Sam Huff, all-pro linebacker, and the rest of the Redskins wear these Consort Fabric Stretch Slacks") and he doesn't have to share the glory as he always did in celebrity-sated New York. Still, there was something about that Yankee Stadium applause.

The something was still there for Huff last week. Redskin and Giant practices had been grim during the week: "We're both 0-and-2," said Huff tersely. "Lose this one and you can kiss it all good-by." But 230-pound Sam seemed more pet than threat to the Stadium crowd of 62,996. A roar drowned out the pre-game introduction as familiar No. 70, wearing an unfamiliar white jersey, raced across the brightly lighted field to the Redskins' bench.

"That was wonderful," Huff recalled later. The game was, too—for 58 minutes. Huff fought off blue-shirted Giant blockers on the first scrimmage play and hit Joe Morrison with a stabbing tackle. His defenses blanketed rookie quarterback Gary Wood until late in the second quarter. Then, after the Redskins' attacking unit helplessly gave



Newsweek—Phil MacMullan

Huff (70) and Giants: 'I consider those players my friends'

away the ball on its own 13-yard line. Huff promptly picked off a Giant pass at the goal and charged to safety along the sideline. Spectators chanted their old locomotive yell: "Huff, Huff, Huff."

"I had an idea that play was comin'," Huff said. "Intuition, I guess." At half-time, the score was 10-0, and as the players jogged off, New York fans booed the Giants and cheered Huff.

Fatal Fumble: Even against regular quarterback Y.A. Tittle, 37, risking his injured ribs by playing in the second half, Huff's troops stayed touchdown-proof. Or should have. With two minutes to play, the Redskins had a 10-6 lead and the ball on their own 20. Then Charley Taylor fumbled, linebacker Bill Winter recovered, and the 22-year-old Wood finally whirled free around left end to score the winning touchdown for the Giants with 39 seconds remaining. The final score was 13-10.

"Please," Washington coach Bill McPeak begged reporters at the door of the Redskins' silent dressing room. "Leave Huff alone. Don't talk to him. He's emotionally upset."

It figured. But insistent newsmen who crowded around Huff's cubicle found him more wistful than vengeful.

"I guess I wanted to win this one more than any game I've ever played," Huff said quietly. "It was a tough one to lose . . . A tough one to give away."

He didn't bother to wipe away the droplets of sweat on his upper lip and forehead. "I thought we could stop them defensively and we did," the brown-haired bruiser went on. "We were holding them with a conservative defense. Not blitzing. Blitzing is a gambling game. If your defense is solid, you don't gamble. I'm a Giant believer in that way. We're trying to instill the same thing in this ball club."

Fred Williams, a 256-pound tackle,

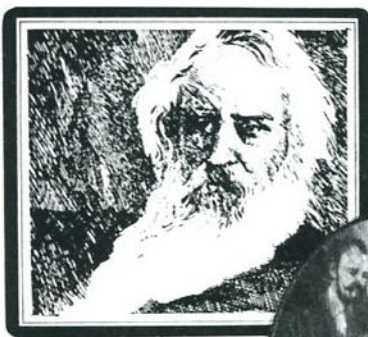
shouldered through the group muttering: "Hey, Sam, why don't you take your contingent somewhere else so I can get dressed?" Other Washington players brushed past, glancing curiously at the mass interview. But ten minutes later, Huff was still talking: "You don't have to get yourself ready to play in Yankee Stadium. When you play here, you're playin' at the top."

Thick-necked Fred Williams adjusted his collar, slipped into his burgundy Redskins blazer and clumped out the door. "Please, gentlemen," Huff was telling writers in the near-empty room, "I consider those players my friends. They're good people. Please don't say anything bad about the Giants . . ."

The Aussies Are Coming

The day before Constellation completed its 4-0 drubbing of England's Sovereign in the America's Cup races last week, Sir Frank Packer impatiently boarded the New York Yacht Club flagship, *Westerly*, and delivered Australia's challenge for 1967. Following protocol, Commodore Chauncey Stillman refused to open Sir Frank's sealed envelope until the American rout of the redcoats became official—but there was no secret about its contents. There had been as many as sixteen Aussie "spies" in Newport, R.I., during the U.S. twelve-meter trials, including Sir Frank, head of the syndicate which built the 1962 challenger, *Gretel*, and his skipper from that year, ebullient Alexander (Jock) Sturrock, 49.

Packer and Sturrock won't be teammates in 1967, though. The Packer syndicate's new "twelve" will represent the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, and her designer will be Alan Payne, creator of *Gretel*—which also may be altered and entered in the Australian elimina-

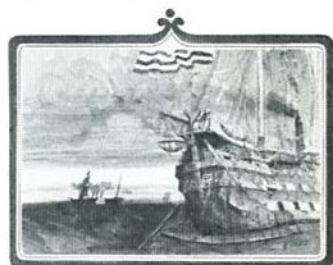


1844/Morse - First telegraph message sent.

1858/Field - First trans-Atlantic cable laid.



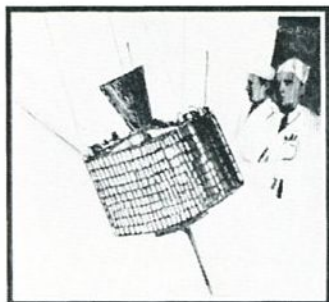
1876/Bell - The first telephone call.



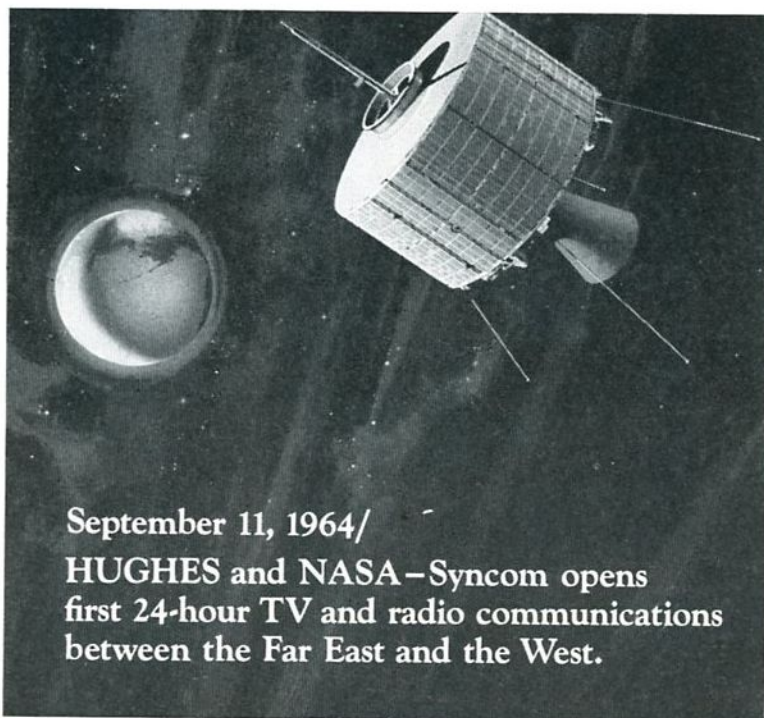
1901/Marconi - First wireless sent across the Atlantic.



1941/NBC - First commercial television.



1963/HUGHES and NASA - First successful synchronous satellite stationed over the Atlantic.



September 11, 1964/
HUGHES and NASA - Syncom opens first 24-hour TV and radio communications between the Far East and the West.

On September 11, Syncom became the first satellite to be "parked" over the Pacific Ocean. From its position, 22,300 miles high over this vast expanse, it brings to practical reality a dream of ages - giving mankind 24-hour, uninterrupted trans-Pacific TV and radio communications.

One of its first achievements will be to bring you the 1964 Tokyo Olympics "live," not on film. Built by HUGHES for NASA, this satellite is another step forward in the development of a satellite communications system which will be affordable by all the nations of the earth.

An earlier Syncom has been operating successfully for more than a year. Next year, a HUGHES Syncom-type satellite will be put over the Atlantic for the Communications Satellite Corporation. As the first publicly

owned satellite, it will bring the continent of Europe close as your telephone and television set. Engineers and scientists are invited to inquire about careers at Hughes - an equal opportunity employer.



Products like Syncom, devised to let mankind share in the fruits of science, illustrate how Hughes is creating a new world with electronics.

tion series. Sturrock will be skipper of another new boat, to be designed by naval architect Warwick Hood and built by millionaire industrialist Otto Meik of the Royal Melbourne Yacht Squadron.

Short Stay: Sturrock, tanned and trim in a handsome blue sweater with the red and white Gretel emblem, said confidently: "Gretel was a good design, and we should improve on her." Sturrock wasn't intimidated by Constellation's easy success against Sovereign; he was bored. "I didn't stay to the end of one race," he admitted.

"My main reason for being here," he said, "was to watch the tactics of the skippers in the American trials." As for design and sails, Sturrock and his countrymen are equally optimistic. Testing tanks at Sydney University finally have the "right equipment," according to Sturrock, and Aussie sailmaker Joe Pearce, a friend of Packer, spent six weeks this past summer studying the weave and workmanship of U.S. sails in Ted Hood's Marblehead, Mass., loft. Hood supplied most of the sails for Constellation.

And what of the proud U.S. defender? Doubtless she'll be back in the 1967 trials off Newport. But at the moment, members of her 32-man syndicate, with no time for sentiment, plan to recoup some of their \$700,000 outlay. Constellation is for sale.

Tickets to Nowhere?

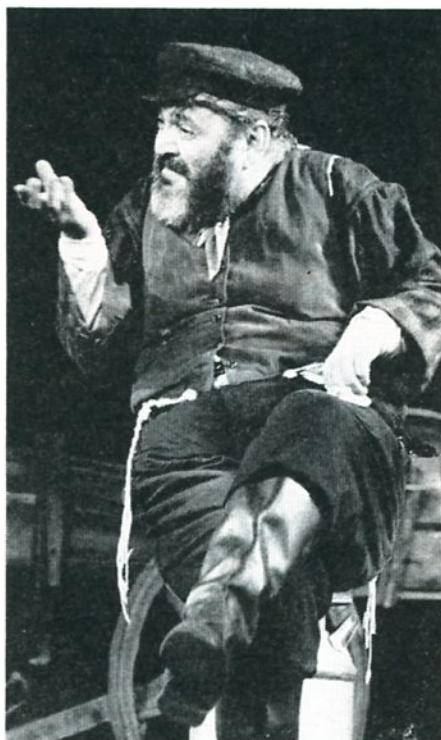
Baseball commissioner Ford Frick is not famous for his firm stands. But every September, the gentle Frick gives orders—to the teams that seem likely to play in the World Series. On Sept. 10, the white-haired Frick commanded Baltimore, Chicago, and New York in the American League and Philadelphia in the National to print tickets for the Series. At the time, the Orioles led the American League and the Yankees were struggling to escape third place; the Phils sat comfortably on a six-game lead.

Errors occur in the stress of the stretch and a commissioner's boo-boo can cost more than a shortstop's—last year, Frick's office paid a ticket tab of almost \$40,000 for teams that didn't make it. This year's printing bill, in the light of September's scrambled standings, looks like boxcar figures again. The Yankees, with a winning streak of eleven, had a healthy lead at the weekend; the Phils lost three straight to the revived Cincinnati Reds, three more to the Milwaukee Braves, and seemed about to swoon.

"Print tickets," Frick told the Reds. As the season entered its final week, the St. Louis Cardinals were warming up their own presses. The slumping Phils finish on the road, with three games against the still-hopeful Cards and two—the last two—in Cincinnati.

Transcendent Zero

The evening begins with a scene out of Marc Chagall. On the roof of a crude little cottage sits a man in a red cap and ragged frock coat, playing a violin. To his music, villagers enter from the wings, the bearded men in shabby black clothes, the women in drab peasant skirts and kerchiefs. They dance now, a slow, gravely sweet movement in a circle around the stage. Most prominent among them is a huge, corpulent, round-faced man in boots and baggy pants, whose grace is monumental—the airiest of gestures, the most delicate of steps. When he sings, the others join him in a rousing



Friedman-Abelies

Mostel: Heart and soul

invocation to "Tradition," which makes the wheels go round in *Anatevka*, among the Jews.

If **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** could maintain the special quality of its opening scene, its Chagallian fantasy anchored in the wry, harsh but loving observations of Sholem Aleichem—on whose stories of Russian-Jewish life at the turn of the century the show is based—it would be one of the great musical comedies of our era. As it is, its superiority to the average Broadway musical—or to the best of recent years—is seldom in question.

Yet this is a relative distinction and "Fiddler" might have had an absolute one, if Jerry Bock's music were a trifle more distinguished and above all if Joseph Stein, who wrote the book, and Jerome Robbins, who choreographed

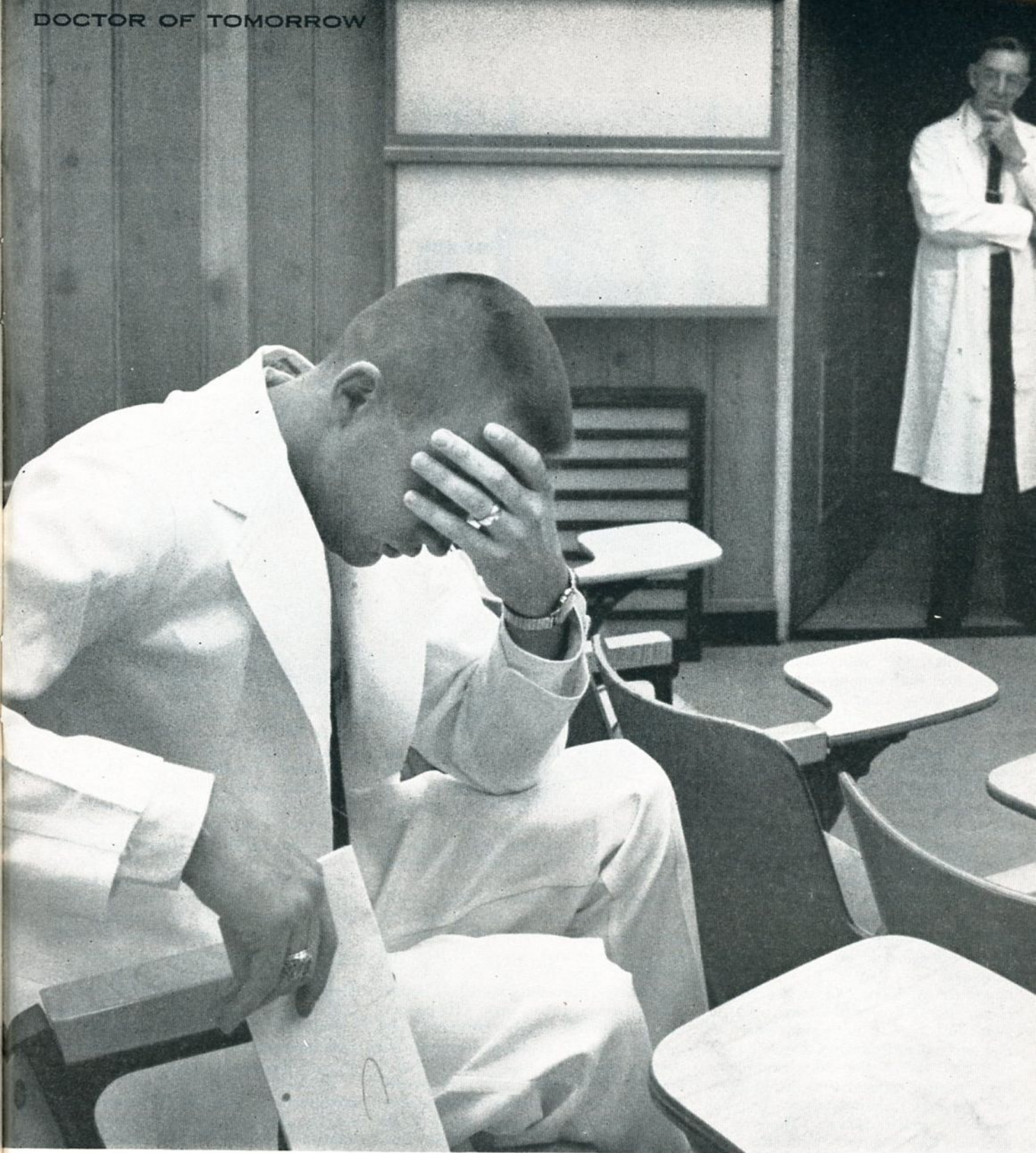
and directed the production, had had the courage to keep their work at the high levels it sometimes reaches. At times the show arrives at an upland of true fantasy and feeling, and is quickly hauled back down to the safety of formula, its humor deserting the pungency of Sholem Aleichem for the bland conventionality of Mr. Stein, and its visual life abandoning Chagall for a sort of Russian-Jewish version of Dogpatch.

High Points: It is worth seeing for the high points—the opening, a muscular wedding dance, a sad, expertly choreographed finale as the expelled Jews leave their village, a number of other scattered moments of wit and beauty—and, supremely, Zero Mostel. Rising above the grayness of so much of his material like a walrus emerging from a dun-colored sea, he is the show's powerful heart and conquering soul. As Tevye, the dairyman whose life is composed of poverty, a shrewish wife, five unmarried daughters, and a horse who complains of a sore leg, Mostel once more asserts himself as the greatest performer (it is an inadequate word) on the American stage today.

When his lines are nothing more than mediocre he makes them sound good, when they are good he makes them seem superb, and when they are superb—as they occasionally are when the original sources are respected—he makes them transcendent. "With your help," he tells God, with whom he holds frequent and vastly familiar intercourse, "I'm starving to death." When someone declares that "money is the world's curse," he thunders, arms outstretched and great bearded head uplifted, "Smite me with thy curse, oh Lord! ... and may I never recover!"

Yet Mostel's genius radiates far beyond the purely verbal. It is his occupation of the stage, his magnificent timing, his physical grace that resembles the heaviest of objects balanced on the lightest of supports, that makes him so much more than a mere comic actor. When he dances it is as though all the clumsiness of the world has suddenly been overcome, when he gestures it leaves clear shapes which hang in the air long afterward. The unexpected comes from him the way the expected comes from matinee idols, and it is unerringly right, the precise move to have made, the exact proportions to have established between a thought or an emotion and their physical correlatives.

"Fiddler on the Roof" possesses a number of other highly talented performers, such as Julia Migenes, who plays one of Tevye's daughters with verve and charm, and Maria Karnilova, who deftly handles the role of his wife. But without Mostel it would be nothing more than a pleasant piece of ethnic diversion; with him it is something not to be missed.



Transfusion indicated

But how give a transfusion of hope? How break through the bleak despair of this medical student? From boyhood he's dreamed of being a doctor. Now he's floundering, ready to quit midway in his very first year.

It may be a case of better now than later. Or probing sympathy may find an emotional or money problem. But most probably it's the crushing avalanche of raw fact to be memorized at the start of medical study.

Chances are, this young man need only be convinced that not every fine doctor begins student days with a facile, photographic memory. Then he'll find courage to go on and finish

his ten years of costly, grueling preparation to serve you.

Persisting in the face of discouragement is important, too, in A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research. For many thousands of experiments may fail before one opens the way to some new and better medicine for your doctors of today and tomorrow.

A. H. ROBINS CO., INC., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Robins

Making today's medicines with integrity . seeking tomorrow's with persistence.



Martin Fryer

Corinth and skeleton: Symbol of an ultimate knowledge

The Razor's Edge

"A polar bear with little red eyes glided over the floors of Berlin, glancing slyly at many a banker—and at many a banker's wife, as she danced in his arms..." This was how a contemporary saw the painter Lovis Corinth early in this century. Corinth, "the butcher's boy from East Prussia," was a blue-eyed giant who was the very spirit of the red meat, blond beers, and baroque euphoria of the German Empire just before it danced into catastrophe.

As if hit by a shock wave from the future, Corinth himself suffered a stroke in 1911. He recovered to become an artist transformed by a double apocalypse—his own and his country's. What happened is shown in the most important exhibition yet at Huntington Hartford's Gallery of Modern Art in New York, and a concurrent show at that city's Allan Frumkin Gallery.

Crisis: Unlike the calm controllers, the masterful rationalizers, the Matisse and Picassos, Corinth was one of history's elected victims. There is a painting that shadows forth the moment of hidden crisis. It shows the prosperous artist's family: his 4-year-old son, his wife holding their little daughter, and Corinth himself brandishing palette and brushes over their heads.

Here the classic, proud moment of family portraiture appears about to turn into something strange and fateful. The artist's gesture seems half benediction, half threat. His face, as if looking into a mirror, seems startled and angry at what he sees. What he saw was the subtle corruption which exacerbated the young German artists of that time

into their expressionist breakthrough—a cathartic shudder of revulsion and hope as the social fabric was torn asunder.

Corinth himself never quite became an expressionist, just as Picasso never became an abstract painter. But it is this very teetering on the razor's edge, the tense flurry of paint that never quite explodes, that makes the later work of Corinth so powerful. His early paintings are basted in the brown gray of academicism, but now and again, as in the family picture, they bubble and simmer with hidden heat.

Angel: Corinth died in 1925 at 67. His wife, Charlotte, came to the U.S. soon after and now lives in New York. A quiet, white-haired lady of 84 who still paints her fingernails red, she spoke last week of the husband who called her his *Schutzgeist*—guardian angel. "He painted my portrait, oh, maybe 90 times," she recalled. "In the nude or dressed in an evening gown, he always said, 'Wait a minute. I must paint that.'" She glanced at the nails on the walls where her husband's pictures had been removed for exhibition, and said: "I understood him. Cheap people like to talk, but he didn't like to spell out his inner life."

But Corinth tried to spell out his tormented inner life in 50 self-portraits, perhaps the greatest in modern art. Like an Emil Jannings in paint, he swung from brooding reticence to blurred near-hysteria. Most often there is a resigned quizzicality as he watches himself, at the easel, in street-roamer hat and coat, or side by side with a skeleton, the brittle structure beneath all that anxious flesh, the symbol of an ultimate knowledge he could never reach.

Airborne

Six jets whining, the XB-70 pounded down the runway at Palmdale, Calif. From needle nose to trailing edges, the delta-winged craft spanned 171 feet, 20 feet more than the Statue of Liberty; yet it rose with the agile grace of a fighter plane and at 5,000 feet banked sharply into the bright blue sky.

It should have been a joyous occasion—the culmination of ten years of effort and of \$1.5 billion spent to build a 2,000-mph intercontinental bomber that would be the most technically advanced craft in the air. But before it ever got off the ground, the bomber to end all bombers had become just that. In the present strategic scheme of things, the future belongs to missiles.

Such was the reasoned judgment of the Eisenhower Administration, which cut B-70 production plans down to one prototype bomber in 1959, and of the Kennedy Administration, which dropped the bomber idea completely in favor of two aircraft for research (hence the X for experimental). Only Senator Goldwater's election is likely to erase the X.

The plane itself undercut the position of the bomber advocates. The builders, North American Aviation Co., traded time for the technical advances made in the XB-70. As a result, its first flight came 21 months behind schedule.

Routine Trouble: In its 65-minute flight last week, the XB-70 had more troubles. North American's chief test pilot Al White could not retract the landing gear. One of its six General Electric jet engines "overspeeded" and had to be shut down. When the plane landed at Edwards Air Force Base 25 miles away, wheels in the left landing gear also locked, blew out, and burned, trailing a long tongue of flame.

Troubles are routine on the maiden flight of any new aircraft—especially with one so radically new. "My bosses are pleased," said White. "Despite the malfunctions, they're pleased I brought it back—the data, I mean."

Ironically, Lockheed and Boeing, along with the Federal Aviation Agency, may be the major beneficiaries of North American's labors. The supersonic transport they are now busily designing will have roughly the size, speed, altitude, range—and problems—of the XB-70.

The central problem is one of sustaining speeds of 2,000 mph for four or five hours. At that speed temperatures of 650 degrees build up on the leading edges; since the standard airplane metal, aluminum, weakens at such intense heat, the XB-70 builders had to fabricate stainless steel and titanium metals into a honeycomb structure that was light enough to fly yet strong enough to stay together once in the air. Other

Buick
of
Buick



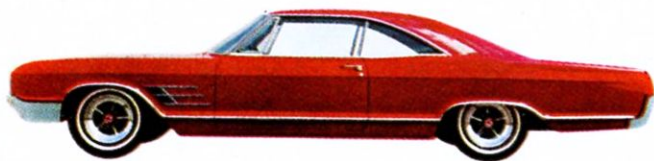
We changed the Buick a lot this year. And you may never be the same again yourself.

We doubt you'll want to be the same. Not once you set eyes on our new Buicks.

On the Buick Special and the Skylark. The LeSabre, Electra 225, Riviera.

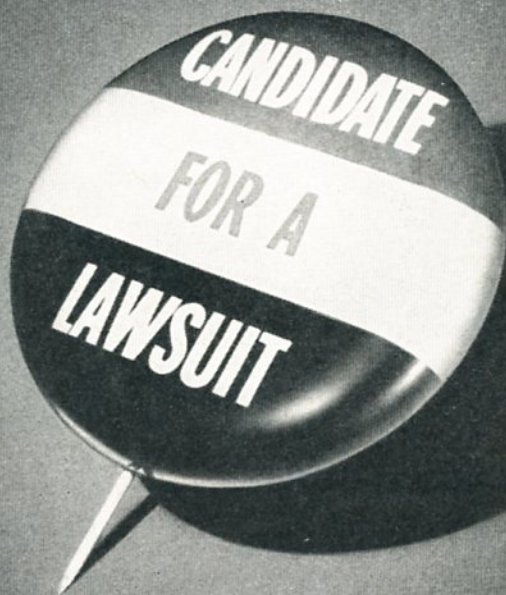
And on the sleek, modified fastback of the wild, wilder, Wildcat in the picture.

True, there's a new high-style touch. But that's hardly all. Engineering still has the emphasis. It's a Buick tradition. So are the extras Buick spends a little extra on. Like brakes that do a little better. And smoother drivelines. A tuned suspension to smooth ribcage roads. Now add Buick's Super Turbine transmissions—and you have an idea of what Buick owners have always liked about Buick. We think you'll feel the same.



Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

"Unforeseen events... need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"



You may be... right now. From a customer in your store. A visitor on your business premises. Someone who's bought your product. The owner of a building you've constructed. The simplest incident—a slip on a floor—can lead to a lawsuit that may cost you plenty. If you have a business establishment of any kind, are the owner, lessee, or contractor, a Comprehensive General Liability Policy protects you financially against unforeseen events that may end in bodily injury, death or property damage. If you are sued, your legal and court expenses are paid. Also, all legitimate claims against you are paid up to the limit of your policy. See your local independent Maryland agent, or broker, today. Remember: *because he knows his business, it's good business for you to know him.*

MARYLAND CASUALTY

Baltimore 3, COMPANIES Maryland

MARYLAND CASUALTY CO. / NORTHERN INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK / ASSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA
AUTOPLAN INSURANCE CO. / MAINE BONDING AND CASUALTY CO. / VALIANT INSURANCE CO.



tricks brought off with varying difficulty: tubes containing unexpended fuel running the length of the plane to serve as a "sink" to dissipate some of the heat; intricate and high-powered hydraulic systems to operate the large control flaps; clamshell seats to encase each crewman in a self-contained "cabin" with its own pressurization system. All told, the XB-70 boasts more than a thousand innovations not found on standard supersonic craft.

The validity of these new aeronautical techniques has been worked out in theory and in wind-tunnel tests, but in aviation nothing is sure until ideas are put into the air for thorough evaluation. In addition, unforeseen problems certainly will appear as the flight program continues—problems that are better uncovered now than years from now with the first flying SST.

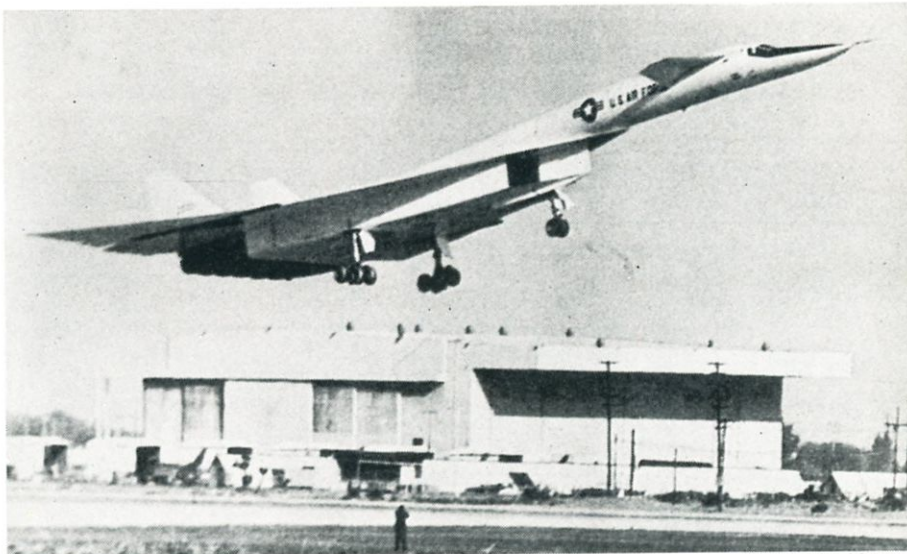
Noisemaker: The XB-70 also will check out a social problem of the supersonic age. Any plane that flies faster than the speed of sound generates shock waves that sweep across the ground below with an unseen, nerve-jarring jolt. The larger the plane, the worse the jolt, and the XB-70 is the only plane big enough to simulate an SST shock wave. Tests with smaller planes over Oklahoma City this summer indicated that the boom problem is worse than expected—their intensity is unpredictable, the atmosphere can occasionally magnify the effects, and the booms are rather difficult for citizens to adjust to. "There just isn't any way anyone can tell about the big SST's and the sonic-boom problem until we get a big plane up there," said a North American Aviation official.

Whether all this adds up to \$1.5 billion worth of technological fallout is debatable. Other planes such as the pioneering X-15 rocket plane and the still secret A-11 have already provided many answers to supersonic flight—and even "obsoleted" some of the XB-70's technology before it ever got into the air. Some 500 flight hours from now, the U.S. will know better what the XB-70 has done for aviation. Then, the plane will be retired with honors. It is too large for a museum, and the Air Force may wish to forget it and the painful memories of the bitter manned-bomber controversy. But at least the problems the XB-70 promises to solve will not have to be solved again.

Packed for Flight

The line between the real and the metaphorical becomes more and more fuzzy. The TV cameraman's portable equipment earns him the title "moonman," and now what should the well-equipped moonbound astronaut look like but a TV cameraman.

The equipment that invites this com-



Associated Press

XB-70 taking off: The bomber to end all bombers?

parison is the new Modular Maneuvering Unit which will allow Gemini pilots to step outside their ship and "fly" as far as 1,000 feet away for an hour at a time. MMU consists of a back pack of compressed hydrogen peroxide that can shoot out any of twelve nozzles pointing in different directions. A blast of gas from the four forward-facing nozzles, for example, will push the astronaut backward, while the two upward-facing nozzles will push him downward—all in accordance with Newton's laws of motion. In front, a chest pack provides an oxygen supply, telemetry and communications equipment. The entire unit weighs 196 pounds on earth and nothing in outer space.

Aside from the pure adventure afforded, the unit will make flights safer since the pilot can step outside and, so to speak, check the left rear tire.



Flying belt: For stepping out

Eight of the units are now being constructed by Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc., in Texas, at a total cost of \$5.8 million. They should be ready for testing by the Air Force Systems Command by the time of the first Gemini flights. Because of damage caused by hurricanes Cleo and Dora, the first manned Gemini is now set for early 1965—weather permitting.

The Chewy Tomato

The American citizen has learned to live, albeit somewhat uneasily, with complex scientific developments, ranging all the way from all-digit dialing to hydrogen bombs. But the most formidable challenge may be just ahead: a tomato shaped like a salami.

Called "Tomato X," the 6-inch-long hybrid was developed by G.C. Hanna, an olericulturist (cultivator of edible vegetables) at the University of California's Davis campus experimental station. In tomato circles, Hanna achieved some prominence in 1960 when he helped breed a tomato with a firmer skin to permit harvesting by machine. The salami-shaped tomato grew out of further experiments. Unlike most other tomatoes, its skin holds even at full maturity, and it has firm innards instead of slushy ones. "This," said Hanna proudly, "is a tomato you can chew and enjoy every bite."

But the pipe-smoking, 61-year-old Hanna has no illusions. "Unfortunately," he said last week, "the public wants round tomatoes. Tomatoes have always been round, you see, so, by golly, round they must be. Our next step will be sort of a compromise, you might say. We'll shorten it and flatten it so it's neither round nor cylindrical, but a little of both. Maybe that will be the answer."

Trust science to catch-up.

The Tramp

"The guy has baggy pants, flat feet, the most miserable, bedraggled-looking little bastard you ever saw; makes itchy gestures as though he's got crabs under his arms—but he's funny." So, in 1914 did Mack Sennett star Ford Sterling describe the new young comic who was to take his place and go on to become the most beloved, the most famous, the most controversial figure that popular culture has produced in this century.

In his new, long-awaited memoirs (*"My Autobiography,"* 512 pages, Simon and Schuster, \$6.95) Charlie Chaplin tells how he improvised the tramp out of odd items in the Sennett studio wardrobe, and then improvised a description of the new character for the great slapstick director: "You know this fellow is manysided, a tramp, a gentleman, a poet, a dreamer, a lonely fellow, always hopeful of romance and adventure. He would have you believe he is a scientist, a musician, a duke, a polo player. However, he is not above picking up cigarette butts or robbing a baby of its candy. And, of course, if the occasion warrants it, he will kick a lady in the rear—but only in extreme anger!"

Chaplin's autobiography reveals that his sketch of the tramp is in large part a limning of his creator. It is Charlie, now 75, who is revealed in this uneven book as the many-sided fellow. He is the gentleman—self-made, as most of him is. He is the natural poet and dreamer—his long life's work is one vast reverie in which the outmanned loner sidesteps daily doom, dealing an occasional kick in the pants to a potent but clumsy fate.

From Active to Passive: And Charlie would indeed have us believe he is something of a scientist, musician, statesman, polo player—these memoirs throng with Einsteins, Stravinskys, Churchills, and Vanderbilts rubbing shoulders and clinking glasses with the great comedian. That is the disappointing aspect of his book, the symphony of name-dropping in the later chapters, when the passive international celebrity takes over, in text and pictures, from the hyperactive young genius.

But it really doesn't matter that he can write a sentence like "the subject was a glib braggart in an esurient state of libido." This is simply the Chaplin who bought a copy of Kellogg's Rhetoric, an English grammar, and a Latin-English dictionary on his first trip to the United States. If Chaplin writes bootstrap English we must remember that he did pull himself up by his bootstraps. Before the Leonard Lyons of his later chapters comes the Charles Dickens of the early ones, but Chaplin's childhood was right out of "Oliver Twist."

This is by far the best and most moving part of his book. Chaplin's strong sensuality pulls him deeply back in time and gives him the language to let us see, hear, and feel the Edwardian England of workhouses, orphan schools, pubs, and theaters in which he grew up. Here are the toy windmills, the colored balloons, the flower girls making boutonnieres with adroit fingers. "From such trivia," writes Chaplin, "I believe my soul was born." His dying father leaves behind "plaid house slippers with oranges stuffed in the toes." And speaking of the domestic vicissitudes of the Chaplins he writes: "To gauge the morals of our family by commonplace standards would be as erroneous as putting a thermometer in boiling water."

So Chaplin can write when he is engaged at his deepest level. And he even creates a poignant character—his mother, who went mad under the grind of poverty. Then there follows the familiar, mythic career—out of orphan school

into the Eight Lancashire Lads, a traveling troupe of juvenile clog dancers. Then to the heights of Karno's Pantomime Company, the telegram asking "Chaffin or something" to come to New York. And finally Hollywood and Mack Sennett's Keystone Studio, with its company of ex-circus clowns, prize fighters, and girls—"a strange and unique atmosphere of beauty and the beast."

Wealth of Anecdote: From there on it is all up, and Chaplin, disappointingly, tells us more about the deals, contracts, earnings, and bonuses than about the great films themselves. But there is a wealth of anecdote about early Hollywood. There is Douglas Fairbanks, Chaplin's one real friend, living a pseudo-cowboy life in Beverly Hills. There is Peggy Hopkins Joyce, telling Charlie how she wouldn't let one of her husbands into the bedroom on their wedding night until he slipped a check for a half million dollars under the door. And there is Charlie, asking Jackie Coogan's father if he would let the child make "The Kid," and Coogan Sr. replying "Why, of course, you can have the little punk."

Then, from the mad days to the sad ones—misunderstanding, censorship, and exile—disgracefully, sneakily perpetrated by his adopted nation. What did the tramp's sweet estrangement teach us if we pilloried him for his politics? "I am a spiritual anarchist," Chaplin said recently. "I am not patriotic. I am amoral." The useful power his spiritual anarchy could generate was shown in "The Great Dictator," with its ferocious, Juvenalian satire of Hitler who was "this extraordinary caricature of myself."

When Chaplin sums up the world's ills by saying that "Science . . . has delivered up to politicians and the *militaire* weapons of such destruction . . ." we may wince at that silly, French noise. The tramp would have let such a speaker have a cane right in the cravat. In "Limelight," his next to last film, Chaplin, as the old music-hall clown, says: "As a man gets on, he wants to live deeply. A feeling of sad dignity comes over him, and that's fatal for a comic." But Chaplin's legacy is beyond such fatality: he has given us so much that to refuse him his sad dignity now would be barbarous ingratitude.

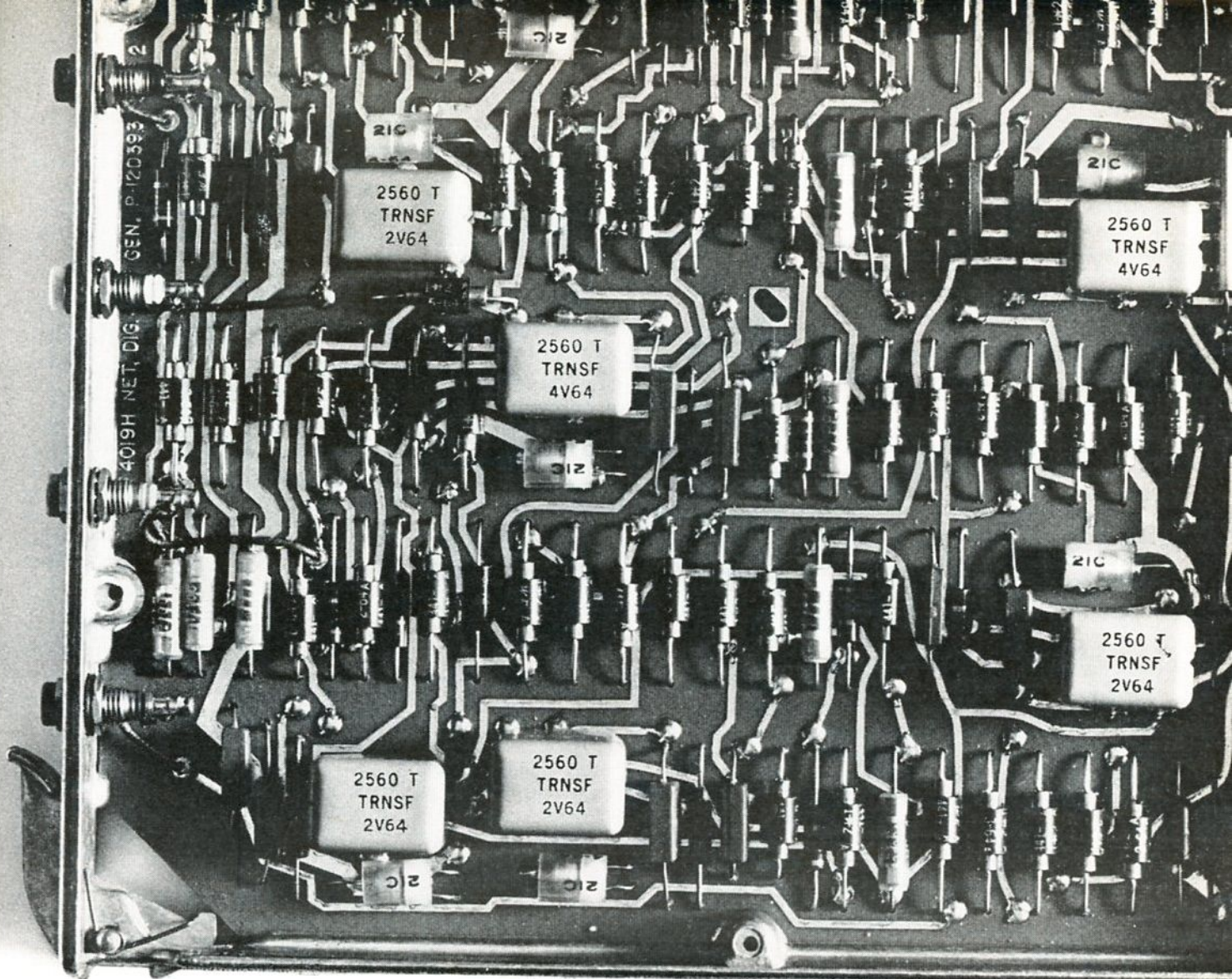
Julie, Julie

The purists may squawk at first. The passionate devotees of P.L. Travers' **MARY POPPINS** books may find Walt Disney's musical version—the very *idea* of it!—an act of cultural vandalism. They may protest that Julie Andrews is simply too pretty to portray *their* tight-lipped, spare, caustic, slightly scary nanny. They may find the whimsy of the Disney manner too much an Edwardian



Culver Pictures

Chaplin: From trivia came a soul



RELIABILITY X 2.5 QUADRILLION

Growth begins in small ways in the expanding world of communications. Tiny electronic components, connected together on circuit boards, are joined with many other assemblies to make a new "system." It in turn is linked with thousands of others that stretch from coast to coast in the Bell telephone network. Today the sum of all these systems is a network of more than 2.5 quadrillion interconnections that enables you to reach any one of 70 million other Bell telephones, usually in seconds, with a few flicks of a dial. □ This is what Bell System engineers mean when they talk about "the tyranny of large numbers." How do you ensure the 24-hour day-in-and-day-out reliability of such an astronomical number of interconnections? □ The answer lies in teamwork — in the close interrelation of designer, maker, and user of communications systems. Thus it is that Western Electric people work closely with Bell Telephone Laboratories people who develop telephone products and Bell telephone company people who operate them. Together, we share the responsibility for providing you with ever-dependable communications service, no matter what the dimension. That's why, since 1882, we have been the manufacturing unit of the Bell System. 



WESTERN
ELECTRIC

fairyland, animated tykes, droll characters, cuddly animals—the Disney works, Walt's signature too much in evidence, a violation of nature. Above all, they may be outraged at the film's implication of a romantic attachment between Mary and Bert, the Cockney sidewalk artist and sometime chimney sweep. Imagine! Miss Travers always insisted they were just friends.

Fooling No One: They will be mistaken if they do—solemnly mistaken. From the moment the lovely Julie comes gliding in, umbrella-borne from her dwelling place in the sky, the movie is sheer delight—to the eye, the ear, the senses. She tries to affect the prim manner of a stern governess, but she is fooling no one. She is all of a dew. If she did nothing but stand there smiling for a few hours, she would cast her radiance everywhere. It would be enough. But how that girl can sing and dance! When that heartbreaking moment arrives, and she glides off to her otherworldly home, it's more than you can bear. Julie, Julie, stay awhile.

The whole occasion is blazingly festive, all stops pulled, nothing spared. Dick Van Dyke, 10 feet of legs and a mile wide at the mouth, is agile beyond belief, always pleasant to have around, even when the Cockney accent falters now and again. When the two of them are together, which is nearly always, the liveliest things happen: the laws of gravity are breached, rocking horses gallop in derbies, cause-and-effect is suspended. When Ed Wynn laughs for no reason, you've got reason to laugh.

A Pleasure: Production numbers abound—infectious tunes spill over one another. Even when sentiment borders on the saccharine and Walt Disney's little pieties become more than a little sticky, it's a pleasure. The happy poor, those joyous Cockney chimney sweeps—the “darkies” of Edwardian music-hall comedy—come together on the rooftops of London in a dazzling ballet that is a joy to behold.

Glynis Johns, Hermione Baddeley, Arthur Treacher, Elsa Lanchester, and more, much more—God's plenty. And—in this case one loves to repeat—the divine Miss Andrews. Someone, somewhere, made the decision to include her out of the movie version of “My Fair Lady.” There is an evil—and rampantly lunatic—force at loose in the world; and it must be destroyed.

Fortnight of Films

Surely, and for some in the audience, purely, the second New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center was a great smorgasbord of cinema. Some films were better than others, of course. Andrzej Munk's incomplete “Passenger” was a brilliant and powerful evocation of the



Van Dyke, Andrews: Sheer delight

Nazi concentration camps; Hiroshi Teshigahara's “Woman in the Dunes” was a sensuous allegory suggestive of the human condition; Grigori Kozintsev's Russian “Hamlet” was handsome and tidal in its sweep. On the other hand, Joseph Losey's “King and Country” was disappointing; Kon Ichikawa's “Alone on the Pacific” was tedious; and Jean-Luc Godard's “Band of Outsiders” was a trivial self-indulgence.

But merely to have discriminated among the 26 films of the two-week festival would have been to miss the point of the occasion. Just as a show in a museum can mean more than the sum of its paintings, so the festival was more than its films. What was exciting was the growth of the institution. The Museum of Modern Art was not participating, as it had the first year, with



“Woman in the Dunes”: Stimulant

ten “retrospective” showings, and the festival took on that task—with five films of earlier years, including Luis Buñuel's 1930 “L'Age d'Or,” the classic expression of surrealist cinema. The direction of the festival was apparent, in a conference of educators, in the talk of Amos Vogel, director of the Lincoln Center Film Department, and of Richard Roud, the program director. The goal is to be not only an institution, but an institute with archives, library, and seminars like the festival's co-sponsor, the British Film Institute.

Film as Art: Admittedly, the Museum of Modern Art has been doing some of this right along for 25 years, but necessarily, the museum has been doing other things, in other areas of the arts, too. The George Eastman House in Rochester, N.Y., has a small but fine archive of old films, but it is small, and it is in Rochester. What the New York Film Festival could do, after it grew into the Film Department of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, full time, grandly, and in New York, is thrilling to think about. The festival is only the beginning.

As an incipient institution, the festival has no particular esthetic or political position. It simply went after the best films they could get. There were several it couldn't get. Antonioni's “The Red Desert,” the big winner at Venice, was only finished a week before the New York festival started. Godard's “Contempt,” a film based on Alberto Moravia's “A Ghost at Noon,” with Jack Palance and Brigitte Bardot, had trouble with the New York censors, and, as Roud explained, “We're not bound by the New York censors, but if a picture has already been turned down, we don't want to push it.” The Italians wouldn't let “Ca Ira,” Tinto Brass's documentary on revolution, out of the country, and the New York festival had already scheduled the film.

There were other limitations, too. Philharmonic Hall does not allow for projection of 70-mm. films. So there was no point in Roud's even looking at John Ford's “Cheyenne Autumn,” or “My Fair Lady.” “Maybe, when the Metropolitan Opera House is finished, we can show 70 mm. there,” he said.

An Hors d'Oeuvre: But none of these things was the festival's fault, any more than their final selections were the dregs of the year's film-making. Had there been nothing of any worth but “Passenger” it would have been impossible to dismiss the fortnight of films at Lincoln Center. But the creation of the film department and the possibilities for New York and for the cinema which have been created with it, made the 26 films a mere hors d'oeuvre, which, however appetizing, did not fill the stomach so much as stimulate the desire for more.



NEW FOR '65...

Extra power for tough jobs

48% more power now available in a new 240 cu.in.Six.

Big new power! That's the big news in '65 Ford Econoline Vans. New optional 240-cubic inch Six is biggest, most powerful engine in any van! Gives you outstanding performance with full loads—powerful hill-climbing ability—nimbleness in heavy traffic.

Even the standard engine for 1965

is more powerful: a new 170 cu. in. Six gives a power boost of up to 23 percent. And both new engines are engineered to give you maximum durability and full economy.

Also new for '65 are huskier understructure for a sturdier cargo floor... stronger bumpers... alternators as

standard equipment... roomier, more comfortable cab... more compact, high-output heater... all reason aplenty to see your Ford Dealer and test drive the Van that has outsold the others by 2 to 1, Ford Econoline Van!

A PRODUCT OF  MOTOR COMPANY

FORD ECONOLINE VAN

BUILT TO LAST LONGER

COMPUTER

Numbers are a key marketing factor today: How many?...How often?...How soon?...How to reach prime prospects most efficiently?

Magazines are a BASIC medium when it comes to reaching ALL markets. They deliver your best prospects at the RIGHT time...in the RIGHT place...in the RIGHT frame of mind for your selling messages.

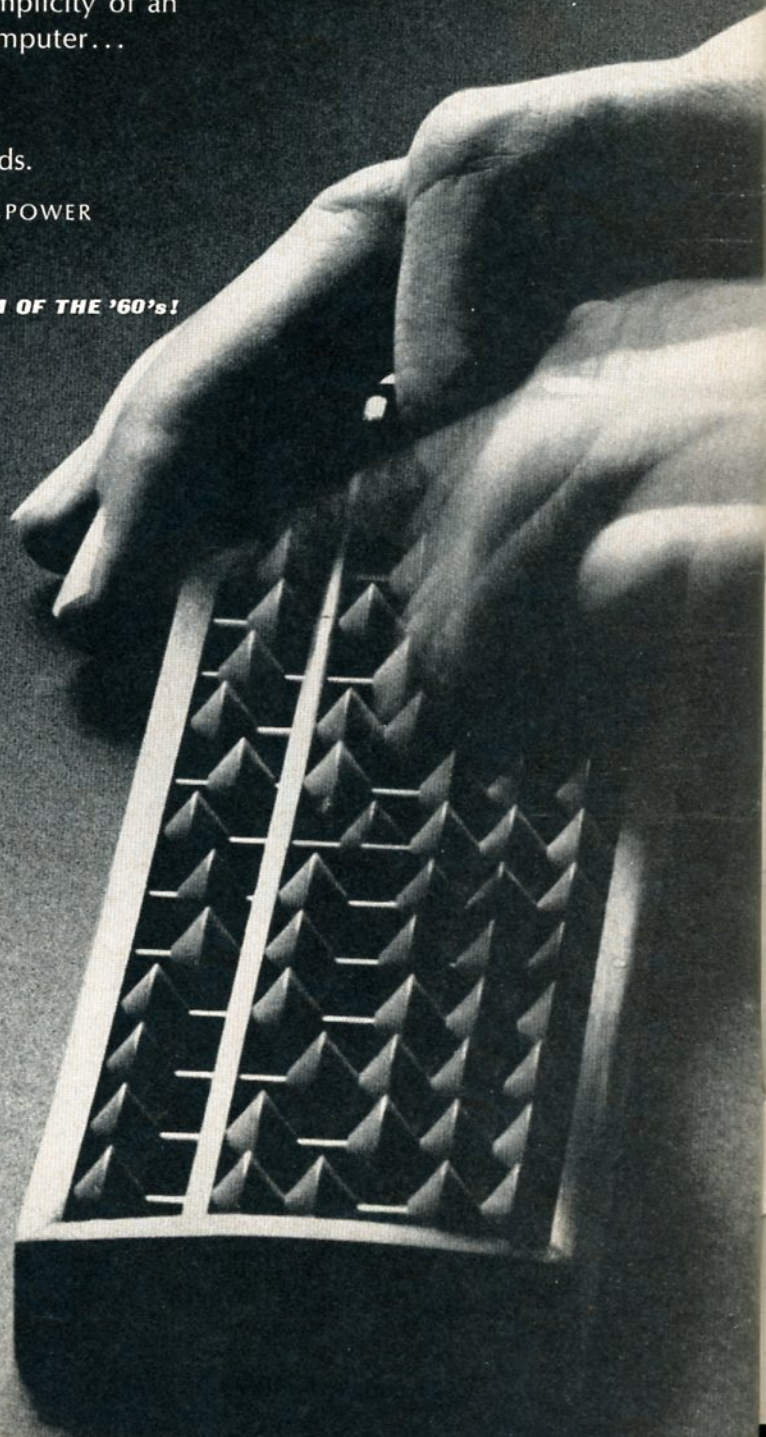
Whether your business requires the simplicity of an abacus...or the sophistication of a computer...

Whether it sells to a mass market...
...or just a corner of it...
magazines can fulfill its advertising needs.

Their flexibility...influence...SELLING POWER
are exemplified by these pages.

MPA

MAGAZINES / THE GROWTH MEDIUM OF THE '60's!



A Fine Italic Hand

Eighty years ago, an obscure Iowa schoolteacher named Austin N. Palmer introduced a method of handwriting which, in almost a score of variations, has become an educational standard. When done well, the ornate Palmer method produces a script that is easy to read and not tiring to write. But in careless hands, Palmerian script becomes a scrawl, and more and more these days, as evidenced by the inscrutable notes left for baby-sitters and paper boys, American penmanship resembles Persian cuneiform. Now, as Prof. Lloyd J. Reynolds sees it, the handwriting is on the wall for the Palmer method.

"Learning Palmer takes long hours of dull practice," said Reynolds, who teaches art and calligraphy at Oregon's highly rated Reed College. "Pupils simply don't put in the time it takes to learn it properly. And it's impractical in the classroom. The student with a notebook on his knee or on the arm of a chair hasn't got room to make the necessary sweeping movements of his forearm. It's like a baseball pitcher trying to warm up inside the dugout."

Reynolds would like to change the script. The 62-year-old professor believes that an uncomplicated fifteenth-century style called italic cursive is vastly superior to Palmer writing with its many loops, tails, and curlicues. "Italic," says Reynolds, "is relatively

easy to learn, it is legible and attractive, and speed comes with use, not dreary drill."

In his classes on campus and at the Portland Art Museum, handwriting doctor Reynolds prescribes an easy-step method to cure chronic student scrawl. He suggests first that the "patients" in his two-hour-a-day six-week handwriting course give equal height to the various elements in their letters. Then he makes them reduce the excessive slope of their writing and eliminate most of the loops. Later, they learn which letters to connect and which to leave unjoined. Finally, Reynolds shows students how to introduce shading and contrast in their penmanship. "By then," says Reynolds, "they're writing a script based on italic and have switched to a broad-nibbed pen."

Art? While italic cursive is used extensively in English classrooms, Reynolds, who thinks art instructors should teach handwriting, knows of only one school system—in suburban Rochester, N.Y.—where it is taught in the U.S. But in the age of the telephone and typewriter, when most messages are phoned and most papers typed, why should students with so much else to learn spend any more time than necessary on handwriting?

Reynolds, who taught himself italic cursive 30 years ago after students complained about his penmanship, says handwriting can be a splendid form of self-expression. "The pen dances across the paper," he says, "leaving a trail of action and form, graceful and satisfying. Handwriting is the poor man's art."

But Prof. C.W. Hunnicutt, chairman of the department of elementary education at Syracuse and recording secretary of the Handwriting Foundation in Washington, D.C., thinks that italic may establish a pedagogical niche for itself but that it won't become the dominant system. "It's the newness that attracts students to italic," says Hunnicutt.

"Despite many handicaps in teaching penmanship today," Hunnicutt contends, "the average kid's handwriting at the fifth- or sixth-grade level now is superior to that of his counterpart a generation ago. Teachers are focusing less on busywork and more on diagnosing individual problems. Art form or not, there will always be a need for good handwriting. We can't carry typewriters in our vest pockets."

From Kent To Rome

Like most American parents at home, most American parents abroad want first-class education for their children. But unlike the parent in Winnetka or Westport, the expatriate generally must settle for a second-class school.

As headmaster for thirteen years at

Arvin

presents new sound
in Solid State
Portable Stereo



Arvin solid state
stereo portable phonograph
with drop-down changer

ARVIN MODERN AGE ELECTRONICS!

New Solid State all electric 10 transistor stereo amplifier brings you the ultimate in true-to-life recorded sound reproduction... provides wider range plus greater clarity.

ARVIN DUAL CHANNEL STEREO SOUND!

Enjoy true stereo sound from dual channel amplifier with two 6" x 9" base speakers plus four 3" tweeters. Speakers are housed in two separate baffle enclosures which may be set up to 15 ft. apart for wide angle stereo effect.

ARVIN DELUXE FEATURES!

Rubber-covered 11" turntable in VM 4-speed changer plays both stereo and hi-fi records. Floating Velvet Touch ceramic cartridge has diamond and sapphire needles to minimize surface noise and record wear. Outstanding audio fidelity is yours through 4 controls: volume, bass, treble and stereo balance. 45 RPM spindle is standard equipment.

ARVIN Model 65P89

Charcoal

Sugg. retail \$149.95



Arvin.

ARVIN INDUSTRIES, INC.
Consumer Products Division • Columbus, Indiana

the lazy dog

the lazy dog

the lazy dog

the lazy dog

the lazy dog

Writing wrongs: Reynolds' step-by-step cure for lazy handwriting

Kent, a topflight Episcopal prep school in Connecticut, the Rev. John O. Patterson got to know the pedagogical recipe for superior education. Leaving Kent in 1962, the handsome, gray-haired clergyman set out to see whether that recipe would work as well in Rome as it had in the Housatonic Valley. And this month, in a pensione near the Roman Forum, Father Patterson presided at a full-dress dinner party marking the opening of a school he hopes may become the best of its kind in Europe.

Christened St. Stephen's, the coed school has a newly leased home, a 73-room villa located in the heavily American Parioli section of Rome. The palm- and cypress-bounded mansion served as a backdrop for such films as "Roman Holiday" and was once the Rumanian Embassy. With its parquet flooring and florid frescoes, the building looks, in the words of headmaster Patterson, "like the last gasp of art nouveau."

Yet the rococo villa has been turned into a surprisingly efficient educational plant for St. Stephen's sixteen faculty members and its first crop of 72 students, two-thirds of whom live and dine in the pensione three blocks away. The students, ranging in age from 13 to 17, are the sons and daughters of U.S. diplomats, businessmen, teachers, and journalists stationed in Rome, but several come from such distant posts as Leopoldville, Teheran, Oslo, and London. They pay \$1,000 tuition and \$1,500 for room and board. In return, students are offered a six-day-a-week Kent-style curriculum, which includes five different languages, three sciences, math, history, field trips, and, of course, theology.

Housekeeping: From Kent, the 56-year-old headmaster imported the well-known "self-help" program requiring each student to pitch in for twenty minutes a day, making beds, cleaning rooms, and tending grounds. "I was never quite sure how this worked, only that it did," says Father Patterson, who went to school in Argentina, where his father represented a U.S. meat packer.

To keep up with their housekeeping as well as their scholastic chores, Stepheners begin their school day at 8:15 a.m. in the villa's chapel (the school's 47 Jews, Catholics, and other non-Episcopalians must attend). After 45 minutes of prayer, the students scatter to their classes, reassembling at noon for an Italian-American lunch (sample: fettucini and ham sandwiches). In the afternoon, they return to the villa for more classes, counseling, and individual study. At 10 p.m., lights go out.

It takes a superior student to cope with this kind of rigorous program, and St. Stephen's seems to have attracted more than its share. "This school is so topnotch," says Anthony Ackerman, a 13-year-old freshman from Cambridge,

Mass., whose father is a Harvard art professor working at the American Academy in Rome, "that there is no spot for a No. 1 student. They all seem to be No. 1." Ackerman's assessment can be put down as adolescent enthusiasm, but math instructor Robert E.K. Rourke, former chairman of the Kent math department, says his students talk "intelligently enough about math sets to make me think this will be one of my most profitable years in teaching."

'Act of Faith': For teachers, the median salary at St. Stephen's is \$7,500, which is somewhat higher than at comparable U.S. schools and far above that offered by the seven other schools catering to Rome's growing American colony (now about 10,000 people).

Raising the money for St. Stephen's



Father Patterson and Stepheners

wasn't an easy job. Headmaster Patterson couldn't tap his usual sources because Kent was conducting a fund drive at the same time. As a result, he considers the birth of his new school "an act of faith from beginning to end." But, Father Patterson adds, "The need for American education abroad has grown so rapidly, there's scarcely been time for facilities or standards to catch up. I'd like St. Stephen's to be a pacesetter."

There is little doubt that Father Patterson was getting restless at Kent. "A headmaster shouldn't stay in one job longer than fifteen years," he believes. Also the lure of the Eternal City itself exerted a strong pull on clergyman Patterson, who perhaps felt himself in a monastic kind of seclusion back in Connecticut. "There's no reason," he says, "for anyone to go stir crazy here."

Yanks in Deutschland

Merrily as champagne corks, colorfully as Roman candles bursting, 80, count them, 80, German opera houses are flinging their doors open from Hamburg on the Elbe to Munich on the Isar, from Düsseldorf, Cologne, Koblenz, and Karlsruhe on the Rhine to Ulm on the Danube, Stuttgart on the Neckar, and Frankfurt on the Main.

Opera-loving Italy has only twelve fall-to-summer opera houses, Vienna four. The United States has one. One reason for the profusion in Germany is the total annual subsidy, local, state, and national, of \$37.5 million. Another is traditional German love of opera. The *Theaterabend* is as important a part of German life as pigs' feet and beer, or the after-opera ritual of *kaffee und kuchen*.

The discussions these evenings along the Rhine and the Danube, during the *Rundgang*, the intermission promenades, are spiced with names like Watson, Lear, Saunders, Gayer, Lee, or O'Neill. American singers in platoons have deployed across German opera stages, and not since American armor poured across the Rhine has Germany seen anything like it. Ten years ago, 50 Americans were scattered among German opera houses. Today, of the 500 foreigners among 1,500 principal singers, 300 are American. Not a single opera house in Germany is without at least one American.

There is room in Germany for everyone, the major leaguers like Grace Hoffman, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and the husband-wife teams of Evelyn Lear-Thomas Stewart, and Claire Watson-David Thaw, down to rookies like 37-year-old Chicago tenor Richard Jackson, in his first year at Koblenz. Jackson, married and with a daughter, will find it hard to live on his salary, the equivalent in marks of \$225 a month. "It's amazing what a man will do to keep on singing," he told *NEWSWEEK's* John Dornberg.

Switch: "No good singer here has to make, as I did, his debut singing in the Bocce Bar in San Francisco," internationally famous tenor Jess Thomas said. Brooklyn-born Evelyn Lear, mother of two, said: "After Juilliard I couldn't get a job." Charles O'Neill, a baritone from Darien, Conn., now from Frankfurt, used to earn \$1,500 a performance—when he performed. Now he earns \$250 a performance, and is guaranteed at least 50 appearances a year. "I would have had to give up music," O'Neill, who has a wife and six children, said, "if I hadn't landed this job." Big, buxom, zestful Californian Ella Lee, a dramatic soprano, added: "I can sing in Germany for eleven months. I got tired of singing once every two or three months back

***exciting? enlightening? entertaining?
emphatically.***

YOU would need five minutes an hour—eight times a day—five days a week—to hear *all* the exciting features on NBC Radio's *Emphasis*. But the fact is that any *one* of the five-minute segments will add fun and enlightenment to your day, any day you tune in.

On *Emphasis*, the choice is yours. Want to hear about pomp and circumstances in the nation's capital? Tune in Nancy Dickerson, our girl in Washington, on lunchtime *Emphasis*. Confused about the world situation? Frank McGee's early-morning *Emphasis* will clear things up as you speed to work.

Think you get mail? Wait till you hear Chet Huntley's. He'll be opening some of it weekday mornings as part of his "Plain Talk" on *Emphasis*. Don't like your *own* features in the early morning? Arlene Francis' late-morning *Emphasis* features are sure to please.

As for *Emphasis* in the afternoon, there's Howard Whitman, who

tackles such subjects as love and marriage; NBC News' overseas correspondents, with communiqués about the *femmes* and *frauen*; Lindsey Nelson, who talks about sports; and Frank Blair, who reports on the interesting and unusual.

And that's not all. Suppose you're motoring from Passaic, New Jersey, to Palo Alto, California. You'll be able to hear all your *Emphasis* favorites, wherever you go, at the very same times of the day: Frank McGee in the early morning, Nancy Dickerson at lunchtime, etc. (This may not sound world-shaking to you—unless you're an advertiser. If you are, you'll know that this coast-to-coast consistency is very important.)

Whatever your plans—travel, advertising, or otherwise—give *Emphasis* a listen soon. No matter how often you tune in (once, twice, or all 40 times a week), or no matter how often you decide to advertise, we're sure you'll be pleased with the results.  **Emphatically.**

emphasis
ON THE NBC RADIO NETWORK



© Sabine Toepfer



Richard Lammel

Gayer, Watson, Lear, Hoffman: 'Well-trained, industrious, and most sensitive'

home." Back home she has three roles in the current San Francisco opera season. And she's also understudying Desdemona, in "Otello." "It's a switch," she noted. "I may be the first Negro to have sung the part."

For the young singer especially, Germany is a world of opportunity to perfect techniques, to learn new roles, and to be respected as a professional. "I couldn't see singing Kate Pinkerton for eight years," says pretty Cathy Gayer, the young Berlin Opera coloratura. Her repertory now includes every Mozart soubrette, and her talent has been heard from Covent Garden to Helsinki. "There is always something new," recalls Marilyn Horne, whose astonishing voice ripened in the three-year seasoning of Gelsenkirchen. "I learned three major and three minor roles a year." Apart from time to play golf, what Charles O'Neill likes is feeling respectable. "When people hear I'm an opera singer, they ask me what roles I sing, not have I two heads."

Germans are astonished that Americans, long held to be cultural barbarians, should monopolize their operatic stages. But the proliferation of Americans is explained in part by a desperate shortage of German talent. Ella Lee says flatly: "There just aren't many first-rate German singers." Another reason: the best German voice teachers, like Otto Strelitzer, who taught Lee and Gayer, fled the Nazis and came to America. But Americans also come to sing. Jess Thomas insists: "Americans show far more dedication and stand less on dignity."

Bad Blood: Naturally there is German resentment. Hamburg mezzo Gisela Litz repeated the accusation that American singers are hired for less than the salary norm. Her colleague Elisabeth Steiner adds: "Americans receive subsidies and that makes for bad blood." Few Americans are aware of this resentment. And Frankfurt soprano Erika Schmidt says bluntly, "American singers are extraordinary and deserve leading roles." Wieland Wagner, Richard Wagner's grandson and director of the Bay-

reuth Festival, finds Americans "well trained, industrious, and most sensitive. They are welcome because they take the attitude that there is a job to be done."

Both John Moulson and Ella Lee suffered resentment because they sang, with official U.S. approval, for the famous Walter Felsenstein in East Berlin's Komische Opera. Moulson, who lived with his family in West Berlin and crossed the border daily, found that some Americans wouldn't let their children play with his. When Ella Lee was selected to sing in the German premiere of Britten's "War Requiem" she was attacked as being a traitor by the Berliner Zeitung, which has 8 million readers. Britten threatened to withdraw the work and all hostility ceased.

Caviar: "The trouble with singing in East Berlin," Ella Lee told NEWSWEEK's Irwin Goodwin, "is there is nothing to spend the money on, except Russian caviar and Bulgarian champagne. There I was drinking champagne, eating caviar, and writing home for money."

A career in Germany does not happen automatically. Richard Jackson auditioned seventeen times before Koblenz signed him. Many Americans go home disappointed. "Don't expect it to be like home," Marilyn Horne warns. "You have to learn a new language. And I tell you it's quite an experience the first time you confront a toilet seat that's 40 degrees below zero." Jess Thomas reckons that "it takes five or six years to establish a career over here."

Germany means different things to different American singers. For Leontyne Price and Marilyn Horne it was the springboard to international success. So it was for Jess Thomas and William Dooley, both of whom continue to operate from Germany. For Evelyn Lear, America has become remote. "I am all for returning home but never permanently," the dark-haired, amber-eyed soprano told NEWSWEEK's Ritchie McEwen. Claire Watson and her husband and Grace Hoffman are permanently and unequivocally established in Ger-

many. Soprano Watson and mezzo Hoffman have been awarded the title of "Kammersängerin," held by less than two dozen Germans. And Miss Hoffman has been offered a life contract by Stuttgart Opera. Cathy Gayer identified so much with the Germans that she hurried home when the Berlin wall was built to share the general sorrow.

Homesick: Adjustment is not always easy for Americans. "Our families are what we miss most," reports John Moulson. Mrs. Charles O'Neill says: "At times I wonder whether we're doing the right thing for the children. I am very pro-American and I do not want them to lose touch with their country. Now they are fully adjusted and speak German all the time—except with me, because I don't speak the language well enough. And it's expensive," she adds. "Large families are not common in Germany and you can't buy the economy size."

Homesick or not, high or low on the scale, one universal ambition of American singers in Germany is to sing at the Met. "We'd give anything," said Evelyn Lear speaking for her husband as well, "if our greatest success could be at the Met." "I want the Met to want me," O'Neill added. And Ella Lee said: "The Met? It will be a crowning achievement, but it can wait. I don't need to be crowned just yet."

M and M at Monterey

By Sunday afternoon, Jimmy Lyons' chief worry was his only worry. Everything else was cool, even (in jazz jargon) the hot sun that beat down on the record crowd of 6,800 at the seventh Monterey Jazz Festival. In shorts and slacks they sported \$2 straw boaters, or stopped at the "Dizzy Gillespie for President" booth to pay \$4.75 for a Dizzy sweatshirt. Though not on the ballot, Dizzy told NEWSWEEK: "I'm hoping for a big write-in."

Thelonious Monk and Charlie Mingus were what was worrying Jimmy Lyons, Monterey festival director. They were sharing the musical responsibilities for

Sunday afternoon and they were hardly old reliables. Of Thelonious, off in his own world, Lyons said: "We're always losing Monk." The situation was acute since Monk was scheduled to arrive by plane thirteen minutes after the concert began. Lyons had arranged for the plane to fly over the fairgrounds. "We don't start until Monk's plane flies over."

Love: The 42-year-old Mingus, in his debut at Monterey, was even less predictable. Jazz's "angry man" was known as a man who, at imagined slights, was likely to quit playing or to punch someone. When at rehearsal someone asked him civilly what tune he had just played, Mingus responded: "This is some music I wrote." Lyons said: "We'll just have to convince Charles that this is a matter of love. There mustn't be anything phony about the music. And we have to be aware of the box office."

On Friday night, when Monterey's festival began under a starry cool night with everyone in Dizzy Gillespie sweat-shirts, a fiery Miles Davis and good old Pee Wee Russell, backed by old-time sidemen like Bud Freeman on the tenor sax and surprise ringer Gerry Mulligan, shared top honors. The enthusiastic response of the crowd to the old and the new alike had shown that both root and flower were flourishing in the garden of jazz.

It was no "blues" contest Saturday afternoon as Willie Mae (Big Mamma) Thornton ran off with all the marbles. Six feet tall, 300 pounds, she matched her girth with a rich earthy voice. As the composer of "Houn' Dog," she introduced it by saying, "Now I'm gonna do the number that made Elvis Presley rich." Afterward, just beside herself at the unrestrained ovation, she told a reporter: "Listen, you tell the people who was the star! Me! Big Mamma Willie

Mae Houn' Dog Thornton. That's who!"

It was all Ellington Saturday night, and the Duke uncorked "Alley Cats"—impressions of his Japanese tour. Its rich harmonies, delicate Oriental chords, and lacy embroidery pleased everyone. "Love you madly," the Duke announced graciously and was loved in return.

The furrows on Jimmy Lyons' brow smoothed when Monk's plane soared over. Hopefully he started the concert, and happily, Mingus at least showed up to lead his quintet through an Ellington medley. He acknowledged the applause afterward by saying: "I imagine I should say I love you madly." He didn't, but since for Mingus any response short of a snarl is saintly, maybe Lyons' message of love was getting through.

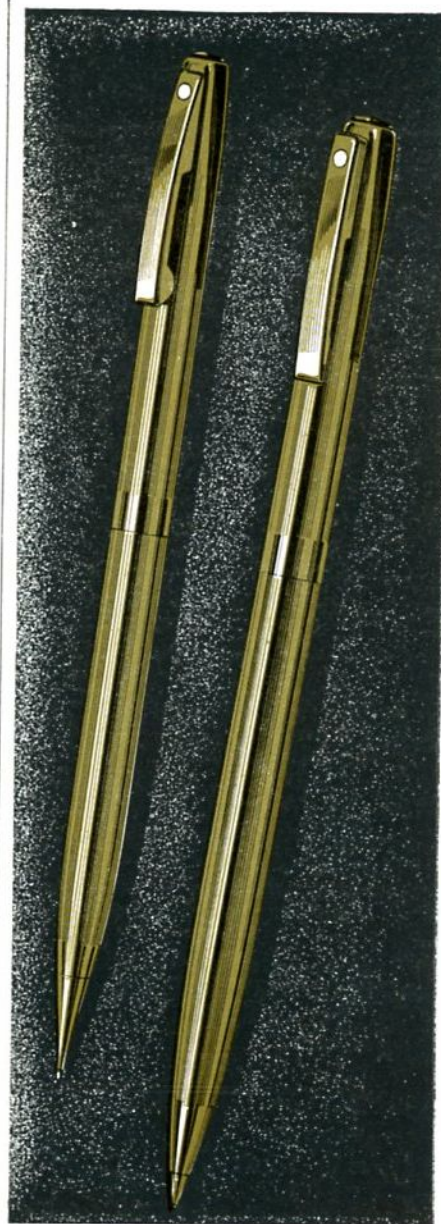
Happy Bear: Then Mingus, backed by a full ten-man band, presented, for the first time anywhere, "Meditations," his gasser of a composition that lasted for 25 minutes. It held everyone spellbound with its inventiveness, sharply changing rhythms, tender melodies pervasively punctuated by explosions from the full ensemble, lapsing abruptly into inspired conversations between Mingus's bass and either the flute, the tuba, or the piano. From Mingus sound flowed as naturally as a river tumbling down a mountain until, gathering speed, he was jumping and dancing, exhorting his musicians at the end, the very portrait of a man possessed. The audience gasped when suddenly it ended and roared their approval over and over as Mingus, pacified, like a big happy bear hugged his musicians.

Thelonious Monk who followed was only great, and so, that night when the festival ended, were Dizzy Gillespie and Brazilian guitarist Bola Sete. But by then, after Charlie Mingus's Sunday afternoon, it was all over but the shouting.



Harry Groom

Thelonious Monk and Charlie Mingus: Angry men



Unforgettable gift!

Many things make this White Dot Ballpoint Set an unforgettable gift: Rich, gold electroplating... slim, tasteful styling... years of effortless performance... obedient writing behavior worthy of the Sheaffer name. Isn't it wiser to give an unforgettable gift? Set \$15. Safeguard® Clip Ballpoint, \$7.50. Gift boxed.

Prices include Federal tax



SHEAFFER
your assurance of the best

©1964, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa



'THIS CLOT OF GRIEF ...'

In October 1941 the Germans established a concentration camp at Terezin, 37 miles from Prague. The camp was designed as a "model" which could be shown to the International Red Cross, but its function was to be a way station for the transports to Auschwitz and other death camps. By August of 1942, 41,552 Jewish prisoners lived at Terezin. From 106 to 156 people died every day.

Among the population were thousands of children. By May 1945, when the Soviet army liberated Terezin, about 15,000 children under 15 had passed through Terezin. Of these, about 100 survived. "... I never saw another butterfly ..." (80 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$3.95) is a book of pictures and poems composed by some of the children who lived at the camp.

The poems, drawings, water colors, and collages have been gathered from the State Jewish Museum in Prague. Children's education was intensively carried on by the prisoners at Terezin. They taught the fundamentals of drawing. Poetry contests and recitations were held, and instruction in literature was conducted in secret.

Civilization, in short, was carried on by the prisoners themselves even as they were caught within a system opposed to all civilizing processes. The book bears witness to this. No better description of those grim hells has been written than some of these poems. Here is "this clot of grief and shame," where "the loveliness of air ... day after day smells of strangeness and carbolic." In "Terezin, the black town ... the weak die easy as a feather, and when they die, they die forever." And the atmosphere of listless anxiety: "Here there are few soldiers. Only the shot-down birds tell of war. You believe every bit of news you hear."

The pictures inevitably are sweet grotesques, inadvertent travesties of the classically childish vision of people, houses, flowers. Here is a little girl carrying her numbered suitcase, standing at the barbed wire, ready for transport (above). Here is a dramatic aerial perspective of the camp, collaged in colored paper. And here are tiny quick drawings of guards and keepers, like Kafka sketches. The endpapers are a lyric pattern made out of the ever present screen of barbed wire. What can one say? These children have said it: "The holiness of the suffering, which is none of my business."

Sitting Tight

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. By Hans Koningsberger. 190 pages. Simon and Schuster. \$3.95.

Hans Koningsberger's three previous novels have been about love. And two have concerned modern love, in a modern emotional weather, with characters so contemporary that the reader was like an invisible presence moving through life itself. His new novel is again about love, but now, like the new satellites, his weather report is so starkly accurate that we get only a stark, almost technological pleasure out of it.

The story concerns an English girl, just turning 20, who leaves a drab life in London and comes to New York. The unnamed girl speaks in her own person, and this almost conversational narrative is interrupted now and then by another, third-person voice which watches the action from a slightly different perspective. These two lines make an angle, as it were, in which the girl herself moves, like a chick between cupped hands.

And the girl is, indeed, the contempo-

rary chick, stripped down to the barest spiritual essentials. The problem of the complicated person willing himself into simplicity is the modern problem. The "I" of the story is complicated because she is a young creature of our civilization, and therefore cannot define either her goals, her means, or her potential.

So, instead of trying to open all her secret compartments, she floods them with the water of neutrality. What she likes about America is this possibility of being emotionally neutral: "I could sail beautifully through an evening, order myself a decent dinner, kid my escort a bit in the right way, laugh, see a movie or a play, and get back home hardly remembering the man's name or a word he had spoken. It was very pleasant."

Warmth: This is the chick scenario, the New Wave story line that plots the trajectory for so many who live now. Our heroine goes from this chill center to the ambiguous warmth of a relationship with "the client"—never identified any other way. The warmth is ambiguous because it flickers, sometimes dies, sometimes turns acrid with the smoke of bad faith. But it pulls the lanyard on the girl's femaleness, releases her own sexu-

ality and warmth. "What a splendid arrangement of God or nature, she thought. There is nothing accidental or trivial about it, nothing banal or unesthetic. It's the most sensible thing in the world."

In a world where love is sensible, the idea soon comes to be even more sensible. The client is soon succeeded by a California disk jockey, who makes such minimal demands upon her that she is able to bask in a kind of emotional humidity, responding only when called upon. A brief recoil back to the client, and then finality and permanence with the deejay in a Los Angeles house, complete with swimming pool.

This brief, terse novel feels like dry ice on the mind. Koningsberger is trying to do with deadly blandness what Truffaut's films do with mongoose leaps of fancy. Both men attempt to zero in on that quantum of transfixed energy which governs the beautiful, graceful immobility of the cool generation. "A bit of self-irony is needed," thinks the girl. "Who cares? Is it so important to be happy, or loving, or loved? To hell with me." This is human nature on its way to the inorganic, to what the physicists call en-

Kodak
TRADEMARK



BOTH are automated for new copying convenience!

KODAK CAVALCADE Copier, first choice for all-around copying.

KODAK READYPRINT Copier, first choice for fast single-copy needs.

Which of these all-new KODAK copiers is right for you?

Both of these low-cost Kodak copiers have automated features that speed copying from start to finish; that improve copy quality; that all but end copier upkeep.

In choosing between these new Kodak copiers just ask this. Do you usually need more than one copy of a document or chart? Then choose the

CAVALCADE Copier. It's unique. Not only gives you a top-quality single copy but also the lowest-cost multiple copies—7 to 10 from one sheet of matrix.

Need only one copy as a rule? Then choose the READYPRINT Copier. It's completely different. Gives you a sparkling copy in seconds, for pennies.

See these Kodak copiers—designed for today's two basic copying needs—at your Kodak Copy Products dealer's Copy Center; or write EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y. 14650.

**New advances in office copying
keep coming from KODAK**

trophy, the leveling off of all tension and desire. Koningsberger's heroine sits tight, as tensely quiet as someone in a house full of strange noises. She is the child of overkill—underlive.

Self-made Man

THE WORDS. By Jean-Paul Sartre.
Translated by Bernard Frechtman.
255 pages. Braziller. \$5.

When time and perspective allow the intellectual history of the postwar world to be written, Jean-Paul Sartre's name will be at the center. Philosopher, playwright, novelist, political theoretician and *agent provocateur*, Sartre has done more than any other man to shape contemporary thinking. And he has done it both by the direct power of his ideas—his brilliant schemes and strategies for trapping the elusive patterns of modern experience—and by serving as the bulkiest opponent for other minds. One can say of Sartre that the questions he has raised have been more useful than almost anybody else's answers.

The question he now raises in "The Words" is of such centrality, so crucial to our understanding of the nature of art and thought, that the book is likely to become a landmark of our age's self-inquiry. It is posed under deceptive appearances, for "The Words" is Sartre's autobiography, a magnificently written account of the origins of the self, a dream of the past, and an unsparing personal memoir which is at another pole from formal philosophy. Yet, like the "Confessions" of Rousseau and of St. Augustine, the book transcends its form and occasion to become both the mirror of an age's mind and the transcription of one of man's perennial confrontations with the terms of his existence.

Genesis: Although the events he is interested in are inner ones, Sartre begins by offering a sketch of his childhood different from conventional autobiography mainly in its astonishingly beautiful prose and complex evaluations. He was born in Paris in 1905. His mother, a cousin of Albert Schweitzer, was a simple girl who at 20 married a young naval officer who died before Jean-Paul was born. "Had my father lived," Sartre writes, "he would have lain on me at full length and would have crushed me." Instead, lacking a father, he was free to create himself.

Quite soon the book becomes the record of this act of self-creation. Raised in the home of his maternal grandfather, a teacher who "so resembled God the Father that he was often taken for Him," Sartre was pampered in a way that left him waiting for a clue to his future. It came when his grandfather put his hand on young Sartre's head and remarked, "He has the bump of litera-

ture." This was Sartre's true birth. "I began my life as I shall no doubt end it: amidst books . . . I was prepared at an early age to regard teaching as a priesthood and literature as a passion."

But as he came toward literature, toward the actuality of the original dream of words, Sartre confesses, he perpetrated an immense deception: "I was almost nothing, at most an activity without content, but that was all that was needed. I was escaping from playing-acting. I was not yet working, but I had already stopped playing. The liar was



© Lúta Ozkók

Sartre: Perennial confrontation

finding his truth in the elaboration of his lies." That is to say, he began to write not out of any conviction but because he wished immortality and needed justification (he could not find it in Catholicism—"I needed a Creator; I was given a Big Boss"), and the truth of what he wrote was measured by how far it advanced these pursuits.

He was insincere; he wished to justify himself; he therefore wrote. There were those who beneath the incredibly subtle, coruscating surfaces of his enormous output could see, or at least suspect, something wrong, how the work, as Sartre now admits, reeked of "sweat and effort" and yet was often glib and irresponsible. The amazing confession al-

lows the world to be confirmed in its suspicions of so much of his thinking, of the very things, however, which swayed the times most—his insistence that man creates himself and his values in a void, his existential equivalents for worn-out beliefs. But since this is true, what does it do to our trust in thought and literature; if Sartre has been insincere, what about all the lesser men?

Art and Truth: The answer may lie in a remark of Picasso's that "art is the lie that leads to truth." It may be, this epochal autobiography is telling us, that philosophy and literature are also a kind of lie, an approximation at best of actuality. Philosophers and poets work out of personal needs which are never in full conformity with the principles of the universe, so that the best we can hope for from them are clues, images, and suggestive structures. In our age, above all others, man and his existence have been out of harmony.

"The Words," Jean-Paul Sartre's attempt to undo his previous attempt at bringing the two into coherence, his effort to prepare himself, at 59, for a new sincerity, may turn out to be a liberation for all of us from one of the chief blights upon our intelligence: our belief in "last words," definitive ideas, absolute truth, and final wisdom. "What I have just written," Sartre says in the middle of his book, "is false. True. Neither true nor false, like everything written about mad men, about men."

Bettabiltarian

THE HOLMES-EINSTEIN LETTERS: CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES AND LEWIS EINSTEIN 1903-1935. Edited by James Bishop Peabody. 377 pages. St. Martin's Press. \$12.50.

In the history of the difficult though minor art of letter-writing, Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is one of the undoubtedly great figures; and now that the art is dead—killed off by the mechanization and frenzied tempo of modern life—he may very well turn out to be the last of them. The great jurist was by any standard a great writer in the august New England tradition to which he was born. He was, probably, the last exponent in this country of the greatest age of English prose—the eighteenth century.

A conscious artist always—even in the most casual letter, even when he was writing as fast as his pen could move—he took style, in writing as in life, to be a matter of transcendent importance, and he could no more forgive a lapse of taste than he could a flaw of character. Reproaching diplomat-historian Lewis Einstein (with whom he exchanged these letters) for some slipshod writing, Holmes says of style: "It is the personal



Having so many trademarks in so many countries



used to be confusing.

Since The United States Rubber Company now has plants in 23 foreign countries, some of our trademarks have a decided local flavor.

In Canada, for instance, we're known as Dominion Rubber Ltd.

In Germany, France and Belgium, they call us Englebert S.A.

In Britain, our name is North British Rubber Co., Ltd.

Italy knows us as Rub-Co-Plast, S.p.A.

Other plants in Latin America, Australia and the Far East have their own variations.

So we needed a unifying corporate trademark. A name broad enough to cover a lot of ground, yet small enough to fit on a package, a letterhead or an

advertisement. And one that was easy to say in any language.

A name like UniRoyal.

From now on, you'll be seeing our new trademark used with a lot of brands you're already familiar with. Names like U.S. Royal,[®] Keds,[®] Kedettes,[®] Vyrene,[®] Lastex,[®] Naugahyde,[®] Royalene,[®] Koylon,[®] Eskiloos,[®] Usflex,[®] and U. S. "Timing"[®] Belts.

UniRoyal doesn't replace any existing trademarks. It only identifies them. The way your last name identifies the family you belong to.

And what's a family without a family name? Especially one that's grown as large as ours.

United States Rubber Company, New York, N. Y.

equation of the writer. You have not quite reached yours yet. Your writing is not quite pure spontaneous glee. When the Style is fully formed if it has a sweet undersong we call it beautiful, and the writer may do what he likes in words, or syntax; the material is plastic in his hands to image himself, which is all that anyone can give." Because he himself wrote with pure spontaneous glee, the letters are sheer joy to read.

Holmes' personal equation was one which is so unfamiliar now that we can remember it only by an exercise of the historical imagination. He was everything that we used to mean by the word "gentleman" and by the phrase "gentleman and scholar." He was a Brahmin, a true American aristocrat, a man of (we hardly ever use the word any more, scarcely know what it means) character. His virtues were archaic—and absolutely modern.

Old Soldier: Liberal in some old and permanent sense of the word, humane, courtly, aloof but not remote, detached but not uninvolved, Holmes was a rationalist but not a dogmatist, a philosophic skeptic but never a cynic, a profoundly learned man who carried his great learning with ease and grace. "I define truth," he wrote, "as the system of my limitations, and don't talk about the absolute except as a humorous bettabilitarian (one who treats the Universe simply as bettable)." An old soldier of the wars of the mind as well as the flesh (he was wounded three times in the Civil War), for him the prime virtue was intellectual courage, a total willingness to confront the world and experience. "The test of the fires in our belly," he wrote, "is ... to digest the indigestible and make it into a flower or good hard muscle."

Because he saw the world as the field of his mind and spirit, as experience to be won, he could not rest—"there always [was] something to be done"; some difficult idea to be mas-

tered, some book to read. "After all," he remarked, "to use our energies ... is the end and joy of life ..." Appointed to the Supreme Court when he was over 60, he wrote Einstein that to transport all his belongings more than 500 miles (from Boston to Washington) was "vitalizing; you get rid of dead matter, and the circulation is improved. That is the great problem: to keep alive. One has continually to throw off excreta if one wants to feel the blood to one's finger tips." He drove himself unrelentingly.

Bones: One has the feeling that he couldn't bear to die—he lived to the age of 94 and retained his intellectual vigor to the end—while there was still a book unread, an idea not totally absorbed. He used to joke that he couldn't bear the disgrace of appearing at St. Peter's Gate and confessing that he'd not read one or another book. Even of those books he loathed, he says: "Yet I should have been unwilling to die leaving their rotten bones ungnawed."

The superb letters explode with wit and elegance, shoot off vital sparks, the fires of a magnificent intelligence unceasingly at work. "I read Alfred de Musset's and George Sand's correspondence the other day," he writes. "It looks as if his love were mainly passion, and when she wasn't feeling up to concert pitch he told her she was a bore, while she is a trifle too solemnly virginal in her fornications to suit me." To that letter he added: "At odd minutes I still tuck in Balzac. And I have read some philosophy hardly worth talking about." All the while, of course, he was writing the great "opinions" which made him such a decisive figure in the history of jurisprudence.

Mr. Justice Holmes was totally alive; he was everything we mean—or used to mean—by the word "civilized." All of us are made larger for having had him among us. His letters are exhilarating, an opulent banquet without end, a feast for the mind, a tonic for the blood.



Mr. Justice Holmes in Supreme Court: The personal equation

Culver Pictures

From hometown news to world news, you get the best coverage on your local CBS Radio Station

Alabama Birmingham WATV, Dothan WOOF, Gadsden WAAX, Mobile WKRQ, Montgomery WCOV, Selma WGWG, Tuscaloosa WJRD, Tusculuma WVNA
Arizona Phoenix KOOL, Tucson KOLD
Arkansas El Dorado KELD, Fort Smith KFPW, Hot Springs KZNG, Little Rock KXLR
California Bakersfield KBIS, Chico KHSL, Eureka KINS, Fresno KFRE, Los Angeles KNX, Modesto KBEE, Palm Springs KCMJ, Redding KVCV, Sacramento KFBK, San Diego KFMB, San Francisco KCBS
Colorado Colorado Springs KVOR, Denver KLZ, Grand Junction KREX
Connecticut Hartford-Manchester WINF, Waterbury WBRY
Florida Delray Beach WDBF, Fort Myers WINK, Fort Pierce WARL, Gainesville WGGG, Jacksonville WIVY, Key West WKWF, Lake City WDSR, Miami Beach WFTS, Orlando WDBO, Pensacola WMEL, St. Augustine WFOY, Sarasota WSPB, Tallahassee WTNT, Tampa WDAE
Georgia Albany WGPC, Athens WGAU, Atlanta WAKE, Augusta WRDW, Brunswick WMOG, Columbus WRBL, Gainesville WGGG, Macon WMAZ, Rome WLAQ, Savannah WTOG, Thomasville WPAX, Waycross WAYX
Idaho Boise KBOI, Idaho Falls KID, Lewiston KRLC
Illinois Champaign WDWS, Chicago WBBM, Danville WDAN, Decatur WSOY, Peoria WMBD, Quincy WTAD, Rock Island WHBF, Springfield WTAX
Indiana Anderson WBBU, Fort Wayne WANE, Indianapolis WFBM, Kokomo WIOU, Madison WORX, Marion WMRI, Muncie WLBC, South Bend WSBT, Terre Haute WTHI, Vincennes WAOV
Iowa Cedar Rapids WMT, Des Moines KRNT, Mason City KGLQ, Ottumwa KBIZ
Kansas Colby KXXX, Pittsburg KSEK, Topeka WIBW, Wichita KFH
Kentucky Ashland WCMI, Henderson WSON, Hopkinsville WHOP, Lexington WVLK, Louisville WINN, Owensboro WOMI, Paducah WPAW, Paintsville WSP
Louisiana Alexandria KALB, Monroe KNOE, New Orleans WWL
Maine Augusta WFAU, Lewiston WCOU, Portland WLOB, Rumford WRUM, Waterville-Skowhegan WGHM
Maryland Baltimore WCBM, Cumberland WUCM, Frederick WFMD, Hagerstown WARK
Massachusetts Boston WEEI, Fitchburg WFGM, Greenfield WHAI, Pittsfield WBRK, Worcester WNEB
Michigan Detroit WJR, Escanaba WDBC, Grand Rapids WJEF, Kalamazoo WKZO, Saginaw WSGW
Minnesota Breckenridge KBMW, Duluth KDAL, Minneapolis-St. Paul WCCO
Mississippi Meridian WCOC
Missouri Joplin KODE, Kansas City KCMO, St. Louis KMOX, Springfield KTTS
Montana Butte KBOW, Great Falls KFBB, Missoula KGOV
Nebraska Omaha WOW, Scottsbluff KOLT
Nevada Las Vegas KLUC, Reno KCBN
New Hampshire Concord WKXL, Keene WKNE, Laconia WLNH
New Jersey Atlantic City WFPG
New Mexico Albuquerque KGGM, Santa Fe KVSF
New York Albany WROU, Binghamton WNBZ, Buffalo WBEN, Elmira WELM, Gloversville WENT, Ithaca WHCU, New York WCBZ, Plattsburgh WEAV, Rochester WHEC, Syracuse WHEN, Utica WIBX, Watertown WWNZ
North Carolina Asheville WNNC, Charlotte WBT, Durham WDNC, Fayetteville WFAI, Greensboro WBIG, Greenville WGTG, Rocky Mount WFMA, Wilmington WGNI
North Dakota Bismarck KBMR, Dickinson KDIX, Grand Forks KILQ, Jamestown KEYJ, Valley City KOVC, Wahpeton KBMW
Ohio Akron WADC, Cincinnati WZIP, Cleveland WDOO, Columbus WBNS, Dayton WHIO, Portsmouth WPAV, Youngstown WKBN
Oklahoma Oklahoma City-Norman WNAD
Oregon Eugene KERG, Klamath Falls KFLW, Medford KYJC, Portland KOIN, Roseburg KRNR
Pennsylvania Altoona WVAM, DuBois WCED, Harrisburg WHP, Indiana WDAO, Johnstown WARD, Philadelphia WCAU, Pittsburgh-McKeesport WEDO, Reading WHUM, Scranton WGBI, State College WRSC, Sunbury WKOK, Uniontown WMBS, Williamsport WWPA
Rhode Island Providence WEAN
South Carolina Anderson WAIM, Charleston WCSC, Columbia-Cayce WCAY, Greenville WMRB, Spartanburg WSPA
South Dakota Rapid City KOTA, Yankton WNAX
Tennessee Chattanooga WDOO, Cookeville WHUB, Johnson City WJCV, Knoxville WROL, Memphis WREC, Nashville WLAC
Texas Austin KTBC, Corpus Christi KSIX, Dallas KRLD, El Paso KIZZ, Harlingen KGBT, Houston KTRH, Lubbock KFYO, San Antonio KMAC, Texarkana KOSY, Wichita Falls KWFT
Utah Cedar City KSUB, Salt Lake City KSL
Vermont Barre WSNO, Brattleboro WKVT, Newport WIKE, St. Johnsbury WTVN
Virginia Norfolk WTAR, Richmond WRNL, Roanoke WDBJ, Staunton WAFC
Washington Seattle KIRO, Spokane KGA, Sunnyside KREW, Walla Walla KUJ, Wenatchee KUEN
Washington, D. C. WTOP
West Virginia Beckley WJLS, Charleston WCHS, Fairmont WMMN, Parkersburg WPAR, Princeton WLOH, Wheeling WHLL
Wisconsin Green Bay WBAY, Madison WKOW, Milwaukee WEMP
Wyoming Casper KATI, Lander KOYE.



Bob & Mike, Iron Men

Robert Trout and his CBS Radio mike have been together 28 years. Their mettle has been tested by hot and cold wars, space exploration, pageantry, and politics. Trout is known as radio's "Iron Man" because of his remarkable marathon coverage of great events under pressure.

Through the in-fighting of every Presidential convention since 1936, through the rapt suspense of our space flights from Cape Kennedy, through the long tense hours of election nights, his lucid reporting has created clarity

out of confusion. What impresses Trout's colleagues most is his unfailing ability to get to the core of complex fast-moving events and weave them into graphic exciting reports.

Robert Trout, one of the country's distinguished newsmen, is heard regularly each weekend on the radio stations listed opposite—part of the most complete hourly seven-day-a-week coverage on the air. One of the many good reasons why people look forward to listening on...

The CBS Radio Network



From this **IDEA BOOK** ways to cut office costs



Savings begin the instant you use this famous Office Guide. Savings in working hours of employees and in floor space. Benefits from increased employee morale.

For instance: On pages 8 and 37 of this catalog you can find out how to save up to 30 minutes daily at each work station. On 125 are seven systems that cut costs of letter filing.

Check your office practices against the latest methods and equipment in this greatest of Office Guides. 270 pages, brimming with ideas!

FREE to office and purchasing executives. Phone your Shaw-Walker dealer or branch.

SHAW-WALKER

Largest Exclusive Makers of Office Equipment
Muskegon 92, Mich. Representatives Everywhere

PERSPECTIVE

THE GREAT DECEPTION

BY RAYMOND MOLEY



Statesmen, from the President down, who for political advantage promote unsound legislation under false representations strike at the very roots of national morality and character. In the instance I cite, medicare attached to social security, the proposed legislation would visit grave injustice on some at the expense of others; and because it would become permanent policy if passed, future generations would also pay the penalty.

Two weeks ago I pointed out that medicare under social security would be unjust even to those who are the alleged beneficiaries. In part at least, by substituting services for a cash pension it would suggest that those who receive it are unfit to spend their own income. Now let us consider the millions of workers who will pay the cost in social-security taxes.

An employee with a wife and two children and an income of \$5,600, who paid an income tax of \$528 in 1963 and is paying \$430 in 1964, will pay \$386 in 1965. Thus, through the tax cut there is an annual saving of \$142 in 1965 over 1963.

But under the bill demanded by the President and passed by the Senate, this man would pay \$174 in social-security taxes in 1964 and \$238 in 1965. Thus, his income-tax saving would be cut by almost a half in 1965. The government giveth and the government taketh away.

The tax cut was hailed by people with large incomes with great delight because, to those of them who pay it, the social-security tax is small change. It is the poor who are soaked this time.

Other injustices to those employees who are "covered" by social security would be:

1. They would be burdened with a considerably increased tax to pay for what is called a "social (or national) need"—i.e., hospitalization and other services for people over 65. If this is a "social" need, it should be paid by all, not by some of the nation's taxpayers.

2. Those employees would also be compelled to pay for free services for everyone over 65 when it is apparent from the voluminous statistics published by the government that

only about half of those people need the help.

3. Once this law is enacted, the tax on employees is scheduled to rise and rise over the years for an indeterminate number of beneficiaries at a totally unpredictable cost. So far as employees buying future benefits for themselves is concerned, they would be buying not a pig in a poke but a tyrannosaur.

4. For every employee who pays, the employer also pays. This employer's tax is mostly passed on in the price of his product. Thus, these employees, as well as all other consumers, would be paying the employer's tax in the products they buy.

5. But since for competitive reasons some employers cannot increase prices, there would be great pressure by employers to eliminate jobs and thus there would be an increase in unemployment.

6. This scheme is dressed up to look like insurance. But it is not insurance because it lacks the contractual character which is present in private insurance. A future Congress could reduce, change, or eliminate the benefits.

7. Another feature of the plan also discredits the claim that it is insurance. For even with the progressively heavier taxes contemplated, most of the older employees would not have paid into the so-called trust fund enough to pay for the services they could receive at the age of 65.

Chairman Wilbur Mills has quite properly resisted all efforts to attach medicare to social security. During the Eisenhower Administration he and the late Sen. Robert S. Kerr after great labor framed the plan which was embodied in the Kerr-Mills Act. This eliminates all or most of the inequities in the present proposal. At any time since 1961, the House committee headed by Mills could have reported and passed perfecting amendments to that act which would have met the legitimate needs of the elderly. But the Kennedy-Johnson Administration has insisted upon this new, unfair, and unsound substitute.

And now, since it seems unlikely that the Senate medicare plan will prevail, Mr. Johnson will use it as a campaign issue.



6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 80 & 90 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Halfway across the gaping chasm panic held me motionless

1 "As I swung out between the two towers of rock, all my bravado left me," writes David Pugmire, American friend of Canadian Club. "Gaily, I had accepted a challenge from an

Italian friend to try a perilous traverse in the Dolomite Alps. He assured me that the rope seldom broke. But 1200 feet up, his joke didn't seem funny.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

2 "Halfway across I glanced down—and fear gripped me. The guide urged me on. Finally, I forced myself forward.



3 "Safely across, I still had to make the dizzying descent. What a relief as the guide lowered me to the ground. Never again.

4 "Back at a hotel in Misurina, my Italian friend offered me a drink of his favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.



Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands





The bourbon that's always there

Have you ever called for Old Grand-Dad in a tavern or restaurant and failed to find it? Probably not. America's hosts know that this is the most popular bourbon of its kind. They know too that only the finest will do for their guests. That's why, wherever you may be, you're sure to find Old Grand-Dad.

OLD GRAND-DAD

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF, BOTTLED IN BOND